

The Prophecies of Nostradominus
or
The Cassandra Codes

Anno Domini 2012

by
Brian Cocksey

Biography of the Author

Brian Cocksey was born in Manchester, England and read Chemistry at Oxford. After doing a D.Phil in Chemical Physics, he followed a career in the water industry. He lived in the north east of England, working initially as an analytical chemist before moving into operational sewage works management. Events in his personal life provoked dramatic changes during 1984. He left the water industry in 1985 and became involved in psychical research. His interest in railways began in 1959, and has continued to this day. But over the last two decades, it has become intertwined with his psychical research in a unique way. Is it evidence of there being a destiny ?

It was through his interest in Ancient Egypt that he met Jenny who, in time, became his second wife. She was able to help Brian with his psychical research in a unique way. That is how two stories from antiquity came to be told. These were the stories of Mary Magdalen and Ankh-sou-n-nef-khonsu. Was it destiny that brought them together? Or was it the Hand of God?

Jenny was a New Zealander and they were led to emigrate to New Zealand in 1995. Brian found himself propelled into a new but highly relevant area of waste water treatment while Jenny continued her secretarial work and obtained a book-keeping qualification. Their work together into the nature of psychical and religious experience continued until Jenny's death in April 2009. It continues still in a different dimension, but with a railway connection prominent even through death. It is as God wills.

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1. The Elements of Paraphysics

18th August 2012 Introduction

There is an order of reality beyond our material world of time and space. The evidence for this reality comes from a number of phenomena, but the key what is meaningful coincidence, the apparent way that coincidences particularly in numbers, suggest that somewhere beyond our now is a detailed knowledge of tomorrow, next year a decade hence, even a century or more.

There is the strange phenomenon of novels been written which somehow contain elements of a real future yet to come to pass, so we imagine. But is that future already predetermined, known in absolute detail. Does the Source which appears to orchestrate it all, introduce such ideas or elements into novels, by direct inspiration into the minds of authors to cause us to wonder. Are we really totally in control of everything that we do? Can we blithely be utter hypocrites, lie and cheat as we please, happily contrive in the destruction of the lives of others, perhaps one or millions, indeed the very planet itself. Can we act with absolute impunity whenever we please, never to be called to account?

Is there a destiny? Do we at some point meet our predetermined future? Is everything mapped out all along? Detailed evidence that this is the case certainly for some people at least, is presented in my 'train book' *Predestination, abc or A-Z? A Trainspotters Guide to Destiny*. This book presents evidence that the actions of other people too are predetermined. *Predestination* sets forth much evidence of destiny and design in the life of a member of that much maligned species, the trainspotter, between 1958 and 2012.

When trainspotting, there are many numbers and numbers appear to be part of the evidence for both prophecy and destiny. This use of numbers is in no way related to the use of numbers in this way that they used in numerology. In that particular belief system all numbers appear to be reduced to the numbers 1 to 9 and various attributes accorded to the different numbers in particular ways. Between 1912 and 1936 the society palmist Cheiro did much to popularise both numerology and palmistry. Cheiro himself does play a part in the codes of destiny, but not his version of the use of numbers.

My interest in numbers is very different from that of the numerologist who seems to be able to make numbers mean anything at all they want, just as astrologers do with birthdays, predicting character, favourable times for actions and destiny. My study of numbers though has nothing to do with either numerology or astrology. I did look at both astrology and numerology briefly in 1985 but was not convinced of the validity of either. Jenny had looked into numerology a little before I met her. Our discovery of numbers as the basis of a codes did not really begin until December 1988. But that initial discovery and the subsequent use of numbers, exhibits a vital element which is completely missing from both numerology and that astrology, namely that of spontaneity.

A particular number is suddenly emphasised as though it is about to have some importance in that something is about to come. Our first experience came on 2nd December 1988, when the number 557 was emphasised twice in the space of half an hour. A few days later on a trip to Brighton the numbers 41 and 44 kept being somehow emphasised to us, in various ways, both on our long drive down from the Scottish borders and in Brighton itself.. On 7th December came the devastating

Armenian earthquake, killing.... And reducing..... To rubble. When I checked the location of the earthquake epicentre, Leninakan, in an atlas, I was astonished to see the coordinates were 41 E. 44 N.

It was Jenny's remembering that experience on 21st December 1988 that caused to her to check the atlas after we learned on teletext of the crash of Pan Am 103 at Lockerbie just 40 miles away from where we lived in the Scottish Border hills. She was astonished by what she saw. Lockerbie - 55° 7' N, 3° 21' W. That explained exactly why the number 557 had been emphasised to us in three distinct ways, over the previous 19 days, twice on 2nd December and the third an hour before the plane crash on 21st. 'Something' certainly appeared to be drawing the number 557 to our attention to indicate to us that it was somehow important.

What is more, it was clear now that this was a 'code repeat'. You could perhaps dismissed the 41, 44 coincidences as just chance, but the recurrence with the number 557 was not chance. Something had given us, through the numbers 41, 44 a prior indication of its knowledge of an earthquake to come followed a fortnight later by the number 557 precisely predicting an air disaster. 557 had first been emphasised to us on the second of December 1988. He referred to the disaster to come 19 days away in the mists of time.

But that 557 code was part of an even more precise prophecy of the Lockerbie air disaster which is recounted in one of the early chapters of this book. However, there had been another number which had appeared just eight days before that first 557. That number was 229, but there was no mystery about that. It was the 'coincidence' around which the plot of a film was woven, the apocalyptic thriller, *The Seventh Sign*.

Rather curiously we saw that film on the 24th November 1988 just eight days before the mysterious 557 appeared. But we did not see 229 as a code at all just as a coincidence the number at the heart of the plot in the film. But it was not the first time that the number 229 been drawn to our attention, for it had first appeared in connection with the Egypt, the tomb of Tutankhamun and the Justice of God back in March 1988. So it is recurrence in the film *The Seventh Sign* made a powerful impression on us, as it appeared to somehow link the tomb of Tutankhamun with the End of the World. But it was only later as we cracked other elements of the Lockerbie code and then discovered other codes that we began to realise that 229 was indeed a prophecy code, referring to the real End of the World, the last judgement for all mankind.

Over the years that followed we came to see many examples of prophetic number codes. Sometimes the code had been given directly to me years in advance. Sometimes the code was an element woven into my life long before I had any inkling of the inter-connected complexity of the web of destiny which underpins life in our material world of space and time. Such a case was code 507. During 1985 I moved to live in a company flat at 507a Kings Road, Chelsea. I was even on the electoral register there for a brief period. That area just a little down Kings Road from a well-known local hostelry is known as World's End. That is how the pub gets its name. World's End meant absolutely nothing to me in July 1985. At the time had finally found my feet in a new job in central London and in my spare time trying to investigate spiritualism. The idea that man's time upon the Earth was drawing to a close never even entered my consciousness.

This brings me to the next phenomenon in the study of parapsychics. I was busy trying to ascertain the truth of something which has puzzled men for millennia. Is there indeed life after death? I was ideally placed in that Chelsea flat for it was only a short bus ride away to SA GB. The Spiritualist Association of Great Britain was located at 33 Belgrave Square and the 22 bus which past my door when very close to Belgrave Square on its way to Knightsbridge. Nor was it far from the college of Psychic Studies in Kensington or the headquarters of greater world Christian Spiritualist Church at Lansdowne Road. There were many others spiritualist churches in fairly close proximity it was far better location for such studies than the barren post-industrial landscape of Tyneside, where I had lived for the previous 13 years. But it had been on Tyneside that I had discovered spiritualism, the first intimation to me that perhaps science did not have the answer to everything, could not explain all aspects of reality.

Spiritualist mediums claim to hear voices, the spirits of the dead. Sometimes they claim to hear a particular spirit but more often than not the voice is unidentified and then spiritualists tend to talk of 'spirit' in a plural sense. It is easy to dismiss people who hear voices mentally ill, or mediums as greedy vultures who delude and prey on the bereaved. This tends to be the line of the sceptics. Certainly many mediums are indeed greedy, although few could really be described as mentally ill.

Many people consult mediums because they believe that somehow mediums have a knowledge of the future. In general they will find themselves disappointed, because it is not in the gift of the medium. One of the few mediums I respect, told me she says to her clients "All I can do is provide evidence of survival. I am not the fortune teller. If you want a fortune teller, try the gypsies."

However on rare occasions these voices do appear to be able to tell the medium of future things with an uncanny accuracy. But it is very rare and only happens if it suits a purpose, God's purpose. If it comes not on a 'want to know' basis, but on a 'need to know' basis. That is why most of the clients who go to mediums wanting to know about their futures are wasting their money. That is not to say that many mediums will not tell them about their future, but what they are told is unlikely to have much truth.

For that was indeed what happened to me on the first occasion that I ever spoke to a spiritualist medium, Ruby Grey after a demonstration in Gateshead, sometime early in 1985. In a way was my first private sitting although all that I have done was go back after the meeting to ask a question that about something other puzzled me during a demonstration that night. She quickly answered the question and then went on to tell me things about my past and my future. I speak with a pronounced northern accent and Ruby Grey was a Tyneside housewife the limited education. Then she said to me "You have some connection with Oxford". She had no way to know that I had spent almost seven years in Oxford and gained two degrees. All I said was "yes". "You have some connection with London which will get stronger" was the next thing she said. "Possibly" was my reply. "Do you write books?" she asked. "No!" I replied. "I write reports" "No it is definitely books she said I see you surrounded by books."¹

¹ At this point, my eye was drawn to the computer clock. It shows 19:49. Tonight's second showing of the drama based on the Tangiwai disaster in which Wellington Auckland express called by KA 949 was destroyed on Christmas Eve 1953.

The strange thing was that she was predicting a bright future, although she did not realise it and neither did I. However the Source that gave her the information and orchestrated her vision knew precisely what was to come in my life. It was indeed all predetermined. Within 18 months I was indeed writing books and through the culmination of my Spiritualist research I had been given the true stories from beyond the grave of Mary Magdalen and Ankhsoun pa Artenn.

So the hearing of voices and the seeing visions would appear to be a phenomenon that is interconnected with those of meaningful coincidence and numbers which appear to predict the future in precise detail.

The number codes, although very precise, generally cannot be broken in advance. It is as though the Source is saying "Here are some jigsaw pieces. They are brightly coloured so that you will see where they fit immediately, once the full jigsaw is revealed when the event comes to pass. That will be in my time. I give you these pieces in advance so that you might know that I already know before the thing which is to come is revealed to the eyes of man."

And so you have for elements all intricately interwoven. There is the phenomena of meaningful coincidence, the apparent prophecy of future events either through coded numbers, the inspiration to writers who and inadvertently write of events yet to come and finally there is the reality of a means of communication with the human mind from something lies beyond our material world of space and time, the spirits of the dead. And sometimes there is a voice from another source, almost certainly that of God Himself.

Sometimes the communications from the spirits of the dead is externally authenticated by meaningful coincidences in our material world of space and time. One very clear example of this was the communication from the spirit of the Duke of Windsor to me through Jenny in a trance on the 12th of November 1989. That communication was authenticated the following morning by books that I found in a bookshop in Surrey town just 20 miles away from Jenny's cottage. That experience is described in *Predestination abc or A-Z*.

But is there not something else as well? Is not the reality of destiny illuminated by these various elements of Paraphysics? Was I meant to be connected to the spirit of the Duke of Windsor through Jenny? The was it all was my destiny? I was born on the 12th of May 1947, the 10th anniversary of the very day that he should have been crowned king and emperor. But it was not the first occasion Jenny had been the medium to link me to royalty. That occasion had been on June 1986. It was again through Jenny and a trance and I found myself listening to the voice of a Queen, a Queen from long ago, Ankhsoun partum the wife of Tutankhamun. Was it really just chance that his team survived of all the pharaohs of Egypt? Or was it because it is all intricately linked now into the end times a man upon the Earth?

Man modern man is very arrogant, considering is himself so superior to the peoples of old. But modern man for all his iPhone s and android-powered clones is a nonstarter in what really matters. He prefers to think that everything is just chance. Programmed by the teaching of recent decades he prefers to live for the moment, grasp every opportunity. And woman is certainly no better. The material world is all there is. So get what you want before somebody else does. Trample anyone who gets in the way. It is the morality of the gutter a.k.a. market forces.

But the ancient Greeks with airy ideas of destiny, mortals being the playthings of the gods were a lot closer to the mark. But was the much earlier ancient Egyptian who came closest to the truth for their ideas about death. Again and again they depicted the scene of the dead standing in front of the balance being judged by the great god of eternity, Osiris, always depicted with a green face to symbolise everlasting life. The dead then proceed either to the fields of paradise or to the jaws of the devourer. Naturally the concept was corrupted by the priests who provided convenient and profitable ways to guarantee success in the Judgement. Catholic priests were merely following a very old tradition.

Meaningful coincidences over the past 25 years have enabled me to construct a far better belief system than that currently preferred by modern man. On the basis of scientific evidence, on the balance of probability I have shown that there is a detail design which lies behind so many events in our world. The precision of the knowledge of the future revealed in the codes which precedes so many disasters is quite breathtaking to behold.

Chapter 4 **Death Sentence** begins with a quotation. Given for one instant and intelligence that could comprehend all the forces by which nature is animated... And intelligence sufficiently fast to submit these data to analysis... It would embrace in the same formula the movements of the greatest bodies in the universe and those of the lightest atom; for it, nothing will be uncertain and the future, as the past, will be present to its eyesPierre Simon la Place, 1814

The chapter proper continued.....Robert Singh had little patience with philosophical speculations but when he first encountered the great French mathematician's words in an astronomy textbook he felt something like horror.... Was free will, which seemed fondly imagined he possessed, no more than an illusion, since is every act could be predetermined, at least in principle? He was vastly relieved when he learned how the Laplacian nightmare had been exorcised by the development of chaos theory in the late 20th century. It was then realised that not only not even the future of a single atom, let alone the whole universe, could be predicted with perfect accuracy.

Clark was putting forward his own philosophy under the guise of Robert Singh. But according to that philosophy if not even the future of a single atom can be predicted, how can an earthquake or an air disaster, particularly one with the uncanny precision of Lockerbie?

The only answer must be that chaos theory is wrong; la Place's hypothesis is absolutely correct.

And now that perhaps infinite Source of Intelligence would appear to be warning that man has finally come to Boundary Road... Gaylands Place. Thus far and no further..... As the clue said in *The da Vinci Code* and as the signal indicated at the End of the ETCS. That signal newly installed beside the Boundary Road level crossing on the 'down main' is number 2229. It was installed during the system closure of the Diamond Jubilee weekend, when the 1940 Papakura signal box was finally switched out. The Queen's Diamond Jubilee in London just happened to coincide with Queen's Birthday weekend in New Zealand, always the first Monday in June. I have asked various railway men what the 'End of ETCS' board means. Nobody seems to know, not even the drivers nor their trainers. I hazarded a guess at End of Electric Train Control System, as electric trains (Spanish 6car EMUs are due by 2014). They'll just get here before the end comes. But another possible meaning comes to mind. 2229 is a sign that it is the End of the Extra Terrestrial

Control System. For shortly after the end of 2014, there will be nothing left to control after God chooses to push the DELETE ALL button for mankind at the time of 229 at the hand of 946.

Papakura
Auckland
18th August 2012

2. Revelation: The First Codes

Lockerbie and 557 - The Original 1988 Story

On 2nd December 1988, a local Scottish Borders garage manager rang me to offer me a car. I had casually enquired about a model of this particular type of car some weeks earlier. We drove over to look at the car and Jenny's attention was drawn to the number 557 chalked on the top of the engine. This was a reference to the car chassis number.

We took the car for a test drive and another strange coincidence occurred involving the number 557 on another car at a place we stopped. It was as though the number was somehow being emphasised, almost brought to our attention.

On 21st December 1988, Pan Am 103 crashed only forty miles away at Lockerbie. that night, when we read of the crash on TV teletext, Jenny looked up Lockerbie in an atlas. the map reference coordinates for Lockerbie are 55o7'N, 3o21'W

The chassis number of the car was 7AM396557

The next day we watched the local Borders ITV channel to try to discover the identity of the plane that crashed. We managed to read the name on the cockpit. It was 'Clipper Maid of the Seas'. One of my aircraft reference books gave me its registration number. It was N739PA.

To our amazement, we realised this aircraft registration number was makes up the first three numbers of the chassis number of the car we had taken for the test drive. 7AM396557. What is more, the two letters which occur between the first and second numbers of the chassis number 7AM396557 are the second word of the name of the airline - Pan Am. How strange, we thought. The chassis number was like a code identifying which plane would crash and where.

Only one number in the sequence was unused. It was not until the following July that we understood the meaning of the apparently unused '6'. It was actually an important part of the code also, part of the 'why'.

I came across a newspaper article referring to the first anniversary of the loss of an Iran Air A320 Airbus in the Persian Gulf. Suddenly I understood the 'why' of the destruction of Pan Am 103. It was the shooting down of Iran Air Flight 655, on 3rd July 1988. This was the meaning of the unused '6'.

(PS. I have just noticed I put A320 when in fact it was an A300B2. The significance of the A320s only came 20 years later. 18.42 6th August 2009.)

The cross-correspondences are uncanny - some people call it 'spooky'. Pan Am 103 was destroyed at 7.03 pm on 21st December 1988. Iran Air 655 was destroyed on the 7.03.88 in the standard American dating system. Both aircraft even had almost identical liveries, white with a sky blue cheat line. The only real difference was the Iran Air bird on the tailfin rather than the stylised Pan Am globe and its associated American flag.

Was it all just chance? Why should that car, of the precise make, model and engine size I specified, have arrived at a local garage less than three weeks before the Lockerbie disaster?

Did something know the future?

I had got the idea to ask about a car of this particular make and model early in November. Why did I even bother to enquire because we had no money to buy a new car? The idea just came into my head one day as I was paying for petrol at that particular garage when we were on our way to Edinburgh. Was something setting in motion a train of events which were to link to another momentous event 40 miles away and five or six weeks into the future which it knew would happen? Was something warning that it knew the real truth?.

The Question raised of destiny is further discussed at Destiny and the two N739Pas

Of course you could always fall back on the skeptics 'explanation' for everything. It is all chance. Their great problem is that their religious belief system, scientism, precludes any other explanation. No mathematical theories can address something which lies beyond what we call space and time. They cannot be applied to some greater reality beyond. This is one reason for the vitriolic attacks by skeptics on any evidence adduced from either personal religious experience or psychical research. By their nature such experiences are not repeatable. They can therefore be dismissed as at best anecdotal, at worst fraudulent. In either case they are not worthy of further attention. But the limitations of conventional science are precisely that. Its limitations should not prevent man using his mind and his logic in seeking to learn what lies beyond the reach of conventional science. The skeptics say there is nothing. Their lives are all the poorer for that. Why do they exhibit such messianic zeal in trying to convince others that there is nothing but the sad world of materialism in which we all attempt to live today.

In July 1992, Newsweek published a long article to mark the anniversary of the shooting down of Iran Air 655 by the Vincennes. The cover story was entitled 'Sea of Lies', a reference to the dishonesty shown by both the Pentagon and the White House after the catastrophic act of incompetence by the crew of the Vincennes. I found this magazine at the bookstall at a USAF base, in fact when I was working at RAF Chicksands.

To use a related metaphor the investigation into the loss of Pan Am 103 would be best described as an 'Ocean of Lies'. So many things have happened over the years, so many strange 'coincidences', that indicate to us that despite whatever so-called 'evidence' was produced at the Scottish inquest and the Netherlands trial, there was no bomb. The two accused Libyans were completely innocent. Their crime was to be Libyans. But the British and American governments have been determined that their version of the 'truth' shall prevail. Now the one convicted will rot in a Scottish prison for a crime he did not commit.

N739PA was a geriatric plane that had been modified by the Pentagon for use in the Strategic Reserve. It merely suffered from massive structural failure. The blame for the disaster, can be placed entirely on American shoulders - the Pentagon and Pan Am. But, there is a natural justice in the fall of Pan Am 103 - hence the references in the chassis number Code of Destiny? It fell because of American incompetence - as did Iran Air 655.

3. The Seventh Sign and 229

Some time in early in November 1988, I saw on Barry Norman's Film Review 1988 a review of the film *The Seventh Sign*. Barry Norman was not impressed, but the words came into my mind that the film was important and I had to see it. The opportunity came a few weeks later when I had travelled across to Carlisle to see a lawyer, trying in vain to find justice in the courts of man. After the meeting, as we made our way to the town centre, a few doors up we found a cinema showing this film. That night was the last night of the film's run. That seems particularly appropriate as it has since become clear that we are now living in the Last Days. We went to see this last performance of the film.

We were astonished to find the plot revolves around coincidence and the number 229. Only eight months earlier, we had linked the number 229 to Egypt, the death of Lord Carnarvon, and the Justice of Ra. Akhenaten's name for God was Aten Ra. Now we were seeing a film where 229 was being linked to the End of the World and the Last Judgement, as described in Revelation, the last book of the Bible. Was this coincidence of numbers meant to indicate that the God of the Bible and Akhenaten's God were one and the same? The coincidence is based on the verse Joel 2.29 in the Old Testament and the birth of a baby to the character, Abby, played by Demi Moore.

These are the relevant verses from the Old Testament book of the prophet Joel -

2.27 And ye shall know that I am in the midst of Israel, and that I am the LORD your God, and none else : and my people shall never be ashamed.

2.28 And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh : and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions :

2.29 And also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my spirit.

2.30 And I will shew wonders in the heavens and in the earth, blood and fire, and pillars of smoke.

2.31 The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before the great and terrible day of the LORD come.

2.32 And it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call on the name of the LORD shall be delivered : for in mount Zion and in Jerusalem shall be deliverance, as the LORD hath said, and in the remnant whom the LORD shall call.

The film is concerned with the Second Coming of Christ and his character in the film opens the Seven Seals. In the Book of Revelation, it is the Seven Angels who open the Seven Seals. The film is interesting and well-conceived, although it did badly at the box office. Perhaps it was too intellectual, like *Enigma* - not enough bombs and almost no violence and no sex ! It is rarely mentioned in reviews of Demi Moore's history.

By 'coincidence', she happened to be pregnant at the time with her first child which is perhaps one of the main reasons why she got the part. It is implied in film that she is supposed to be a reincarnation of Mary Magdalen. Unfortunately, at the end, the film deteriorates into a standard Hollywood 'happy ending' and Abby dies to save the world 'because she has so much love'. God supposedly gives man another chance.

But there are many elements in the film which relate to the real world, the times in which we live. Just as although Morgan Robertson's novel *Futility* had many elements of the Titanic disaster, it wasn't an exact description of what was to come. In like manner, *The Seventh Sign* has many elements of what is to come. The script writers were inspired. How did they come to choose the number 229? It turns out to be a key number in the Enigma Codes of Destiny, for it appears to be the key code for the End of the World.

Several events were to occur linking 229 into the physical world of space and time in the next few years. The first was less than two hours after we left the cinema whilst looking up the biblical references in the study in our Scottish Borders farmhouse. The End of the World is also referred to as The Great Day of His Wrath in Revelation 6.17. This particular verse Revelation 6.17 is "For the great day of his wrath is come and who shall be able to stand? "

It just happens to be on page 229 of the Scottish King James version of the Bible. We lived in Scotland at the time. The English editions of the King James bible have a totally different pagination. For some reason it is the Scottish Bibles which are emphasised in our research. The rare King Edward VIII Bible, part of the evidence in this world for reality of communication from the spirits of the dead, and its purpose, was also a Scottish Bible.

It was nearly ten months later that the next dramatic coincidence occurred. We had moved to Epsom in Surrey and had had difficulty getting a copy of the video of the film. I happened to locate one at 10 pm on 22nd September 1989 - 22.9.89 - but the shop had just closed. I went back the next day and joined the video club. The computer allocated me the membership number 2297 !!! How much more precision could you have?

The plot of the film revolves around the coincidences of 229 and its title was *The Seventh Sign* and it is concerned with the Seven Seals, the Seven Angels and the Seven Spirits of God. Some fifteen months later, we came across an ex-rental copy of *The Seventh Sign* video for sale. It was 19th January 1991, two days after the first Gulf War began. On 13th January, I had used my coincidence codes to calculate the date of the start of the Gulf War. This prophecy was proved correct around 2.30 am on 17th January. Who knows, it could even have been 2.29? Jenny found the copy.

We were both astonished. We had gone into the video shop because we had noticed its address - 557 London Road, North Cheam. 557 was the first code that, on 2nd December 1988, had prophesied the Lockerbie disaster, barely a week after we saw *The Seventh Sign*. See the prophecy page Lockerbie and 557, to understand the significance of this. Remembering the earlier experience of the video club membership number, I decided to join this video club. Quite incredibly, I was given the membership number 2293. And it was our third encounter with the film - the first was seeing the film, the second was renting the video and now the third was buying the video.

(Note also a link to another relevant film, *Alternative 3*). To fully understand how we came to be in the right place at the right time and the high level of interconnectedness in of all this, it will be necessary to read the full account given in. Volume 1 of '*The Enigma Variations*'. This is merely a summary outline of some of the main meaningful coincidences involving this film.

There is one final, some might say eerie coincidence. But weird is a better word. It derives from an old English word, *wyrd* meaning to do with destiny fate or the supernatural. We have to look back again to the heroine of the film and her baby. In the film, Abby's baby was due on 2.29, i.e. 29th February of some leap year. Demi's baby was born on 16th August, 1988 and named Rumer. It is an unremarkable date, you might think, until you realise that it is the 229th day of the leap year 1988 when the film was released. Don't forget that the baby's father, Bruce Willis, died to save the world in the 1999 film *Armageddon*. It must run in the blood. What a giving family. Or perhaps the patterns are just there to make a few thinking people wonder, about inspiration, destiny and the existence of God.

Can it possibly really be all just chance? Or is it all intended to be part of the evidence of intelligent design?

PS Dictation finished, 17th January 2004, 9.36.00 am

I noticed the time as I inserted 2293 card image into this page for the first time. It was 12.29am on 19th January 2004, 13 years to the day since getting the card. I had intended to finish this page this morning, but other changes took too long. Then it came to me to revise the Enigma Web Log site, so I spent the afternoon and evening doing that. So I ended up doing this page now. Perhaps I was meant to. Finishing it like this echoes the theme that 'The Seventh Sign' has a relevance to Now.

19th January 2004, 00.44am

This was not the first link to the end of the world in our research, but it was the most dramatic. The first concrete link came for me in July 1985, when my psychical research was in its infancy. I moved into a company flat at No. 507A Kings Road in Chelsea, for a fairly brief sojourn. The area is called World's End. At the time the phrase had no significance for me. But is it another indication of destiny, kismet? The name of the Local Pub is appropriately enough the World's End. On my return for a visit to Chelsea in 1992, I noticed that the address of the World's End pub is No. 458 King's Road. Those of you whose brains have not atrophied from over-reliance on i-pods and cell-phones, or suffered from modern theories of education, will be able to divide 458 by 2 and see that the result is 229. And code 2229 linking into Dan Brown's novel *Angels and Demons*, and the physicist trying to prove the existence of God, was very prominent in my final return visit to Chelsea in March 2006. But there was an even stranger coincidence across the street from the World's End pub..... It is all powerful evidence of inspiration, destiny and Intelligent Design.

For more strange coincidences re Code 229, and the End Times, see *More Timely Evidence*. It discusses the strange recurrence of that code in connection with the Sumatra Tidal Wave of 26th December, 2004. For many death came On the Beach, just as at the start of *The Seventh Sign*. That film began on Christmas Day. In that part of the world, it was still Christmas Day in 2004, when the Tidal wave struck in Sumatra, on the morning of the feast of St Stephen. The death toll was of truly biblical proportions.

16th September 2007, 5.47pm

Incidentally, the Victorian painter John Martin painted a huge canvas portraying *The Great Day of His Wrath*. That painting, together with his vision of *The Last Judgement* was brought to my attention one day in the Tate Gallery in London in March 1991.

16/09/2007 18:57:42 The computer clock showed 5.57pm after I added that last paragraph, so I inserted the Date & Time. The idea came that I should link interested readers to another element in the World's End theme. Why Front Page adds an hour I do not know. Code 742 is the 3rd World's End Code.

I added the reference to weird today 3rd June 2008, itself very much a destiny day. A fortnight ago Jenny went to look for a book with the title Positively Wyrd. It was very weird what happened next... The 229 links keep emerging as well as evidence of destiny and design.... more....

4. Problems With Probability

Conference on Aviation Human Factors
University of Auckland, 27th April 1995

1. Introduction

This paper considers an unusual aspect of human factors in aviation, by considering two aircraft accidents. It examines unusual elements relating to the Lockerbie disaster in Scotland on 21st December 1988 and the Palmerston North accident on 9th June 1995. It raises the question as to whether there is another factor that relates to human factors and merits further consideration.

2. A Coincidence of Numbers

In November 1988, I stopped at a Scottish Borders garage for petrol. At the time, I had a 1.6 litre Austin Maestro that I felt was nearing the end of its useful life. The idea suddenly came to me to enquire about a car, which I had chosen to replace it. I explained to the manager that I was looking for a low mileage 2 litre Austin Montego estate car. Although he did not have one in stock he offered to contact me should he obtain one. As I was not seriously considering changing the car at that time, I forgot about the incident until about a month later when, on 9th December, the manager telephoned to say that he had just taken into stock precisely the type of car which I had specified.

The next day we drove the ten miles or so over to the village of St. Boswells to look at the car. It was pale blue and only about six months old. I lifted the bonnet to see how the engine compared with the Maestro engine. It was my wife, Jenny, who noticed the number 557 chalked on the end of the rocker cover. Inspection of the chassis number revealed that this had been a marking used when the engine was on the production line to indicate the intended chassis 7AM396557.

We then took the car for a test drive and took the road to Melrose. I had long been interested in railways and Jenny spotted what seemed to be a railway station on the Melrose bypass. We turned off into the town to investigate. It transpired that the station had once stood on the old Waverley route from Carlisle to Edinburgh but the track-bed had been converted to a dual carriageway at that point. In some quarters, it is called progress.....The railway station had been restored and converted into a restaurant, art gallery and model railway exhibition complex.

After a cup of coffee, I strolled around the restaurant looking at the old railway pictures. There was a B1 class locomotive passing through Melrose Station in the days when it had served its true function. There was also a collage of photographs taken about three years earlier of the station being restored. Suddenly, my eye was drawn to a car in one of the pictures. Perhaps its vivid colour attracted my eye. I do not know. My eye took in the registration number TSG 557V. That number was familiar. Suddenly I remembered....The car in which we had arrived at the station had that very same number written on the engine.

For some while, I had been interested in coincidences, especially in numbers. I had postulated a theory that there appeared sometimes to be a code. At that time, though, I could see no significance at all in those particular numbers. In conversation with the restaurant manageress we discovered that the art gallery, although empty at the time, was let out for exhibitions. We decided to take the opportunity to put on an exhibition of our Egyptian papyrus paintings over

Christmas. The last time we had exhibited these paintings was during the Gold of the Pharaohs exhibition when our shop in Waverley Market, Edinburgh, had a telephone number on the 557 exchange: 031-557-2667.

It was on 21st December that we opened the exhibition. We sold one painting that day. - It was an 'Eye of Ra'. That night, after closing the exhibition, I took a wrong turn on the way home. However, we decided to continue on that road and do the Christmas grocery shopping. After arriving in the supermarket car park, I turned off the lights. The clock immediately became brighter. It was the same numbers as on the car and at the station we had just left. Glowing in the dark were the numbers 5:57.

3. A Meaning In the Numbers

About an hour later, we arrived home at our remote farmhouse high in the Border hills. It was a wild night. Jenny could hardly open the car door as the wind was so strong from that direction. The clouds scudded across the moon. After a meal, I put on the teletext to look at the news. An item had just come up in yellow on the index "Plane Crash in Scotland". A plane had crashed at Lockerbie. The details rapidly changed as the magnitude of the disaster became clear. Because of our previous experiences, Jenny went to look up Lockerbie in the atlas. A chill passed through her as she located the Lockerbie entry...55o7'N, 3ol'W.

Was this why the number 557 had been brought to our attention so strongly in the previous fortnight, the last occasion being only half an hour before Pan Am Flight 103 had left the runway at Heathrow on its intended flight to JFK Airport, New York.?

4. Another Part of a Code?

Very little happens in the Scottish Borders and so Border TV took the opportunity to broadcast extensive live coverage of the disaster over 22nd December. The various official mourners, Mrs Thatcher, the American Ambassador and the Duke of York appeared in succession.

Eventually some aerial shots of the cockpit wreckage by Tundergarth Church enabled us to read the name and identify the aircraft involved. It was Clipper Maid of the Seas, registration N739PA.

These three numerals were the very same as the first three numerals of the chassis number of the Montego estate car 7AM396557. Was it just a curious irony that the second word of the airline name PAN AM makes up the second and third characters of the chassis number? Rather curiously, the only car I had ever damaged badly had been an estate car of exactly the same blue. So, even in the colour there was a crash connection.

5. A Date with Destiny

N739PA disappeared from the radar screens a few seconds before 7.03 pm on 21st December. As a result, no photographs were available for the newspapers on 22nd December. Coverage was restricted to library photographs of Pan Am 747s and maps showing the location of Lockerbie. It was not until 23rd December that the main Lockerbie coverage of all the national newspapers occurred.

That same day, the local weekly paper, the Hawick News published its latest edition, number 5570. Having first been published in January 1881, various editions had been missed during the War. Was it meant to reach edition number

5570 on that fateful day? Did something know long, long ago that this coordinate, in time and space, had to be met?

Even the existence of the newspaper came to our attention by a very circuitous route. Jenny had owned a house in Epsom in Surrey since 1972. It was empty and about to be sold. We called at the house in January 1989 on a brief visit to the south of England. A copy of the Hawick News was in the pile of post and circulars lying on the floor. It was even wrongly addressed. It should have been delivered to another No.4 two streets away. Why should this paper have been sent 300 miles and wrongly delivered to a house which Jenny owned? Was this just chance? Or were we meant to discover the 5570 connection?

6. Yet Another Part of the Code

July 1989 marked the first anniversary of the shooting down by the Aegis Cruiser USS Vincennes of a civil airliner on a scheduled flight from Bandar Abbas to Dubai. A series of gross errors led to the Vincennes firing two missiles at the A300B Airbus on 3rd July 1988, blowing off a wing and killing 290 people.

In American dating, 3rd July is written as 7.03.88. Pan Am Flight 103 was destroyed at 7.03 pm. The chassis number 7AM396557 has one numeral which has not been used so far in this apparent code. If 6 is paired with the next two numerals, it produces 655. The A300B Airbus destroyed by the Vincennes had been Iran Air Flight 655.

The official US and British Governments' position is that Libya is to blame for the disaster and, in November 1991, two Libyans were accused of bombing Pan Am 103. Sanctions against Libya are still in force. Relatives of many of those who died on Pan Am 103 feel that this official version owes more to politics than to truth. Many are convinced that there was some Iranian connection with the loss of Pan Am 103.

7. What's in a Name?

In August 1989 circumstances forced us to move from Scotland to England and live in Jenny's house in Epsom which was still on the market as no buyer had been found. Jenny managed to get a job in a local firm of estate agents and one day Liz, a former air hostess but now one of the house sales agents, came in with surprising news. "Here is something to add to your coincidences. We have just taken on a house called Lockerbie." It was by now April 1990, some sixteen months after the plane crash.

One evening after work, I picked up Jenny and we drove to the house in Ashted, a village just outside Epsom, to see if we could find out why the house should be called Lockerbie when it was over 300 miles away. We had no sooner parked outside the house when a car came down the road towards us. There was no other traffic. Its registration number was F557 BBL I looked at my watch. It was a few seconds before 7.03 pm, the precise time that N739PA had been destroyed on 21st December 1988.

I knocked on the door and explained to the owner my interest in Lockerbie. He invited me in and showed me the Deeds to the house. There was no clue as to why it was called Lockerbie. All that we discovered was that before 1902 it was known as Hammond's House and by 1904 it had become Lockerbie. A little disappointed, I left the house and looked at my watch. It was 7.39p.m. precisely.

All evening I puzzled over the numbers. What did it mean? What could this house possibly have to do with Lockerbie? All the numbers were there - 557, 703, 739 and the name, Lockerbie. It may have been the next morning when I was in the bath that the solution came. Around 1903, the house name was changed to Lockerbie. 1903 is 7.03 pm on the 24 hour clock, the time that N739PA was destroyed.

Was this what it was meant to mean? Did something know in 1903 that 85 years into the future, at 1903 hours N739PA would crash onto the town of Lockerbie at the latitude 55°7'N? I have often wondered about this house since that day in April 1990, but have never been able to think of any other explanation.

8. Early Links to New Zealand

In 1986, through my interest in ancient Egypt and her business in papyrus paintings, I met my wife, Jenny. I often tease her about advertising for a husband as I saw her advertisement for the paintings. Jenny is a New Zealander, an old girl of Epsom Girls Grammar School in Auckland who had lived abroad since 1968 and owned a house in Epsom, Surrey since 1972.

In 1923 in Britain, the railway amalgamation produced The London Midland and Scottish Railway Company, then the largest company in the world. In 1935 it built the first of 191 express passenger locomotives, giving it the name Silver Jubilee and the number 5552. The next 86 locomotives were named after countries of the British Empire and their States. The number 5570 was allocated the name New Zealand. This, you may remember, was also the edition number of the Hawick News on 23rd December 1988.

In May 1959, I began an interest in railways that has continued to this day. As a teenager I also had an interest in model railways. This interest lapsed when I went to Oxford until about 1982 when I again began collecting model railway locomotives. It was through model railways in 1984 that I met someone who was the catalyst for my research into what is referred to as psychic or paranormal phenomena. I use the term parapsychics to describe this field in which I work. Para in Greek means 'beyond'. Physics is concerned with the laws of space and time. Many of our experiences can only be explained on a hypothesis that there is something beyond current theories of space and time.

Was I meant to become interested in railways to lead me into this research? Was I meant to meet a New Zealander? Were we both meant to be involved with Egypt? More and more as time has gone on and evidence has accumulated, we appear to unravel clue after clue. Even though I am a rational scientist, earning my living in wastewater treatment and odour control, I am forced to the inescapable conclusion that there is a destiny and that there is a Supreme Being who knows what this destiny is for each and every one of us.

9. A Move to New Zealand

In January 1995, we came to live in New Zealand. I had obtained a job working in wastewater treatment for Tonkin & Taylor, an Auckland firm of Consulting Engineers. In the course of my job I have to fly to various places in New Zealand.

10. Disaster Codes - New Zealand

In April 1995, I had to fly to Christchurch for a conference. When the Ansett ticket came, I found it had the number 68 739 208 26. The company travel agent 'Travel Productions' has the fax number 09 309 1557. Less than 400 yards and less than 5

minutes after my leaving Christchurch Airport, there were pointers to an Ansett plane crash. When I arrived at Lincoln University, I found I had been allocated Room 103.

Jenny flew down from Auckland to Christchurch on Friday night to spend the weekend with me. She parked at Auckland airport in the only available space, and found that the car in front was NZ5570, the same number as the LMS locomotive New Zealand. And then, she had just collected a hire car in Christchurch and was driving past the terminal building when she saw NZ5557 parked. This combination of NZ with 557 at either end of her journey puzzled her as it seemed to link Lockerbie to New Zealand.

11. Disaster at Palmerston North

On 9th June 1995, Ansett Flight 703 crashed on its approach to Palmerston North airport. When my wife telephoned me at work to tell me the news, I was surprised that it should be such a significant flight number. 7.03 pm was the time PA103 was destroyed and that had linked to the destruction of IA655 on 7.03.88. It was also curious that the name given to the Dash 8 which crashed had been PALMERSTON NORTH. It was as though this one had also been marked out.

Three people were killed in the accident and eighteen survived the crash itself. The Dominion newspaper the next morning talked of the 'miracle of flight 703'. Given the speed of impact, it was surprising that the death toll was not eighteen, with three survivors.

The aircraft was based in Christchurch and the air hostess, Karen Gallagher, died in the crash. The signs which I saw on 26th April 1995 were only 400 yards from Christchurch airport terminal. Two passengers died in the crash - Jonathan Keall and David White. Both lived in Papakura, about 30 km south of Auckland. If you look at the front page of this paper, you will see the address for correspondence. I, too, live in Papakura and the postcode for Papakura is Auckland 1703. Is this all just chance? Or does it relate to some Supreme Being? Is there indeed a Designer of the Web of Destiny?

12. A Late Departure

On 29th June 1995, I flew back from Gisborne after working on another project. I was accompanied by Robert Docherty from our Auckland office. His internal telephone extension is 739. We had just entered the terminal building at about 7.25 pm when Jenny came up and told me to hurry and see the Departures board.

The next flight out was the 7 pm Flight NZ557 to Christchurch. It was still listed, even though by now the time was approaching 7.30 pm. I photographed the Departures board several times over the next ten minutes. I wondered whether it would leave when I expected. Sure enough, just after 19:39 came up (7.39 pm), the Departures board rolled over. The photograph shows random characters where the flight had been.

How often does NZ557 leave late? How often has it left at 7.39? Is it just chance it did on the only occasion I have flown on a New Zealand domestic flight since returning from that Christchurch trip in April?

What is its message? Time will tell..

(PS Time did indeed tell when on 27th November 2008, off the French Coast at Perpignan, when Air New Zealand lost its next big plane, with powerful links to the 1979 Erebus disaster and to destiny. The 557 codes again predicted the disaster..... But was the real message of the coordinates of Disaster NZ557 departing at 7 39 pm a pointer to the destination, where the really major disaster was to come, the most extensive and costly disaster in New Zealand's history, the Christchurch Earthquakes, 4th September 2010, 22nd February, 2011 (the Big One) and 13th June 2011. So now it's '3 in 1' as though intended to contradict the priests who all deny the real God, preferring instead the treacly confection of their own making, the false god of love and personal salvation, courtesy of St Paul twenty centuries ago. The message of those first two Airbus crashes is very clear. There is no Salvation, only Judgement. There are so many messages in plane crashes.....Note added 20th June 2011.)

13. A Rose by any Other Name

Two weeks ago, after I had offered this paper for this symposium, the Chief Engineer for one of our clients suggested that I travel to Hawera with him to assess a waste water treatment plant. He suggested I fly into Palmerston North as this was a convenient place for him to pick me up.

Because of the connections to the Ansett plane crash, I decided to fly with Ansett. Flight 703 was the first departure from Auckland, but although listed in the timetable still, it has now become Flight 791. One member of the Ansett staff informed me that flight numbers are always changed after 'incidents'.

Our usual '1557' travel agents confirmed the flight details. Jenny drove me to the airport and we arrived at 7.39 am for the 8.15 flight. It was a beautiful morning as we left Auckland. There was not a cloud in the sky. As we approached Mt. Ruapehu, the Captain announced over the loudspeaker that the view from the cockpit was excellent and passengers were welcome to come to the flight deck. I had never known any such announcement ever on any other aircraft on which I have flown, although I have, on occasion, at my request, visited the flight deck on international flights. I took the opportunity offered by the pilot, thinking what a curious coincidence it was to end up on the Flight Deck of Flight AN703. Or was it destiny?

We landed at Palmerston North and shortly afterwards, we were on the road to Hawera. I tried to telephone Jenny a couple of times on the Chief Engineer's mobile phone, without success until we stopped for petrol at a garage in the town of Waverley. I dialled the number and she replied immediately. For me, this symbolised that there was a valid communication link in all these connections. After all, it was on the Waverley route that it had all begun in December 1988.

The weather was beautiful for the whole day. The views of the volcanic Mt. Egmont were most impressive. After a useful visit to the South Taranaki District Council wastewater treatment plant, we returned to Palmerston North.

As we pulled into the airport car park, my eye was drawn to the clock. It was 5.57 precisely!

14. Numbers and Numerology

People sometimes try to suggest that I make the numbers fit. How could I do that? David Smith was driving! Some people call it 'numerology' but that is from ignorance. Numerology is a simplistic way of reducing all numbers to the single numbers 1-9 by a process of repetitive addition and then drawing mystical conclusions. This has nothing whatsoever to do with my work. I use numbers as a scientist. I record them. I postulate that there appear to be connections between

numbers that conventional science says cannot be. I record the evidence and I try to make sense of it. There appears to be a coherent message in the coincidences. Why should this not be the case? A quotation by Albert Einstein was used by Canon Bob Lowe as a postscript to his article in the Sunday Star- Times of 2nd July 1995:

"The ultimate arrogance is to confine reality to that which we can understand."

15. Conclusion

I am a scientist by training. In all the work I do, in whatever field, I apply the methods of science as far as they can be applied. I question why numbers have apparently been emphasised to us. There appears to be a coherent message. This is my conclusion. I leave it for you to weigh the evidence and decide for yourself. You may prefer the conventional explanation of "pure chance". There is a probability of 1 in 10 to the Nth power that it is all entirely random and there is no pattern at all. If this satisfies you, so be it. I would be very interested to hear from any statistician who has sufficient ability to assist me in estimating a value for N.

A physics lecturer at Auckland University said to me "If you have discovered some new principle, I will be the first to admit it." I have not discovered any new principle. I suggest that this research merely provides different evidence for a very old principle, probably the oldest principle man has ever had on this planet - the idea that there is some Being which knows all our actions and which knows the future as He knows the past. Perhaps this is as close as man can get to proving the existence of God.

I suggest that these particular aircraft accidents are being used by a Supreme Being to provide evidence that He exists. Aviation represents one of the pinnacles of this civilisation's achievement. It enables men to span the globe in a matter of hours, to go from one side of the world to another in little more time than it takes the sun. But mankind, or should I say personkind, takes heed only of death on a grand scale.

Consider the example of 21st December 1988. 188 Americans were killed when Pan Am 103 crashed at Lockerbie. Consider the colossal resources which have gone into what has been called the largest criminal investigation in history. But remember also that on that same day, more Americans were killed by their own countrymen, either by guns or cars. But these were individual tragedies and not an affront to a flag.

As the signs which come, relating to air disasters, are not heeded, so inevitably the disasters will proceed to the ultimate triumph of science - the harnessing of atomic power to satisfy the greed and arrogance of man. 739 has not been heeded. Indeed, its message has been totally distorted by the country which considers itself the greatest power on earth. So nothing can prevent the progression to 740. This will show that the Statisticians are as much in error on the consequences of a nuclear accident as they were in the probability of the loss of a space shuttle prior to the Challenger disaster on 28th January 1986.

I will conclude with another quotation from Albert Einstein that came to light when Jenny was unpacking books last weekend:

"Raffiniert ist der Herrgott aber bööshaft ist er nicht."

"Subtle is the Lord, but malicious is He is not".

16. Addendum

The paper received a variety of responses. One professor from the Department of Psychology exhibited the characteristic response of many scientists. He made several mocking references, such as being worried about being in a plane crash if you arrive at an airport at 5.57 pm.

"As long as God and not Ghaddafi keeps destroying aircraft...." was another comment he made during his paper. Naturally, it produced the cheap laugh intended. The fact that the Source of Intelligence knew which plane would crash and where does not imply that this Source caused Pan Am 103 to crash. I myself believe that this disaster was due neither to God nor to Ghadaffi.

(PS Out of the blue Muammar Gadaffi's son Saif al Islam arrived in Christchurch for a 'break' just after Christmas in 2009, in his private jet...a black A340 Airbus - talk about the spoiled children of the rich a four-engined jet aircraft that could carry 250 people..... Next Air New Zealand took delivery of their own black Airbus, only a much smaller two-engined A320, on 1st February, 2011. It was intended to fly the flag for rugby -mad kiwis and to support the All-Blacks in the September 2011 Rugby World Cup in New Zealand. I had a bad feel about that plane from the moment it had been announced many months before. New Zealanders revere all things black To me, black is the colour of death or the colour of evil, viz the uniform of the big business world of today. From the start, I called that black A320 'the death plane'. But the disaster proved far greater than the loss of one Airbus. That black A320 Airbus was just the pointer...It was like an omen for Christchurch, it turned out. The Big One came on 22nd February, just three weeks after the death plane first arrived in New Zealand. And Jan, the '946 Hammer of God woman' brought me the NZ Herald on 2nd February with the picture of that plane's arrival. The next day I too was dressed in black, but unlike kiwi choirs I had a white shirt. I drove Jan in her 'new' car to Waikumete Cemetery in West Auckland for a memorial service for the wife of one of her friends. The car trip mileage at the cemetery gates was 2297km the code for the Apocalypse ...see The Seventh Sign..3rd February happened to be the 80th anniversary of NZ's worst earthquake up to that point in time. That 1931 earthquake destroyed much of Napier.... Is it really all chance? Incidentally when 'The Big One' came in Christchurch Gadaffi's problems had only just begun, with the start of the Libyan uprising... Note added 20th June 2011 11.20pm)

At no time did I suggest that God destroyed Pan Am 103 or any other aircraft. Why should He when various combinations of human factors do such a good job, without any intervention on His part. Aviation Human Factors is, after all, the theme of this conference.

The book Destination Disaster by the Sunday Times Insight Team, which investigated the Turkish Airlines DC10 crash near Paris in 1974 drew to our attention the following very appropriate lines from one of Rudyard Kipling's poems The Secret of the Machines. It should be pinned up in every school of aviation and every aviation design office, especially those developing 'fly-by-wire' computer controlled Systems, and particularly in every nuclear power station:

We can pull and haul and push and lift and drive,
We can print and plough and weave and heat and light,
We can run and race and swim and fly and dive,
We can see and hear and count and read and write...
But remember, please, the Law by which we live,
We are not built to comprehend a lie.
We can neither love nor pity nor forgive -
If you make a slip in handling us.... you die!

My hypothesis is that some Source of Intelligence knew in 1903 that the Lockerbie disaster would occur 85 years into the future and, presumably, that it would involve a jumbo jet. If this interpretation is indeed correct, it is ironic that it was only on 17th December 1903 that the Wright brothers achieved the first ever powered flight. Was mankind's progress in aviation from 1903 to 1988 known precisely, even when the Wright brothers took their first tentative leap off the ground?

The reaction exhibited to my research by different people is very interesting. There is a definite correlation between the field of study of the person concerned and his or her reaction to this research. The most hostile individuals tend to be ones who work in so-called 'soft' sciences such as psychology and statistics. It is as though, by attacking work such as mine, they gain in credibility as real scientists by distancing themselves from anything on the fringe of conventional science.

There is a high level of scepticism among the natural scientists - physicists, chemists and biologists - most of whom demand stringent tests of repeatability before acceptance. Repeatability is not possible in this field of research. The real world is too complex. Nor is the observer in control of the events. I feel often that I am part of some complex experiment. But I do not direct it. At best, I record the results on paper and film.

The most truly scientific approach tends to come from the applied sciences of engineering and occasionally medicine. Often practitioners in these fields are more practically involved in day-to-day events in the real world. Often they have experiences in the course of their work which enable them to relate to the experiences which I describe.

An example of such a reaction at the other end of the scale from Professor Owens was that of Dr. Anne Isaac from the Massey University School of Aviation. During tea, she came up to me and suggested that I might like to add the following incident to my paper:-

On Sunday, 21st May 1995, James Beggs had made a routine return solo flight from Palmerston North to Gisborne in a Cherokee Warrior aircraft owned by the Massey University Aviation training school. He was flying the return leg when his last routine call was made at 3.30 pm, about 50 km south of Gisborne. Nothing further was ever heard from the pilot, who was known to be highly competent. It was a clear, calm day. There was no distress call. No wreckage was ever found anywhere. No one had reported seeing a plane go down. It was a total mystery. No trace of ZK-MBI has ever been found. Massey University is, of course, located just outside the town of Palmerston North.

On 8th June 1995, a memorial service was held for the lost pilot. The very strange link which made Dr. Isaac draw this incident to my attention was the call sign of James Beggs. All staff have two-digit call signs and students three-digit ones. James Beggs had been allocated the number 703. Less than 24 hours after the memorial service had been held to mark the loss of MBI 703 on his flight to Palmerston North, news broke of the total loss of Ansett Flight AN703 on its approach to Palmerston North. Dr. Isaac did not scoff at my paper. In 60,000 hours of flying, this was the only accident there had ever been at the Massey Aviation School. She had clearly thought at the time that it was a very thought-

provoking coincidence. She also added that in the early 1970s, whilst living in America, she remembered flying on Clipper Maid of the Seas. The name had stuck in her mind.

Another psychologist who presented a paper, Dr. Ross St. George, also from Massey University, joined in this discussion over tea with helpful comments. His reaction was in marked contrast to the scoffing of the other psychologist, Dr. Owens, during his presentation. Was this perhaps because Dr. St. George had had the personal experience of the loss of the Massey Cherokee Warrior and its odd link to AN703?

During the discussion at the end of my paper, one delegate volunteered another curious element of coincidence. I thought at first he was making a joke, but he assured me that it was true. He said that the farm that backed onto his house was called Lockerbie. Whilst talking to Anne Isaac over tea I explained that I was trying to find a good colour photograph of a Pan Am jumbo jet in the old blue cheat-line livery. She suggested Graeme Porter, Editor of NZ Aviation News may be able to help. He was standing just beside us. I was rather taken aback when he began by saying that he had been the delegate who lived beside the Lockerbie farm. He elaborated on the details. He lived at Morrinsville and, from his door, looked across to a farm called Lockerbie. Until around 1989, there had even been a dairy factory known as 'the Lockerbie factory'. It had produced 'Lockerbie' brand butter. At that time it was taken over and the name disappeared.

The training of a Scientist should be to teach him to think, to evaluate evidence, and to try to explain the evidence in terms of a theory. It is a pity that too often the approach instead has now deteriorated to "I cannot make sense of that. It does not fit in with what science tells me the world is like. Therefore it must be wrong." A common reaction then is to scoff, or even to ridicule, as if by so doing, the scoffer's own position is strengthened. The ordinary member of the public does not understand science and looks to the scientist for guidance. Instead, the Scientist, in his blinkered ignorance, chooses to mislead. It almost is a point of honour not to say "We do not know". Such an admission brings with it the implication that science is inadequate. Many of the Scientists who are members of the association called 'Skeptics' are best categorised in the above manner. I have noted the weapon most used by the Skeptics in trying to discredit any so-called 'paranormal' work is ridicule. This is not the tool of a scientist, more that of a public relations adviser trying to defend a religious dogma which is threatened by new evidence.

I would like other scientists to consider my work and think about it carefully with open minds. If there are errors in it, I would like to hear of them. First and foremost, I am a scientist. I seek to understand all aspects of the world in which we all live. I do not seek to make the world fit into the limiting confines of the scientific understanding of today.

I reiterate what Albert Einstein said:

The ultimate arrogance is to confine reality to that which we can understand.

17. Post Script

After reading the paper, my colleague Robert Docherty added the following additional links. As well as having extension 739 in the office, his date of birth, in American dating, is 7.5.57 and he lives in Epsom, Auckland. We had been living in Epsom, Surrey, England when it was he who had been instrumental in offering me

my present job at Tonkin & Taylor during the course of my first visit to New Zealand in October 1994. Incidentally, the pointers to the Ansett plane crash which I had observed on 26th April 1995 at Christchurch Airport had centred around a car with the registration NR7557.

18. Erratum?

The date on the title page of the paper was done hurriedly on Sunday morning when there was a last minute change of paper format. For some reason, Jenny typed 27th April instead of 27th August. A main part of my hypothesis is that there are two key elements in these connections - meaningful coincidence and inspiration, and by this I mean inspiration in its absolute sense, i.e. an idea from 'outside'. Symbolism is also an important element in the message conveyed in this apparent communication. It was on 27th April 1995 that I was given the key to my room at Lincoln University, CEN 103. Was Jenny's 'mistake' actually disguised inspiration, implying that my hypothesis is indeed the key to the loss of Pan Am 103?

5. The Four Jigsaws

Jigsaw 1

It began with Lockerbie, with the offer to us of a car with a chassis number which encoded all the details of the disaster – aircraft, airline, impact point, time, reason. And it came on 2nd December 1988. The Lockerbie disaster at 55°07'N brought the key to the mysterious Code 557, in the fourth week of Advent, just in time for Christmas. Advent is the time when Christians remember the first coming of Christ and look forward to the Second Coming, associated as it is, with the Last Judgement.

But I only enquired about the car because an idea came into my head. It was silly to ask. There was no way we could afford a new car. We could barely afford to fill the tank of our old car with petrol. We were behind with the rent on our farmhouse in the Border hills. But did I have to ask about the car in order to come to understand? Was my enquiry about a car very much evidence of the reality of inspiration and Something knowing precisely what was to come? more...

Jigsaw 2

Next came the disaster for the Muslims, at the Hajj in 1990. This time, the bits of the jigsaw were given to us over the two weeks before, in a Muslim country, Egypt, at the holiest time of the Muslim year. It came at the appointed time, 558 days after Lockerbie. But the Code 558 event had within it an embedded 558, indicating the Source of the Inspiration. more.....

558 - The Temple and the Tomb

In June 1990 Jenny and I went on a belated honeymoon to Egypt. We have not been able to afford one before. We were 'led' to Aswan where we met an Egyptian who had been at Lockerbie only a day or two after the plane crash. How many Egyptians have even heard of Lockerbie, let alone been there, and particularly just before Christmas in 1988? This very same man was instrumental in arranging a trip for us to the Great Temple of Abu Simbel. I had been glancing in a book about Egyptian monuments and my eye had been drawn to a reference to the sunlight penetrating sixty-five metres from the main door to the inner sanctuary. According to the booklet this occurred twice a year on 21st March and 21st September at 5.58 am. I commented how curious it was that it should be out by one minute, i.e. one minute on from 5-57 am. My attention had somehow been drawn to make me find a 558 instead of 557. A few days later, we made our way north, following the Signs. En route to Luxor we visited the temples of Esna and Edfu.

Once in Luxor, we had to find a hotel. We would have liked to be in the Winter Palace, where we had stayed on my first trip to Egypt in 1986. But upon enquiry in 1990, we discovered that our finances precluded this. We opted for a more realistically priced alternative further along the Corniche. At least it had Nile views, if not the wonderful garden of the Winter Palace. But at sunset and at dawn, we could look across to the Valley, the land of the West. The name of our hotel was the Mina Palace Hotel. It was where we were meant to stay. The one thing that marred our stay was the Nile cruise boats moored nearby with their throbbing air-conditioning systems destroying the peace of the Egyptian night. The date quoted was not correct. The date should have been 23rd February and 23rd October.

From Luxor we travelled home on Thursday, 28th June. It was not without significance that this was also the very same day that Prince Charles broke his arm playing polo. On Sunday, 1st July 1990, 557 days after the Lockerbie plane crash and long after Lockerbie had disappeared from the headlines, the 'Sunday Express' carried a front page headline about a fake bomb taken onto another 747 airliner by Dr. Jim Swire whose daughter, Flora, died on PA 103. She was the woman we later discovered had a strange destiny link to the plane she died on, in large part because of her parents later actions. Dr Swire felt this was some kind of great triumph, illustrating the ease with which a bomb could be taken onto a plane. All that antics such as his achieve is to make security even more onerous and air travel in general more and more of a nightmare. It did not bring his daughter back, nor save others. It was not a bomb that killed his daughter anyway, but shoddy maintenance and massive structural failure. Perhaps like Diana Flora Swires Fate was known all along because of the strange coincidence in the name of an earlier generation of Pan Am Jets.

On Monday, 2nd July, the Mecca tunnel disaster occurred. 1426 pilgrims died in a tunnel connecting the tent city of Mina to Mecca. It was thought to have been caused by a stampede following the failure of an air-conditioning system. 2nd July was 558 days after the Lockerbie plane crash. So, the coded message in the sunrise at Abu Simbel was not out by even one minute. It was absolutely precise when it rose on the shrine at 5.58 am on 23rd October, c.1290 BC. Was it known then by whatever intelligence inspired the builder that this would be a pointer to events 3,100 years into the future?

I noticed that both the '557 event' and the '558 event' occurred fourteen days after huge earthquakes. The Lockerbie crash occurred in a notionally Christian country involving the national airline of another notionally Christian country very close to the main Christian festival of Christmas. It had followed hard on the heels of the earthquake in Christian Armenia very close to the spot where Noah's Ark was said to have finally grounded. Could it have been a warning that God was now about to repeat the destruction of mankind? The Mecca disaster occurred at the Feast of the Sacrifice, Eid-el-Adha - the holiest time of the Moslem year. It followed a terrible earthquake in Iran, a Moslem country. Could all this be just a coincidence, or could it be that the Source of intelligence links somehow to God, or is God, the same God who inspired both Christ and Mohammed? The link to the sun, Akhenaten's Aten was also inescapable.

Then came Code 559, when I used my Coincidence Code theories to calculate the date of the start of the Gulf War. My prophecy, using my hypothesis of the Code progression to 559, proved correct. The very day that my Code 559 hypothesis was confirmed, 17th January 1991, a letter was sent offering me a job with a firm of consulting engineers. That new job proved short-lived, but served its purpose in setting into place many threads in the Tapestry Interactive. In the process, I had made one key contact who was to play a vital role in my new wastewater career in New Zealand, fourteen year later. The job ended because I refused to allow my engineering reports to be censored. After some months without paid employment, but whilst I continued my psychical and coincidence research, came the offer of a second agency job. more.....

Jigsaw 3

That job was Environmental Officer responsible, amongst other things, for the management of the sewage works on an RAF base; only the latter name was an illusion, a camouflage. It was neither RAF nor a base for aircraft. It was a US spy

station, part of the virulent cancer of US military power in Britain. The base was situated near Bedford, in the very heart of England. And there, in September 1992, came the pieces of the third prophecy/destiny jigsaw. One morning as I arrived for work, an articulated lorry was coming out from the camp shops area, Little America, as I called it. It told on its front the place from which it came - Lockerbie. Then the Voice said to me 'Lockerbie comes to America'. It did - nine years later, almost to the very day, with the attack on the World Trade Centre.

But that truck pulled out onto the A507, the road to the World's End, and came to the World's End crossroads. Thus 9-11 is an important part of Code 507. The Muslims brought their war with their blood half-brothers, the Jews, to the New World, for New York is the city with the biggest Jewish population outside the Promised Land. Does not a pattern repeat constitute evidence of a Code? That pattern repeat came with the fourth jigsaw, also linked very closely with the problems of the Middle East. Lockerbie Code 557 was a coordinate in space, a map reference linked to Mecca by 558, a coordinate in time. The World Trade Centre destruction, also, was characterised by a coordinate in space, another map reference, the A507 road from Flitwick to Shefford, via Chicksands. If 557 is to 558 as 507 is to 508, then 508 should therefore be a coordinate in time. And so it was to prove.

RAF' Chicksands - The Truth behind Another American Deception

God certainly mocked the American Intelligence System when I got a job at a US spy base in Britain. How naïve the British are to think they can ever trust the Americans! Anyone is expendable, save Israel of course. There, in the heart of Bedfordshire, was the 69740 Sigint Squadron, or whatever its number was, scanning the heavens and all the frequencies for all possible threats to the land of the 'free' and the home of the 'brave'. Naturally, it also passed on anything of value to American companies. But ironically, the only signals they could not intercept were the only ones that really mattered, the ones that came from beyond space and time, directly into my mind. The great FLR9 'elephant cage' antenna could not detect the danger signs so close to its black and evil heart.

Think back to Challenger. Remember its mission? It was to teach the children of America about space. On board was the first 'civilian', a school teacher, Christie McAuliffe. She was due to conduct a lesson beamed into schools across America. Doubtless it would be about America's well known interest in the peaceful exploration of space for mankind, the benefits to science and technology. They were all watching for the launch. It was all intended to raise the profile of NASA and the Shuttle programme. It certainly did that.

Challenger gave the lesson God intended, not the one Reagan did. America's interest in space is as its interest in everything - to exploit and control. I was reminded of this at a Squadron Briefing one day at Chicksands Airforce Base near Bedford. To kid the British, the fawning and devious British authorities called it RAF Chicksands. After all, it had a couple of RAF officers amongst the 3000 Americans there. One was the official Liaison Officer at the Priory HQ and the other a low-ranking minion in the outer recesses of the heart of the spy centre of Building 600, on The Hill.

One Thursday in late summer, our Squadron Commander, in our monthly briefing, began by reminding us all of 'our' Mission Statement - 'To maintain the pre-eminence of the United States through the exploitation of air and space.' I found it

hard to credit his arrogance. Quite a few others there were, like me, employed by or through the British MoD. We owed no allegiance to such an erroneous, if not downright evil, objective.

But then, I had already been warned about my not showing due deference to their bloody flag. At 4.30pm every day they lowered the flags, playing first the British National Anthem as the token RAF flag was lowered, and then the Stars and Stripes as their wretched flag came down. All the cars stopped, wherever they were on the base as the music came over the tannoy. People stopped in their tracks. Men and woman coming out of the supermarket put down their bags and placed hands on hearts. It was a display of mind control, as least as disturbing as the pre-war rallies of the Nazis. I was reminded of the Old Testament story of Nebuchadnezzar and his golden idol. - Daniel 3. 'At the time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbit, psaltery, dulcimer and all kinds of musick, ye fall down and worship the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar the king hath set up. And those falleth not down and worshipping shall the same hour be cast into the burning furnace.'

But, unlike American children, we British children were not brought up as flag worshippers. I showed my contempt for it all. I kept on walking. I was reported for not showing respect to their flag. I told Lt. Oulette I had nothing but contempt for all flags, especially theirs. (Roulette, I called her, having seen a note of praise concerning her with this alternative rendering of her name - but God doesn't play dice. He hit Florida fair and square.) I hated nationalism in all its forms. She warned me about my attitude. I asked her to let me know when she found out who the next enemy was. The Berlin Wall had fallen the year before. The Evil Empire was no more, at least officially. I told her "I run sewage works. I don't try to run the world."

Her parents came from Florida. Not long after our conversation, Florida felt the Hand of God with Hurricane Andrew, the most destructive storm in US history, a mantle only recently usurped by Hurricane Katrina. The next Squadron Briefing, in the 'video news', showed the remnants of a US Air Force Base which had been in Andrew's path. The Lutenant never did manage to tell me who the next enemy was. In time, my job was terminated, although I am fairly sure it was because I exposed the incompetence of the British MoD personnel at Lakenheath, in charge of the overall sewage treatment function on behalf of the Americans. It was not because I told the Americans of their hypocrisy. In fact, approvals came down from Congress for additional expenditure at Chicksands which included £50,000 to upgrade the sewage treatment facilities as per my design. The works had been neglected by the incompetent British for the best part of a decade.

But was it just chance that the signs and the Voice both there gave me 'Lockerbie comes to America'? The messages came over a weekend, 11th to 14th September 1992, 9-11-92 to 9-14-92. I didn't know it but it was the answer to my question to Lt. Oulette. It told who the next enemy was to be. But I did not crack the Code until the Twin Towers fell. I only got 'Lockerbie comes to America'. I did not realise how precisely the date was given.

The first half of the Twin Towers clue at 'RAF' Chicksands Air Force Base came on 9-11-92, nine years to the day before the Faulty Towers fell. The second half of the clue came after the weekend, on 9-14-92. The message of LOCKERBIE on that articulated truck was so clear. I was driving into the camp on the Monday morning. It had just come out from the shopping area of the camp after making a

delivery. I called it 'Little America'. You could only buy things in the shop in US dollars, even though it was in the heart of England. But then, that is typical of the arrogance of Americans. That is where I paid in US\$ for my copy of Newsweek in July 1992, with its exposé of the role of the Pentagon and the White House in the destruction of Iran Air 655. Now for nothing was the headline Sea of Lies.

Of course it was just a truck delivering goods from Scotland. It just happened to have come from Lockerbie.....It was just chance or was it. As that Lockerbie truck came past me and away, down to the camp gate, the Voice said to me "Lockerbie comes to America!" And there was the strange coincidence of the hired-in tractor.....

And so it came to pass, exactly nine years thence. The crater of Sherwood Crescent, at exactly 55o7'N as the Codes had predicted 19 days earlier, had been transposed to the heart of Manhattan. Lockerbie had indeed come to America! But the Eye of Ra had seen through the mists of time not just for a matter of 19 days on this occasion, but nine years into the future.

The Voice had told me the truth. And what of the high tech SIGINT squadrons? With the FLR 9 elephant cage antenna, they were consigned to oblivion in 1995, replaced by even higher technology. But although the Codes gave me '911' nine years to the day before the World Trade Centre was destroyed, the American 'Intelligence' system did not even have a clue, even one day before. Well, they may have had a few clues, but for all their high tech wizardry, they didn't have the wit or competence to put them together.

But that day in September 1992, was the second half of the two-part clue to the Twin Towers disaster, still nine years off. That was the time when the towers turned to dust as Joachim Neander's hymn *Meine Hoffnung stehet feste* reminds us so evocatively. And his hymn reminds us exactly why the Towers turned to dust. The tune is known as *Meine Hoffnung* which means *My Hope*, and that is the tune with which this page opens. This hymn with this tune appeared in Neander's Hymn Book of 1680. That hymn book was entitled *Alpha and Omega*. An 1899 translation of the hymn by Robert Bridges, the British poet Laureate is to be found here. The tune accompanying that translation is the 1936 tune *Michael*, to which it is most commonly sung today. The inspiration behind that tune is also most significant, relating also to God cathedrals, chapels, death and 911. But I only discovered those in November 2006, in the days when I worked on a tune for this webpage.

Jigsaw 4

The Mecca tunnel disaster came 558 days after Lockerbie. 508 days after 9-11 came the Columbia shuttle disaster. That 113th Shuttle, Flight STS107, had taken off on the 12th anniversary of the Gulf War (Code 559), with a powerful message from the Bush Administration and NASA of America's unquestioning support for Israel, however gross the excesses of the latter. American support is always there, unflagging, whatever the weasel words to justify state terrorism and state murder by the Jewish State. That first Israeli astronaut was the reason that Columbia became 'the light of men' (John 1) in the skies of Texas. He was a decorated 'hero' of the Israeli Air Force. The foam had 'bounced off' dozens of times before, on shuttle take-offs. This time it caused a fatal wound. Did it have to be this one? But the darkness comprehended it not. (John 1). The major concentration of Shuttle bits came down in East Texas, near a town called Nacogdoches. Its nearest neighbour is a town called Palestine, on the Trinity River.

This article was circulated with the open letter 'A Warning for America' between 18th and 20th February 2003.

From Alpha to Omega

There is something about Coincidence.

Coincidences are strangely intangible but seem to polarise people. One group of people wonder at life's little coincidences, whilst another group scarcely notices them in the busyness of their lives. A third group is utterly hostile to the idea that coincidence could have any real meaning, that it could be anything other than pure chance.

The recent Columbia Space Shuttle disaster gives much food for thought in this debate. Columbia, like Challenger, was destroyed in a spectacular ball of fire. Challenger's destruction came from the fuel which was to accelerate it to 17,000 mph, Columbia's from trying to dissipate this same kinetic energy in the earth's atmosphere on re-entry. But, as any skeptic will tell you, take-off and landing are the most hazardous parts of a Shuttle mission so, if disaster is to strike anywhere, it will be here. So far, so good.

Challenger was destroyed 73 seconds into its flight, 1 minute 13 seconds. And curiously, Columbia's mission was the 113th Shuttle flight and it, too, ended in destruction. Challenger's mission was heavily publicised in advance. It had a political message. It carried the first teacher into space - to teach the children of America what space was all about. Perhaps it did - it just did not give the message that Ronald Reagan had intended.

STS 107, Shuttle Mission 113 was also heavily publicised. It too had a strong political message. Its aim was, in part, to send a strong signal of support for Israel to the rest of the world by the inclusion in the Shuttle team of the first Israeli astronaut, Ilan Ramon. As a result, Ilan had become something of a hero in Israel.

First reports on the CNN live coverage of the disaster shown on New Zealand television (NZTV1) spoke of Shuttle fragments clustered around the small Texas town of Nacagdoches. Locals were interviewed about what they had seen and heard. I picked up a map of Texas. As I found Nacagdoches, my eye was immediately drawn to its closest neighbour, a town called Palestine. Is it just ironic coincidence that one of the last towns on the doomed Shuttle's flight path was Palestine, and it was from there that some of the first eyewitness reports came? And Palestine is on the Trinity River.

The American space programme has had three fatal accidents. On 27th January 1967, astronauts Grissom, White and Chaffee died in a launch pad fire on Apollo 1. On 28th January 1986, seven astronauts died in the Challenger disaster, and on 1st February 2003, seven more perished on Columbia. These three disasters all occurred within the same week of the year, the same week in which the President of the United States delivers his 'State of the Union' address. In 1986, Ronald Reagan cancelled his speech because of the Challenger disaster. In 2003, George W. Bush had just given his address, busy justifying his crusade against so-called 'evil'.

And remember, Columbia took off on 16th January, the twelfth anniversary to the very day of the start of the Gulf War in 1991.

In less enlightened times, men saw signs in the sky as portents, but we think we know better. Is the clustering of these coincidences mere chance? Or is there

some cosmic orchestrator warning George W. Bush that his unquestioning support for Israel will ultimately end in total disaster for what may be the most powerful nation on earth, but which may not ultimately be the greatest source of intelligence or power? Perhaps there is a God and perhaps He does not like challengers, especially when so partisan.

To paraphrase William James, the American professor of psychology who had spent twenty years of his life investigating the paranormal - Perhaps the Almighty gives us enough to make us wonder, never enough to make us certain '. Should we not indeed wonder at these coincidences?

I am minded to think that, on balance, there is more than enough to make us wonder, for it was on a Sunday afternoon, 6th October 2002, that I found a curious Space Shuttle book in a secondhand bookshop in Mt. Albert, Auckland. Incidentally, Mt. Albert is the parliamentary constituency of the Prime Minister of New Zealand, the Rt. Hon. Helen Clark. That morning, we had been to our first service at the Mt. Albert Methodist church. We had discovered only three days earlier that that church was hosting its biennial ' Sing In 'performance of Handel 's Messiah in the coming November and so we were contemplating joining the church choir.

After the service, members of the congregation were invited to the parsonage for lunch and a discussion to learn more about Methodism. Both Jenny and I are traditional Anglicans by both background and preference, but we went along to find out a bit about Methodism. Over lunch it emerged that Liz, the recently ordained minister had, for a very short time, been one of my students on a course I had given in the Continuing Education department at Auckland University in March/April 1999. What was the title of the course? It was none other than ' The Significance of Coincidence' . Little did I realise the significance of the coincidence that was about to occur.

After the discussion group ended, we were about to set off back home to South Auckland when the idea came to me to go and look in the second hand bookshop in the Mt. Albert shopping centre. So instead, we headed north. Almost the first thing I found was the Space Shuttle book. Inside this book was a Kennedy Spaceport English tour book. Inside that book, was a large A4, coloured postcard of Challenger taking off after a ' flawless 'launch.

Alongside the 'Space Shuttle' book was a National Geographic magazine with a cover picture of a Shuttle launch. Then, amongst piles of National Geographic magazines outside the shop, my attention was drawn to another with a space shuttle article.

I could not help wondering if another space shuttle disaster was imminent. At the time, we were very busy, singing in various choirs and attending singing lessons, so it was not until 11th November that I labelled the books and merely noted ' A lot of Challenger Shuttle links ' on the label. We stick labels inside all the books we buy, giving details of when and where they were found. So many later prove to be very significant.

On Sunday, 2nd February, a few hours after watching the live CNN coverage of the destruction of Columbia, I looked more closely at these Shuttle books. Then I remembered why I had been so struck by the Challenger postcard. The first double-page photograph in the main Space Shuttle book is also of Challenger, this

time being carried on its Boeing 747 transporter. The next double page spread is Columbia on the runway after a landing.

Now it certainly does make me wonder. After all, symbolically turning over the pages of NASA disasters, after Challenger comes Columbia. But what really made me think yesterday were the two National Geographic magazines I had bought that very same day.

The first one, which was beside the Space Shuttle book, is the October 1981 edition, the cover story headline being 'Columbia Closes the Circle'. It is the story of the first ever Shuttle flight. On

On the first double page, with the headlines 'Columbia's Astronauts' Own Story' and 'Our Phenomenal First Flight' is an artist's impression of Columbia glowing in the 400 attitude it adopted on decelerating through the earth's atmosphere. This is the very process that destroyed it on 1st February 2003.

That first ever landing was on 14th April 1981, the anniversary of the Titanic striking the iceberg. And Columbia's last landing was certainly a titanic event - from alpha to omega, you might say. It is curious how often certain dates and elements recur in the web of destiny. 14th April and the Titanic both recur again and again. There is another interesting coincidence which occurred on 7th December 2002 and which involved both Mt Albert Methodist Church and the Titanic. It centred on the hymn 'Nearer My God to Thee'

The second National Geographic magazine which I had spotted in the pile was the November 1982 edition. It carried only a very short article, but it was a very significant one.

Its title was 'Heat paints Columbia's Portrait'. Heat certainly painted Columbia's portrait on that fateful morning, in the clear, blue skies of Texas. But, was it just coincidence, or was it intended to be a warning to the hawkish former Governor of Texas who now inhabits the Oval Office?

George W. Bush is reported as believing that God speaks to him. Then perhaps he should listen! The reason I say this lies in the strange circumstances in which I found out about the destruction of Columbia. Over a leisurely Sunday morning breakfast, I had begun to read an article in Saturday morning's New Zealand Herald entitled 'George of the Political Jungle'. My eye had been drawn to the headlined caption 'One of the impetuses for his considering running for President was biblical teaching. He feels God is talking to him. 'I had just underlined a reference to a comment which Bush is said to make to colleagues at White House meetings "Missed you at Bible study..." I made a note of this in my notebook and checked the time. It was 8.56 am. I remembered a television programme I wanted to watch so I switched on the television. 'Asia Down Under' was just coming to an end with an Indian cookery item.

I started the recording as the end titles rolled, expecting to record the next programme 'Praise Be'- incidentally, the only indigenous religious programme on New Zealand television. I love the beautiful organ tones with which the titles to the programme begin. But there was no organ. Instead there was an

announcement of a change to advertised schedules due to breaking news. The feed cut to CNN. It took me a few seconds to register that something momentous had happened as the CNN programme was a rolling news programme with no headlines.

But it quickly became clear exactly what had happened. The Space Shuttle Columbia had been destroyed, looking for all the world like a fiery comet from the heavens. The thought-provoking coincidence in all this is that 'Praise Be' was taken off the air for live coverage of the disaster. That Sunday morning I was intending to record the 'Praise Be' programme because two days later we were to begin rehearsals at the South Auckland Choral Society for a special 'Praise Be' programme to be broadcast locally from Papakura. This is most unusual. Only once every six to eight weeks is 'Praise Be' broadcast from one particular New Zealand town. Most of the broadcast programmes are composites with six or seven hymns from six or seven towns recorded over the years which are chosen to match the religious theme of the programme for the particular Sunday. 'Praise Be' has never ever been to Papakura before and the television recording is to take place on 19th and 20th February 2003.

On the previous Sunday, 26th January, 'Praise Be' had been a repeat of a special programme from Tauranga, first broadcast in November 2002. Tauranga, too, was a place of special significance to me. 1996 had been a bad year for me. I was unemployed for the whole year, a very common experience for professionally qualified immigrants to New Zealand. Finally, early in 1997, I decided to set up my own waste water treatment consulting firm. My first ever commission had been to audit the sewage works in Tauranga. On my first day, on my way to book into the motel before going to the sewage works, I took a wrong turning, going right instead of left. I found myself outside Holy Trinity Church, Tauranga, in front of a large church notice board. I could hardly believe the words that were spelled out in large letters before my eyes - 'Coincidence is God's Way of Remaining Anonymous'!

That lunchtime, I returned to the church, looked around and picked up a copy of the previous day's service sheet. I stuck it in my notebook. I don't think I have looked at it since, until the night of 8th February 2003 when I was drawing what I call a 'Web of Destiny' for the Columbia Shuttle disaster. I was checking the date of my finding the notice board. That had been Monday, 3rd February 1997. The service sheet had been for the day before, 2nd February. That struck me with the force of a thunderbolt.

[Note added 13th December 2006 for clarification 1.04pm.

That date was 2.2.97, the most precise of our several code numbers for The End of the World. For the significance of 2297 see The Seventh Sign. That number occurs at several other points on this site. The destruction of Columbia was another warning about the road mankind is on. I originally wrote path but then thought road but it's more of a 'freeway' now.]

It was exactly the same day and date in New Zealand that the Shuttle Columbia was destroyed. I had put on 'Praise Be' at 8.56 am, 2nd February 2003 which is, of course, New Zealand time. The Shuttle was destroyed at precisely that time US Eastern Standard Time on Kennedy Space Centre clocks, but of course, on 1st February. The actual time in New Zealand that the Shuttle was destroyed was around 2.56 am on 2nd February.

So, the message 'Coincidence is God's Way of Remaining Anonymous' appears to be very relevant to the Shuttle disaster now. Incidentally, on checking my notebook for the evening of the 'Challenger' disaster, I found that I had just got the idea to put on the 9 O'clock News and within minutes the news headlines came on - 'Challenger' had been destroyed in a spectacular fireball. That was the evening news, of course, as I was then living in London, but it is odd that it was also 9 o'clock for me when I discovered both Shuttle disasters.

Rather more disturbing than the destruction merely of a Space Shuttle is the coincidence code implied from that church service sheet. The implication of this code is that what George W. Bush and Tony Blair are doing now, with the strong support of Ariel Sharon, will ultimately bring about the Apocalypse, but not as the 'born again' Christians like George W. Bush would have you believe. The code 2297 is a key code for Armageddon, a code I first came to understand on 23rd September 1989. George W. Bush should indeed heed the signs in the skies above Texas. His unquestioning support for the brutal and aggressive regime of Ariel Sharon will bring disaster for the people of America. The symbolism of the Shuttle Columbia is just too great for it all to be chance.

The unholy trinity of Bush, Blair and Sharon should heed the signs or the two staunch Christians and the Jew will bring us all to Armageddon. Perhaps it is already too late.

The Shuttle took off on the anniversary of the first Gulf War, that particular date being my first successful prophecy through coincidence. George W. Bush is determined to finish off what his father started. It will end in disaster for America, even if at first, like Columbia, it seems to be successful.

I cannot really escape the conclusion that there is, in all of this, some Guiding Hand, Something that knows the future in precise detail. Can it all just be chance? Can this curious series of coincidences really be dismissed as 'pure chance' because we don't like the only other alternative explanation? After all, do not the coincidences yield a coherent message? Is the idea of omens, portents or warnings really as nonsensical as the skeptics would have us believe?

Something knows the future. Something is warning - now. I believe that 'Something' is God, but not a god at the behest of priests. There is a power and a source of intelligence greater than we can begin to comprehend. It knows the future at least as precisely as we know the past.

Ask yourself is it possible that we are indeed being warned? Is George W. Bush, in particular, being warned? Were not the men of old really much wiser than the technological giants of today who are such spiritual pygmies?

The tune to this page is Horbury. It is the tune normally used in England for Sarah Adams' hymn Nearer My God To Thee. The tune is by Rev J. B Dykes Vicar of St Oswald's Church Durham. He also wrote the tune for Holy Holy Holy, Lord God Almighty.

6. God in Three Persons Blessed Trinity

One night in December 1869, two Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge were walking in the Fellows' Garden. They were discussing their common problem. They could no longer accept the literal truth of the Bible. What were the implications for the existence of God? Philosophy had failed to answer the question, 'Does God Exist?' Science was rapidly demolishing much of the 'truth' of the Bible and casting ever greater doubt. But looking up at the stars, they found it hard to believe that the Universe was just some great soulless machine. Could the answer to the quandary lie in a subject at first glance far removed from the stars?

Both men were deeply interested in psychical research, in particular communication from external entities that appeared to be the spirits of people who had died. Could this be an alternative pointer to the ultimate religious truth, to the very existence of God?

The answer was to be in the affirmative, but not in their lifetimes. In 1882, those two Fellows of Trinity, Frederick Myers and Professor Sidgwick, together with a third, Edmund Gurney, set up the Society for Psychical Research. Over the next fifty years, the SPR heard many papers on the subjects of ghosts and spirits, their communications and apparent appearances.

The study was put on an 'academic footing' by J. B. Rhine at the University of North Carolina, who established a Department of Parapsychology. But progress in that laboratory and elsewhere was singularly limited so that 70 years later, Professor Archie Roy, at the 29th SPR International Conference in Bath in 2005, was able to ask what progress had been made in the 70 years which had elapsed since the Myers 'Cross-Correspondences'.

The answer was 'precious little'. This was for two reasons. First there is the basic nature of psychical phenomena and their inaccessibility for direct scientific study. The second is the determination of the 'scientists' to study the paranormal on their own terms. The trouble is that parapsychology is a dead end. Psychical research is an offshoot, not of psychology, but of physics or religion; one of these is a real science, the other the oldest subject ever taught in a university, in contrast to the pseudo-science of psychology.

Real progress in the study of the phenomena of the paranormal can never be found in laboratories, never ascertained through telemetry trials, however grand the academic credentials, however state-of-the-art the latest computer technology.

The proponents of such work are the modern phlogistonists. They are determined that everything comes from within the mind of man. The subjects transmit and receive..... But that is not the case, even though it looks good in TV dramas like BBC Scotland's Sea of Souls. The reality is that the truth lies outside the mind, much like oxygen was 'outside' the material which was burning. The combustion was not due to internal 'phlogiston', despite all the ingenious attempts to explain away evidence that didn't fit.

Likewise, the phenomena of the paranormal have their reality outside the human mind, in the reality of the spirits of the dead, of God and of something else. I have worked as a scientist in the field of paranormal research for twenty-two years. I have made progress because I realised early on that it was important to keep records - in essence, to write up the experiment as I went along.

The main thing to recognise was that I did not control the experiment. So, if the skeptics are to be believed, 'chance' controlled it. But, as the coherence of the results is absolutely staggering, a more rational explanation is that some external Source of active Intelligence controlled it. For want of a better word, that Source of active Intelligence is best termed God.

That Source of Intelligence has indicates sometimes an accurate knowledge of future events, at other times an ability to orchestrate events with uncanny precision. There is evidence of this Intelligence interacting with the minds of men over centuries, indeed millennia.

All these different aspects are examined in a new book which summarises some of the evidence which proves that Myers and Sidgwick were right. At the heart of this book are four significant events in recent world history. It is not without significance that three of these were disasters for the USA, the other a disaster for the Muslim world. In fact, the first disaster is a joint British-US disaster, rather like the present War in Iraq, of which the fourth disaster warned so clearly, in February 2003, before the invasion was launched.

These four events are the Lockerbie air disaster, the Mecca tunnel disaster, the World Trade Centre attack and the Columbia Shuttle disaster. All four events were indicated to us before they happened, the prophecies varying between 19 days and 9 years beforehand. The events were indicated to us through Codes which came to us almost as bits of a jigsaw. It was as though Something was saying "I have the complete picture. These bits are the proof. It is all you need to know. When these things come to pass, you will know I speak the truth."

Bits of the jigsaws of these four events were given to us in advance. When the disasters happened, we understood. But as well as the bits of the individual jigsaws, there were Code progression elements connecting them, powerful evidence of coherent design.

In ancient times, wiser men saw warnings in omens. The question is, 'Who do you trust to read the signs?' Do you consult the 0900 psychics? You pay a fortune, so it must be 'true'. But beware of a 'profession' noted for having rather less morality than prostitutes? Do you go to expensive 'as seen on TV' mediums? Or do you seek to learn to read the modern hieroglyphs for yourself? For, make no mistake, meaningful coincidence is a modern form of sacred writing. Disasters are the cartouches and the World Trade Centre attack is the Rosetta Stone.

It was over five days in September 2006 that I finally made a vital link. The WTC attack was the 'Hammer of God' for America..... The message was so clear, tying in to so many elements of the inspiration of Arthur C. Clarke, for instance. It is clear that the expertly guided missiles piloted by Mohamed Atta (AA Flight 11) and Marwan el Shehhi (AA Flight 175) came at the appointed time to the appointed place, according to the Chicksands Prophecy of September 1992.

I came to understand this over the course of five days, 4th - 9th September 2006. Final proof of my theories came on 11th September in the skies of New Zealand and on 12th September, both in the skies of New Zealand and on the TV news programmes recounting the events in New York on 9-11.

Much has happened during the five weeks I spent writing and producing this book, much of it evidence of contemporaneous, synchronous interaction. One of the most significant instances was how an American chain email sent to 'help the troops in

Iraq' helped me to discover a quote from the Koran to support my work. Koran 9,11 has the following words:

وَنُفِصِّلُ الْآيَاتِ لِقَوْمٍ يَعْلَمُونَ

(Thus) do We explain the Signs
In detail, for those who understand.

This book considers evidence of God's inspiration in connection with various hymn writers. There is evidence, much evidence for the existence of God. An article in Time magazine (13th November 2006) was brought to my attention in a local supermarket - Countdown, rather appropriately. Richard Dawkins was quoted in a joint interview with Frances Collins. Perhaps surprisingly, I found myself closer to the arguments of the arch-skeptic rather than the man of faith. For the latter scientist, in the end, abandoned logic and took on the garb of priest, not scientist. Dawkins in the end admitted, "There could be something incredibly grand and incomprehensible and beyond our present understanding.....(that is), but not Yahweh (or) the god Jesus." And that is my conclusion too. God is neither Jehovah nor Jesus. The One lies in a region bounded by the religions of Christianity, Islam and Spiritualism, all shorn of their rituals. The reasons for my conclusions are briefly set down in this book, together with the reason why Americans, in particular, have much to fear for the future.

Remember Katrina came spot on time, bang on cue, Year 229 of American existence as Week 7 drew to its close. 229,7 is the precise Code number for the End of the World. The flooding of New Orleans was a reminder to one of the two most arrogant nations on the planet of what happened to an earlier technologically advanced but highly decadent society.

Dan Brown has been much vilified for his novels. The Da Vinci Code and Angels & Demons both put forward the idea of scientific or religious truth being conveyed through codes and symbols, comprehended by those who had learned to read the code. The messages are hidden in plain view, for all to see, but only for few to comprehend, which is the way of the best codes.

Although his religious truths concerning Christ and Mary Magdalen are at least as erroneous as those of the Church of Rome, he has at least made millions of readers familiar with the concepts. Unfortunately, instead of recognising the concepts for what they are, most readers will remember only his 'truths' which are false, thanks in very large measure to the influence of his feminist wife.

Inadvertently, Dan Brown has woven many key elements into his two 'symbolist' novels. But it is almost a case of the novelist being a character in a story penned by a greater hand, an artist in his own painting, a computer gamer in his own computer game.

Important coincidence messages came with the funeral of the New Zealand Maori Queen in August 2006. The signs came so strongly on a railway engine. But then, so have so many of my other psychic revelations. Perhaps I had to be a trainspotter, not a culturally safe, networking golfer, with desires for success and social acceptability. The trainspotting links are just powerful evidence of design and destiny, over forty-seven years of my life. That's why one of our books, Predestination abc or A-Z, takes the railway theme right through.

On 21st August 2006, the railway engine carried the sign, the real sign that the Maori Queen had gone to God's Judgement..... The Maori reporters interpreted the signs they wanted, like so many omen interpreters, past and present; the cloud on the mountain was the 'spirits gathering to meet the queen'. Of course, the mist on the Waikato in the winter is there on the mountain most days, more often than not, at least when it is not actually raining. So, it wasn't much of a unique sign to 'interpret'. In contrast, the sign I interpreted was unique, a one-off, specifically on that day, for that event.

The ancient Egyptians were close to the truth in their beliefs. They showed the human-headed bird, the soul, leaving the body at the moment of death. In our older, richer language, before PC-speak and 'txtspk' became the norm, men spoke of 'giving up the ghost' as meaning died... In so many ways, the old ways are so much closer to the truth than is the shiny, new, PC multiculturalism, accommodating all, causing offence to none. For ultimately, the end of that road is a sterile consensus culture devoid of any truth. The beautiful, individual colours of the spectrum become a dirty grey-grown when mixed.

The Maori TV reporter exhibited her ignorance concerning the process of death. The Queen's spirit had gone six days earlier, when she died. It was only her body that was buried on the mountain. The sign on the railway engine indicated where her spirit had gone, to God's Judgement. It was indeed the End of the World for her. But you can only understand the hieroglyphs if you've bothered to learn to read. The message was clear. High or low, God's Judgement awaits all.

At the very end of this book, an experience in our private chapel gave a powerful reminder of the Egyptian portrayal of the spirit. The connections were particularly strong with respect to one particular Egyptian, Mohamed Atta, the pilot of AA11. (I see AA11 - 1111 - Lest we forget - Judge of the Nations - 6.32 pm 1119) The inference was clear. Contrary to the wishes of various 'smart' American websites, he did not go to Hell. He went to the Light, to God's Judgement and ultimately to Heaven. He was helped and inspired, just as was Jim Irwin on the Moon in 1971. If you want to know the details of why I conclude as I do, read the book. I do NOT concur with his method, but at least his heart was in the right place, which is more than can be said for the Dear Leader in the land of the 'free' and the home of the 'brave'.

What a coincidence we have Bush the Father, Bush the Son and Bush the Unholy spirit of 666, market forces in all its glory, now corrupting the entire planet in its End Times..... 10.54.17. What an Unholy Trinity! And there is the other Unholy Trinity, that of Bush, Blair and Sharon, now with substitute Olmert. But nothing changes. What a triumph for right we have there - an oilman and two 'honest lawyers' - if you believe in such mythical creatures. They went into politics because they were so concerned for right and wrong. Right? - Wrong!

Bush believes he is doing the will of his 'Higher Father'. He is just not quite sure who this 'Higher Father' is. Perhaps Hugo Chavez was pretty close to the mark. As for Bliar, 'God will be my judge on Iraq,' he declared - by coincidence, on a TV interview on the night I arrived back in England in March 2006. The signs that night indicated that there were other matters in addition, where God would be his judge - such as the assassination of Princess Diana..... But those elements are part of other books.

Our book *Fragments of an Outer Mind* is, in essence, a summary proof that Myers and Sidgwick were on the right track in *Advent* 1869. It is just a pity that the academic world, since, has gone off down a colliery siding! 11.01.54.

Towards the end of his life, Frederick Myers wrote an autobiography. It was privately published posthumously. Its title was *Fragments of an Inner Mind*. As I searched for a title for this book as I laboured to bring it to completion, the words came 'Fragments of an Outer Mind'. "Brilliant," I thought. "God is the Outer Mind. The fragments are the bits of the jigsaw."

But Jenny thought differently when I told her the new title. The fragments she saw were those of Comet Shoemaker-Levy-9 heading for Jupiter. That event is discussed at length in *Fragments*. The coming of the title was just an element in the new 'Cross-Correspondences'. 11.05.07

Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure
Sufficient is Thine arm alone
And Thy defence is sure
A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun

11.10.11 These words came to me. I photographed it at 11.11.11 - The Voice of God.

18th November 2006

The tune for this page is St Anne. The above verse is from the hymn O God Our Help in Ages Past.

A Proof

On 28th October, I went down to the chapel library to put away some books which had been part of the clutter in the lounge for some while. Putting three Arthur C. Clarke novels on top of *Rendezvous with Rama* in that section of the library, I turned back to retrace my steps and caught sight of a rather garishly coloured book on the floor. It was beside my desk, partly hidden beside another pile of books and papers. I stooped down to pick it up. The cover was a layered pink and lime green. Its title was *The Founders of Psychical Research* by Alan Gould. It was an ex-library copy, with a rather battered cover. Opening it, I discovered that we had found it on 15th December 1998 at the Dead Poets bookshop in Balmoral, Auckland. I began to read the inside flyleaf. I was quite taken aback. 'The Founders of Psychical Research. Here is a scholarly examination of the lives, characters and work of three close friends, Henry Sidgwick, F.W.H. Myers and Edmund Gurney, all Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge, in the late nineteenth century.'

I had completely forgotten this book. I had last read bits of it in 1999 as various annotations later showed me. It was a curious moment for it to be drawn to my attention as, only a week before, I had written *A Walk Beneath the Stars - Part I* of this paper, specifically drawing the links between the results of my psychical research and the hopes of Myers and Sidgwick in 1869.

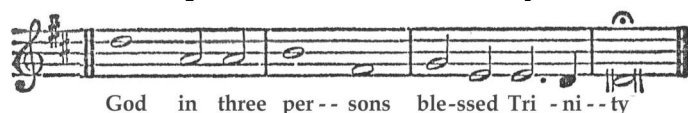
I looked at my watch after reading that sentence on the fly leaf. The time was 7.06 pm. "Good God!" I thought. "Crede signo! - Believe in the Sign." I dashed down to Hut 3 to get my camera. I felt I had to photograph the time of 7.06 on my watch with the book cover. It was such an incredible juxtaposition in time and space, the book and the watch. I grabbed my camera from Hut 3 and went out into the garden. I felt the photo should be in the sun, but the setting sun was by now low in the sky. Hut 3 now cast a long shadow down almost the whole garden. Outside the door of Hut 3, I just photographed the watch on the book cover in the shadow to get at least one image of the juxtaposition of time and space.

Then I saw that there was still sun at the top of the garden, on the third part of our library complex. Rushing up the garden, hastily I held up the watch and the book and clicked the shutter, hoping for the best. It was probably too late. Then, when I checked the image, I realised it was not too late. It was absolutely spot-on. For the time of the sun-illuminated image is 7.06.58. That, in the A & Ω Codes, means Crede Signo - Alpha and Omega. It was an incredibly precise confirmation of my thesis. Feeling quite overwhelmed, I went back into the chapel.

I sat down in the armchair and began to look through the book. I discovered that the book, published in 1968, had been acquired by Canterbury Public Library in the South Island of New Zealand on 17th October 1969. I was immediately struck by the strange coincidence of the date. There were two components, each linking separately to the two separate branches of my own research career. 17th October 1984 was the effective date my psychical research career began, with my 'chance' throwaway comment to my first wife, which prompted her confession of her unfaithfulness. But October 1969 was the date my career as a research scientist had begun. That was when I began my research for my doctorate at Oxford in chemical physics, photo-electron spectroscopy, to be precise. I had been confused as I first wrote Part II of my BA, but then, as I realised it was actually the start of my D.Phil, an intense flood of realisation coursed through me. 9.44.35

And the Canterbury link, too, was significant for its connections, at least in name, to the heart of the Church of England. So the book was connecting the two halves of my research career, psychical research and chemical physics, with the psychical research of Myers, Sidgwick and Gurney and the Church of England. They had been forced to cease being communicating members of the Church of England, as they could no longer accept the literal truth of its doctrines. They hoped psychical research could lead to a more rational basis for belief in God.

I glanced through the contents and turned over to the Preface. The first sentence produced another incredible connection. 'Although this study centres on the life and work of three persons....' As I read these words, immediately the words of Heber's hymn came into my mind, along with the tune, 'God in three persons, blessed Trinity'. Music



The full hymn Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty is given here

Of course! Trinity College, Cambridge. The full sentence read 'Although this study centres on the life and work of three persons - Henry Sidgwick, Edmund Gurney and Frederick Myers - who were prominent in the Society for Psychical Research (the 'SPR') during its early years, it is not a history of that society.'

The whole sequence was absolutely uncanny! How many orders of coincidence was all that? Here were Sidgwick, Myers and Gurney being linked in very precisely to Coincidence Codes in the light of Ra and to an interesting reworking of the theme of the Holy Trinity, implying quite clearly that both their research and mine was indeed furthering understanding about God and His interaction with this world and the next.

But there was still more. Later I looked back at that sunlit image to check where exactly I had photographed it. You can just see a few of the flowers, the white pendants of the angel trumpet tree on the one side and the oranges on the other. I repeated the shot from a wider angle, but with the sun long set, symbolising the darkness of this world, where the Light of God is not now to be found.

The angel trumpet tree was such a powerful symbol for the voices of the spirits of the dead who have been sent to help us in our quest. That tree has figured prominently in our coincidences before, especially on the morning of the Kashmir earthquake on 8th October 2005.

And so it goes on.... That was on the evening of Friday, 28th October. I had intended to go and get a few things in the town on Saturday, computer disks and chlorine tablets. I didn't go, though, until Sunday. Even then I was delayed until mid afternoon. At Papakura Station, the convergence of the series 557, 558 with 507, 508, at 15.58, was brought about by my observation of the lead DMU car on a train waiting in the station. Its number linked to the Period of War. And for the first time since Durham Station in 1985, there was to be a magpie sign linked to a railway station. It was a very clear Code repeat. Then 7, it was now 1 - one for sorrow.

7. Signs on Buses

The Airbus Codes

The codes which I have discerned in the rash of recent Airbus crashes have provided definitive proof, as they were doubtless intended to. God does exist ! It is the only logical conclusion. And in stark contrast to the atheists, I can prove my claim. I have evidence for my position. They have none for theirs. Mine is not a statement of belief, unlike theirs. Mine is the conclusion of a scientific experiment, which has been in progress for 25 years. The Airbus crashes make it absolutely certain that I am right.

Is it logical to interpret the many thousands of meaningful coincidences which have peppered in our lives over a quarter of a century as mere chance? Or is it not more logical to conclude that the patterns revealed by these meaningful coincidences are real and that therefore, behind these patterns, there must be an intelligent designer? The only possible name for such an orchestrator of space and time is God. So, on the balance of probability, there can only be one conclusion - God does exist! And the evidence comes thick and fast now, as the End Times accelerate. Perhaps this is the way God has always intended it to be.....

In January, 2009, the atheists put up their uninspired and uninspiring claims on buses around Britain and on the London Underground. But, as ever, God was there before them, 22.9 years earlier, to be precise. It was in February 1986 that I noticed some signs on the escalators. They showed the Tutankhamun golden mask, but with sunglasses added - Pharaoh basking in the sunshine. They were advertisements for The Swimming Pool Exhibition soon to be held at the Wembley Exhibition Centre. And Jenny had also seen those signs around the same time. That's why she took a sales stand at the exhibition to sell her Egyptian papyrus paintings. But I had no interest in swimming pools. They were for the well-heeled. So the train of events which led me to that exhibition was much more complex, as you might expect from the Webs of Destiny. But that was where I met Jenny. It was to be the beginning of an incredibly complex proof that God is real..... and that there is life after death.....

But there is much more to these deep and meaningful communications than the cosy messages from the dead which are produced by so-called mediums, men like Colin Fry, John Edwards, Robert Brown and Kelvin Cruickshank. Most people just accept these supposed messages of comfort from the dead without questioning either their authenticity or their Source.

There are so many powerful signs now about the times in which we live, the End Times - Code 229 in the Alpha and Omega Codes.... on the buses in London, in the fires in Australia, and in the melting of Antarctica's icy wastes. How appropriate it is that now, 22.9 years on, the atheist signs appear on London's Underground whilst all around the world, signs are appearing that the atheists are wrong. So many areas of the world are burning in the Fire of Sekhmet. Australia is enjoying its longest and hottest heat wave since 1908, exactly a century. Was it just chance, random meaningless coincidence? No. It was to remind us of 1908, the Tunguska comet and the Australian writer John Baxter, who wrote of how The Fire Came By at Tunguska and who also wrote a later novel, The Hermes Fall, a novel which was heavily censored, so that Americans were not forced to confront painful truths about how the rest of the world really see them-the censorship that was to be repeated twenty three years later with 9-11.

The atheist buses rolled out of their garages across Britain on 6th January 2009, proclaiming THERE'S PROBABLY NO GOD - NOW STOP WORRYING AND ENJOY YOUR LIFE. That's a prescription for disaster if ever there was one. Thank you Dr Sherine and Professor Dawkins. The world is in the mess it is because too many people already follow the Sherine -Dawkins doctrine - Enjoy yourself ! Enjoy! Enjoy!

Several signs on buses came in October and early November 2008, on Qantas Airbuses, to be precise. But the really telling one was the one which no one expected, the crash of the Air New Zealand Airbus at Perpignan at the end of November 2008. The strange coincidences preceding and surrounding that crash raised many important points about chance, destiny and design and suggested that there really is a Source of intelligence that knows the future in intricate detail. So that Airbus crash gave a definitive answer to the question: Is there a God?. The answer came in a web of complexity and precision that left little room for doubt.

In his book *Discovering God*, Rodney Stark reaches several interesting conclusions. One is that the diversity of religious traditions makes some faiths incompatible. This means that not all religious roads can lead to one over-arching religion. A more divisive but more accurate way to put this is that at least some of these faiths must simply be wrong. The Christian belief in salvation through the sacrifice of Jesus, stands in clear contradiction to the Muslim belief in judgement on death. the Hindu pantheon of many gods stands in stark contrast to the one God and the Muslims and the three-in-one of the Christians.

Another clear example of incompatibility is the words of comfort which pour forth from spiritualist mediums. According to these mediums, upon death everyone goes off to enjoy a life not too dissimilar from this one. "We're having a ball over here" was one supposed message claimed by the Auckland medium Sue Nicholson in one 'demonstration of survival'. At least I think that was the laughable term for the demonstration. These messages stand in stark contrast to our own far sharper and far more coherent evidence for life after death. Our own experience of the spirits of the dead and the related manifold meaningful coincidences, is a far more sobering one.

Stark's second conclusion was that the more complex the faith, the more logically likely it is to be a true revelation of God. The precision and complexity of our research results particularly over these last three months, is very much indicative of just such a revelation.

So, in early January 2009, came the atheists shouting their lack of conviction from so many of Britain's buses. It was exactly nine days later that there came the fresh rebuttal to the atheists claim. But that rebuttal also came with the answer to another question which has long-troubled the relatively small proportion of people who use their minds. What happens when you die? The answer was written in another plane crash, naturally an Airbus. It had to be another Airbus. After all the atheists chose the weapon, signs on buses, so God replied in kind.

Was it something like this? Signs on buses it is. You're supposed to have minds; well use them. You kid yourselves you're intelligent. Well, show some evidence of it. Think !! Wonder !! Can all these strange coincidences really just be chance? Or are they design? Is there a designer? But you're probably too busy enjoying

life to waste your time thinking. And if you thought, you might end up going back to worrying. That would never do. All Ariana's efforts would be wasted.

To be honest, the answer to the second question did not come just out of the Hudson River Airbus crash alone. The answer came in the conjunction of the two Airbus crashes. It was both complex and precise but also very clear.

In many ways I am carrying on the research of that notable French astronomer Camille Flammarion, who noticed that strange coincidences often surrounded death. He was quite right. But that was way back in 1899. What progress has been made in that field in the intervening century since? The answer is none, at least until I began my research. But then perhaps I was always meant to carry out this research (He " times 2). Meaningful coincidences are indeed very powerfully associated with death. This was first brought home to us around the time of the Lockerbie air disaster in 1988. Christmas 2008 brought an uncanny code repeat exactly 20 years on, using precisely the same prophecy codes. It all constitutes a proof of signals from a Source of extra-terrestrial intelligence, but a Source which is also extra-temporal.

I puzzled how to put across our results so that people could more easily understand them. The idea came to me to consider these two Airbus disasters as complex pictures..... collages of apparently unconnected events. So developed the concept of Pictures at an Exhibition. I have chosen to call the two Airbus pictures The Judgment Paintings. The first painting is the New Zealand Airbus crash, the second the US Air Airbus crash. But there is also a third Judgment Painting, that of the Victorian bushfires in Australia. This latter picture serves to reiterate that whatever Ariana would prefer to believe, hell is real indeed. And there is even a little Airbus link in the Australian bushfires, the authenticating hologram.

The messages would appear to be very clear. On death all are judged. The majority fail and go to hell. But that warning is not new. it just happens to be unfashionable and derives via a different route from the same Source. For it is also the message to be found in the Gospels. Heaven is the destination for the few rather than for the many. These are the words of Christ to be found in St Matthew's gospel beginning at Ch7 v13. concerning the narrow gate and the broad gate.....

So read the stories of what lies behind these significant world events and the vital message they hold for all mankind. Look at the pictures I have been led to produce. See how the dots are not random at all, but part of an incredibly complex and beautiful design. You could call it awesome, in the true meaning of the word. Unfortunately the word has been devalued, like so much else, by the youth of today.

However the full story is not given on this site, merely the outline. The incredibly detailed story is to be found in our book *Balanced Observations*, part two in our series *Fragments of an Outer Mind*. Part one is *The Diagrams of Truth*

To read more about the proof and the warnings which have come from the Airbus crashes see *Pictures at an Exhibition*

Pictures at an Exhibition

Is reality exactly what it seems to be? Is there nothing but the material world, revealed to us by our five senses of sight, sound, smell, taste and touch? Are we really little more than robots, each struggling to get what we want in an uncaring world, governed largely by chance, selfishness and human greed? Mechanically, we go about our lives, day in , day out, in our jobs, our homes the pub, the club, holidays.....Only on occasion does the feeling come, and perhaps only for some, that there is something missing.....

I once felt quite strongly that there was something missing in my fairly comfortable, materially successful life. In the summer of 1984, I was a middle manager in Britain's water industry. I had no shortage of money - nice house, wife, two kids, two cars, pleasant holidays, a job that was ok, if not exactly challenging. But beneath it all, for some while, I had had this feeling that there was indeed something missing in my life. By the time 1984 had drawn to a close, most of my comfortable life lay in ruins. In the space of three months, I had lost my wife, my kids and my job. The big, comfortable house suddenly seemed very empty.

But the way it all happened, left me with a glimmer of understanding about the something that had formerly been missing. There had to be something more than the material world. The reality of a Source of intelligence, that I as a scientist could not explain, had gradually emerged over the course of those traumatic months. I began to investigate this apparent Source of intelligence which seemed somehow to have been sent to guide me in my darkest days. But was it really the spirits of the dead, as my Spiritualist medium friend, Norman, claimed? Was this really evidence for the survival of death? Could it be what the Christians called angels? There were so many questions and few if any clear answers. But there was definitely something there

In May, 1985, I took voluntary severance and moved to London to take up a job that was to prove uncomfortably transient. But at least living in Chelsea, I was much better placed to pursue my practical investigations into Spiritualism. Then early in 1986, a 'chance' train of events led to my meeting Jenny. Or was it destiny? She was hanging pictures at an exhibition in London. Soon she became an integral part of my research into life after death.

Through her came the stories of two women from antiquity, their minds linking to hers across the millennia. These stories were those of Mary Magdalen, companion of Christ and his only true disciple, and Ankhsoun pa Artenn, daughter of the heretic Pharaoh Akhenaten and wife of the renowned pharaoh Tutankhamen.

But two years later, our research into parapsychics took a new direction. I really began to wonder when, in 1988, a series of very strange coincidences engulfed us in the Scottish Borders. The events appeared to link our personal experiences with world events in a way which was strongly suggestive of Intelligent Design. Were we being led to be in particular places at particular times? Were others caused to do things to fit into a complex but intricately coherent picture? Was there a lot more to things than I had ever imagined? It was certainly far more complex than the spiritualists appeared to be either willing or able to consider. Was it part of the larger picture, of another sphere, another dimension, which somehow interacts with our own?

Is coincidence really all it seems? Is what the sceptics would have us believe really true, that we are somehow, wrongly programmed to look for patterns that simply

do not exist, that coincidences are just like the throw of the dice or the fall of the cards, pure random chance? Or was Malroux right when he said "Coincidence is when God doesn't want to sign His name?" Was it somehow possible that meaningful coincidence was some kind of slightly more tangible bridge between this world and the next?

Over the two decades since Christmas 1988, so much has happened to reinforce my initial hypothesis that those coincidences constituted, evidence of an external Source of intelligence which had a prophetic knowledge of the future. Powerful evidence has emerged that coincidences are orchestrated, designed to convey understanding to us, to warn us and to answer the deep questions about man's existence. For the intangible phenomena of meaningful coincidence do provide answers concerning the intangible reality, that 'something' I felt was missing back in 1984.

Now I understand much more about the Something that was missing a quarter of a century ago. That 'Something' is God. and no, I do not mean Jesus. God is the only explanation that fits all the facts. But, ironically, life is a lot less secure now. Indeed It has been positively precarious for most all of the past 24 years, and shows little sign of improving now. The first wife is long gone, the children too..... I have lived in half a dozen different places and had a dozen jobs in that time. Most of those jobs ended suddenly, often acrimoniously, as I encountered things I could not accept, or as my insights made others uncomfortable. I had to choose whether to go along with things I knew to be wrong. Most people do for a quiet life, for security, for the sake of the kids, or whatever it is they use to salve their consciences. But I refused to go along with things I knew to be wrong. So jobs tended to be short lived. But when one job ended, there was always another, always one with more signs, more messages. You can always get a new job - you can't get a new soul.

Holidays were a change of scene, but just 'work' in another location. For most of that last quarter of a century, Jenny, my second wife has done her best to help me, in my unconventional life. But she is now dying of cervical cancer and I am aware of my body failing too. Tomorrow it will be 23 years since Jenny and I first met, indeed were brought together by God, at the time and place of His choosing.

And now, for some reason, known only to the Source, the period December 2008 to February 2009 has been chosen as the time for a very precise and detailed code repeat. Codes which first came over a period of 776 days between December 1988 and January 1990 were repeated over a period of 37 days now. A precise yet incredibly complex series of very powerful coincidences linked apparently disparate elements around the world, with events in our own personal lives to paint a series of very thought-provoking pictures. Those coincidences seemed designed to leave us all in no doubt that there is design, a real pattern in the apparent random dots of world events.

In one of Monet's early inspired paintings, when viewed close up, there are just red and orange dots and greyish blue dots in varying hues. It is only from a more distant perspective that the harbour at Le Havre emerges in that classic 1874 masterpiece, Impression Sunrise.

So what of the random dots of world events? How do we get the broader view? And if there is design behind the individual dots of world events, there has a designer. So was the code repeat in part in response to the requirements of

scientist for repeatability, as well as a response to other aspects of human activity? What is more, the events around Christmas 2009 seemed to be part of a very specific message. They appeared to be designed to warn us all, to tell us the final truth about what happens when we die.

Now there is something different missing in our lives – any interest by the world-at-large in the results we have obtained from conducting our Great Experiment over 25 years. The thing that is missing now is people who care about anything but themselves, the material world, the 'me', the now, the more..... But, perhaps it is all as the Designer, knew it would be when He brought Jenny and me together all those years ago.....

My life was turned upside down in three months in 1984. I was left with nothing of my former life. But look how suddenly the comfortable lives of the people in Victoria was taken away in a couple of hours, one Saturday afternoon in February 2009.....A senior reporter from The Australian wrote of his terrifying experience that Saturday afternoon. He had spent his last twenty-five years, on his hill in Victoria, to the north west of Melbourne. Safe and secure, they were enjoying the middle class Australian dream, a comfortable home on a large section in the bush. They had thought the fires were 50km away, but suddenly the fire came by. It was nearly on top of them, nearly in their back garden. In less than an hour it was all gone, house , sheds, everything. For hundreds of people in Marysville and Kinglake, it was little longer. Dozens of people witnessed red embers flying past them, like hot, red snow.

It was just five hours earlier, in Auckland, that Jenny had decided to get something to eat. I had just filled the car with petrol. She hadn't been feeling too well earlier and suddenly realised she hadn't had any breakfast. So she went into the garage and bought a sausage roll. She didn't really look at the packet. It was just a sausage roll. She didn't eat it all either. There was a little bit of sausage roll left in the packet. That's why I found the packet in the kitchen a few days later.....It was then that I noticed the words on the packet - 'Red Embers'...beside a fire sign. It was a chilli flavour, rather a play on words. In fact it was a sign of the opposite, fervent heat.

We on our way out to Mt Roskill on the other side of Auckland, for the Qi Gong treatment Jenny has had every few weeks for most of the past eight years. On our return to Papakura, just an hour or so before 'the fire came by' in Victoria, there was a queue of traffic, going in the opposite direction, on the railway bridge just near our home. I thought the lead truck in the queue, in the middle of the bridge, was one of the Winstone rock trucks. Those rock trucks reminded me of the rocks from space. Rock 17 was like a train of 17 asteroids. Shoemaker Levy 9 had been I train of 23 asteroids in total, slamming into Jupiter one after another in July 1994. (For more on the significance of comet Shoemaker-Levy 9 see our book The Diagrams of Truth volume 1 of our series Fragments of an Outer Mind)

But, this time, I was wrong. The lead truck was a general haulage truck, but one which had a very significant number plate, CUE 557....Behind it was a Winstone rock truck whose registration plate was ROCK 17. Was the first truck indeed cueing another 557 event, and the second a reference to what was soon to come, a coded reference to when The Fire Came By?

So, the wheel had gone full circle, because in December 1988, I had stopped to fill the car with petrol at a Scottish Borders garage. The idea had come to me to ask

about a new car. That idea was the cue for code 557 to enter our lives, the Code which prophesied the Lockerbie air disaster – when fire fell from the sky over the Scottish Borders. Now the message was repeated. Fire was about to ravage populated parts of Victoria as part of a deadly warning for mankind. (9.14.47).

But is it not all part of a much greater canvas? This series of pictures is an attempt to portray how the bigger picture emerges from the dots of recent world events, just as it does with Monet's paintings, an exhibition of some of which have just opened at Te Papa Museum, in Wellington. Unfortunately the Impression Sunrise is not one of them nor the Gare St Lazare railway paintings either.

The big picture has a relevance for everyone on the planet. It has implications for all of our futures, both in this world and the next.

The story of Christmas 2008 really began at Christmas in 1988. So, let us start in December 1988.

Book 4213 17th February 2009 Revised 20/02/2009 22:25:22 Revised 12/05/09 11.48pm

Airbus No 1 Perpignan - Painting in the Background

It had all begun with an everyday 'distress' purchase, as the psychologists term it. I had to fill our car with petrol to get to Edinburgh so I had stopped at a wayside garage at St Boswells in the Scottish Borders, some dozen miles from our home near Kelso. I'd noticed the garage was an Austin-Rover distributor, so as I was paying for the petrol, the idea came to ask about a second-hand Montego estate car. Our Maestro was getting rather past its prime. But it had to be a low mileage, 2 litre version of the Montego estate. It was a ridiculous inquiry to make as money was very tight. It took us all our time to pay for the petrol and we were behind with the rent on our farmhouse home.

But it was as a result of that query, the garage owner rang a few weeks later, to tell me he had just got exactly the car I had asked about. When we went to look at the car, Jenny noticed that it had 557 chalked on the side of the engine. That was just the start. That 557 was a production line check. It indicated the car chassis to which the engine would be mated. The chassis number of the car was 7AM396557. And that chassis code encoded, in short form, all the major details of the disaster which was to come at Lockerbie, nineteen days later, 60 miles away. A Pan Am Jumbo jet, N739PA would crash at 7.3 pm at Lockerbie, 55°7' N, because a US Navy cruiser (the USS Vincennes) shot down Iran Air Flight 655 on 7.3, the year before, 3rd July 1988. For more details on our Lockerbie experience see Lockerbie and 557.

Because of this and also many other elements contained in and around this event, I had postulated that these numbers had been emphasised to us in the manner of a code by some Source of Intelligence that intended to indicate that it knows the future in detail. For want of a better word God, seen the only likely candidate. For what else can possess information that would appear to come from beyond space and time?

In June 1990 came the pieces of the next jigsaw puzzle – with the Code 558 being emphasised. We were in Egypt, about to go to Abu Simbel, when, in the Seven Stars Bazaar in Aswan I flicked open a book to discover how, on just two days a year, the sun on its rising at 5.58 am, shone 65 metres down the length of Ramses

It's great temple, to transiently illuminate the high altar. Why was it 'out by one minute'? I had wondered. But it turned out it wasn't. The precision of the builders had been absolute, 3200 years before. It came to pass that, 558 days after the Lockerbie air disaster, four days after our return from Egypt, 1426 pilgrims died in a stampede near the tent city of Mina, when the air conditioning failed in a tunnel linking Mecca to Mina.

As with Lockerbie, other elements around us in Egypt, prophetically linked our personal experiences into key elements of the disaster, almost like pieces of a jigsaw. It was as though Something was saying "Here are some clues as to what is to come - bits as if part of a jigsaw puzzle. I give you these so that you might know that I know exactly what is to come. I have the full picture, which soon you will recognise as world events unfold."

Code 559 did not come until January 1991. I noticed a strange error in the edition number of the Daily Telegraph on 6th January 1991, just the one day. 7th January was in the same sequence as 4th January. That 'error code' the addition number was 41550...It should have been 42156. I was suddenly reminded of Arthur Koestler's account of the D-Day crossword clues of May/June 1944 in his section of the book *The Challenge of Chance*. Top secret code words for the forthcoming D-Day invasion appeared as solutions to clues in five crosswords between 19th May and 2nd June. The invasion began on the morning of 6th June 1944.

Was I being given a clue to the forthcoming Gulf War invasion in a parallel manner, I wondered? Had some compositor been caused to make an error, a significant error? If my Code theory was correct and 559 was the next in the series, 41559 would give me the date of the start of the invasion of Kuwait. That meant that date would be 17th January. And so it proved to be. A cross-correlation came from another air disaster, that at Kegworth on the M1, just three weeks after Lockerbie. Two major air disasters in Britain in the space of three weeks was something rather noteworthy. This cross-reference gave the same date, 17th January 1991. Was it really just chance that the name Kegworth also indicated, cryptically in true crossword fashion, the reason for the Gulf war? Is oil not measured in barrels, a synonym for keg? And worth is used as a loose synonym for value. What is more, the International Herald Tribune, formerly the New York Herald Tribune, ran two editions that day. The front page of the early edition talked of the failure of last minute talks. Then later, around dawn, the front page was changed. It became the Invasion edition. Naturally, both editions carried the same edition number - 33557.

The progression of codes 557, 558, 559 was just the tip of the iceberg and very many more meaningful coincidences cross-threaded our lives over the next two decades, often serving to authenticate the communication we received from the spirits of the dead, far-fetched as that may seem to many in their cosy, arid world of rampant materialism. We have produced seventeen books to detail much of that research.

And now, as if finally to authenticate our research, exactly twenty years on from that first 557 code came a whole train of events apparently intended to fulfil the demands of science for repeatability, in order to validate our hypothesis. The code sequence 557, 558, 559 was repeated but very much truncated in time.

The Second Coming

It was twenty years, within a month, that that code repeat began, but it was now transposed 12,000 miles to New Zealand. As I am now domiciled in what the locals fondly call 'Godzone'. 'Godlesszone' would be a closer approximation to the reality of New Zealand today. Richard and Ariana really would feel at home in this paradise for hedonistic consumers.

Shortly after lunch on 27th November 2008, the number 557 was emphasised to me twice. That afternoon, I just saw this as fragments of the global financial crisis, confirming my identification of the times in which we live, but now brought home to New Zealand. The information was contained in the two main stories on the front page of the Business News section of the New Zealand Herald, Auckland's daily paper. The shares of Fonterra, the dairy giant of Anchor butter fame, New Zealand's largest company and Fletcher Building, New Zealand's third largest company, both now stood at \$5.57. The Fletcher story was illustrated by a plunging graph and in black bold type the closing price of \$5.57 on 26th November. Fourteen hours after I read that article, an Air New Zealand Airbus A320 mirrored that graph, plunging into the Mediterranean Sea off Perpignan. Back home in New Zealand, the time was 4.46am on 28th November. Was it really just chance that brought Air New Zealand's second largest plane crash on the very anniversary of its largest and worst? On 28th November 1979 an Air New Zealand DC10, Flight TE901, had collided with Mt. Erebus, in whiteout conditions. The airlines behaviour afterwards was shameful, as senior personnel tried to direct blame to the flight deck, turning whiteout to whitewash.

Once again that strange coincidence in the date proved to be barely the tip of the iceberg. Another powerful destiny element soon emerged, this one in space, as if to echo the one in time. The Airbus A320 had been born in France, at Toulouse, and had died in French waters just 100 miles away from its place of birth - Alpha to Omega, in a manner of speaking. The French pronounce English in a very characteristic way. In particular, they roll their 'r's.... This causes them to pronounce the word Airbus in a most significant way. We discovered this on the night of 28th November when, during the Six O'clock News reports, we heard a French woman reporter talk of the crash of the 'Airrebus'..... She made a sound identical to 'Erebus'..... Was this homophone really chance? Or was it design? Was it destiny?

Who exactly was Erebus anyway? According to Greek legends, he was the father of three daughters by his wife, Night. These sisters are the representation of human destiny; Clotho spun the thread of life; Lachesis measured it and Atropus cut it....., .

Were these events of November 2008 intended to make us wonder, those of us who have not yet lost the ability to think for ourselves, that is, in this violent, greedy, PC-controlled, media-manipulated world that is peddled today as 'civilisation' and 'freedom'?

So Code 557 was emphasised strongly to me just fourteen hours before that major air New Zealand disaster which carried within it, powerful destiny links, powerful elements suggestive of intelligent design as well a detailed prophetic knowledge of future events? Many other meaningful coincidences occurred over the following weeks of Advent, leading up to Christmas, leaving the inescapable conclusion that it was all being carefully orchestrated as a new Christmas message, not one of love, hope, and new birth, but one of death and Judgement, the Judgement which mankind so richly deserves, at the Hands of the God the atheists assure us probably doesn't exist.

Is this disaster intended to be part of God's reply to the atheists with their expensive if unimaginative Signs on Buses campaign in Britain, 800 buses all with the same slogan?

God's Answer to the Atheists

Codes 557, 558 and 559 were repeated as 3557, 3558 and 3559 as the Code Cracker Crossword puzzle numbers in Wellington's Dominion Post newspaper between 23rd and 26th December 2008. Was this intended not only as a code repeat, but also as a reminder of those clues in those Daily Telegraph D-Day crosswords predicting the forthcoming invasion in May/June 1944? Had the clue moved, rather as I had, from the capital at the heart of the Empire to the capital of the furthest flung of the Dominions. Code-cracker Crossword number 3558 appeared on Christmas Eve. There was no paper on Christmas Day, of course, but the Israelis filled the gap. Showing even more contempt for God's message of 'Peace on earth and goodwill to all men', than had their forbears two thousand years before, the Israeli Cabinet rubber-stamped the planned attack on Gaza. It was to be the most vicious onslaught in the history of modern Israel. The Gaza invasion codes turned out to be a re-echo of the Gulf war invasion codes of January 1991. Yes, it really is all in the Alpha and Omega Codes, the final proof that God is real, if not with Israel.

It was on Monday, 6th January 2009, three days after the Israeli invasion of Gaza, that Ariana Sherine's campaign rolled out on buses all across Britain, It just happened to be the Feast of the Epiphany, when the Christian world remembers the Three Wise Men coming to Bethlehem, via King Herod, 800 atheist buses carried their sign of atheist conviction : 'THERE'S PROBABLY NO GOD. NOW STOP WORRYING AND ENJOY YOUR LIFE' But was it all a sign that we are actors on a stage to a far greater extent than we imagine? Was Ariana, the comedy writer, inspired to write her 'There is no God' so let's broadcast it 'on the buses' piece for the Guardian in October 2008? Was she meant to raise awareness of the issue so that her campaign would fit in so precisely with God's reply which was also written 'On the Buses'....

Now for a moment think back to Erebus. Is the word Erebus another clue, in Old English, one heavily redolent of destiny. It should appeal to lovers of cryptic crosswords: 'Ere bus - before the bus....Could that be the first bus, the Airbus reply, before the atheist bus campaign even got on the road?

And there is another ironic parallel in the timing of it all. After the visit of the Three Wise Men, Herod ordered the slaughter of the Holy Innocents - "Kill all the children!" Of course, in Gaza 2000 years on, at that very time, they were just collateral damage - 300 plus of them - dying to make Israelis feel safer....just as the Holy Innocents were killed, so legend has it, to make Herod feel safer.

But it seems likely that Israel's attack on Gaza now, very much a 'Coventriren', with the slaughter and devastation of 2009, will be no more effective than the one of legend, two millennia before. That is the one which we remember each Christmas in so many Nine Lessons and Carols Services, when choirs sing the Coventry Carol to a tune dating from 1591, with words a century older than that. There is far more detail in the intricate web of meaningful coincidences which came before and after the Perpignan plane crash. These are described in our book *Balanced Observations*, volume 6 of our series *Fragments of an Outer Mind*. Volume 1 of that series is *The Diagrams of Truth*

But the new Christmas message of 2008 did not end with the three wise men, or the buses or bombs of the unwise men. the next instalment of the story came in New York on 15th January 2009

Airbus No. 2 New York The Parable of the Miracle on the Hudson

The next coincidence code repeat really was uncanny. It was not a repeat of the earlier 1988 to 1991 sequences, but a repeat of the 2008 sequences. On the afternoon of 16th January 2009, I had taken another trailer load of garden rubbish to the tip, just as I had done on 28th November 2008. I'd left home at exactly the same time. I hadn't planned to. It just ended up that way. I'm always too busy trying to cram too much in. There's always too much to do and I'm always late. But perhaps I'm always on time, the time I meant to be. My watch showed 1557 - it's running fast....gradually gaining on GMT, but always the time on that watch seems to be right. Perhaps that in itself is symbolic. The watch is ahead of time in the way that God sees ahead of time, as we understand it.

On both transfer station weighbridge receipts, the arrival time is the same - 3.55 pm.... both nights I got home for the Six O'clock News.... both times the lead item was a plane crash - both times it was an Airbus A320.... The first time it was NZ, the second time NY, as if in a countdown sequence, of particular relevance to America, whose aircraft registrations all begin with N. New Zealand registrations all begin with Z ...ZK to be precise.

But this second crash was a 'miracle' - not a single person died. It was the first time in aviation history that a commercial airliner had landed on water without fatal, indeed catastrophic, results. "Why was this?" I puzzled. The parallel, to the minute, of my taking rubbish to the tip was too precise for this second crash not to have some important connection to the first... It is the way our coincidences have been for a quarter of a century. Our experiences appear to contain elements which somehow reflect in or are reflected by world events. This crash had to have a meaning. Why did they all die on the Air New Zealand A320 and all survive on the US Airways A320? It was hardly because the Americans are better people. If anything, the reverse is probably true, if the golfer off to fun in the sun was anything to go by. I read about him the next morning. Nor do New Zealanders see the entire planet as something to be exploited for their own benefit. The behaviour of Americans encountered abroad, or seen en masse in news footage, or American 'culture' as portrayed in Hollywood's output be it 'movies', 'dramas' or reality TV, gave even less reason to see that explanation as even remotely part of the message.

Then four words came into my mind: "There was no weighing."

"Of course" I shouted to Jenny. "That's it. She didn't bother to weigh the trailer today...."

Jenny had just gone into the kitchen to put the kettle on for a cup of tea. "The cooker clock shows 12.12," she shouted.

"Really? That proves that that interpretation is right" I shouted back. "1-212 is the communication Code for New York, 00-1-212."

It is the number you dial from NZ, if you had any reason to call NY. And here was the communication coming into my mind, the flash of inspiration, those four words, the answer to my question as to the real meaning of what had happened in New York. There was no weighing in Papakura, 9000 miles away, because no one had died in the New York plane crash on the Hudson. It was a message in

meaningful coincidences, the modern hieroglyphics, the symbolism which God has chosen to use in these Latter Days for man upon the earth.

Those two visits to the council tip had been quite different. On 28th November, I had arrived at the waste transfer station, only to be directed for the first time ever onto the commercial weighbridge. After dumping off the garden waste, my car and trailer were reweighed. The gross weight of car and trailer was 2050 kg. The tare weight was 1730 kg. The computer did the difference calculation and indicated that I had just dumped off 320 kg of garden waste. An hour later I discovered that an Air New Zealand A320 had been reduced to just such a pile of rubbish, at Perpignan, 11,500 miles away. And there had been a weighing. Seven souls had gone to Judgement....

On 16th January when I had taken the second load to the tip, although I had driven straight onto the weighbridge and been signalled off, the woman hadn't bothered to determine the gross weight. When I came to have the car and trailer tared off, she said she had not done a gross weighing because I had arrived too late to be weighed, that I'd come in after they'd closed the gate. It was true that they were closing the gate, but she had just pressed the 'flat rate' button on the weighbridge control computer. This meant that only the arrival time came up on the weighbridge receipt with the fixed charge, still \$40. Yet the arrival time was the same on both dockets, 28th November and 16th January, both 3.55 pm. There was just no gross weighing or taring off on 16th January. But somehow this young woman was also a symbol of so many people today. She just didn't bother. It didn't matter. She was a walking example of the credo of New Zealand "She'll be right - why worry." It takes us right back to Ariana and her message on the buses. Who cares? Stop worrying - enjoy your life.

I'd been quite irritated that this woman hadn't bothered to weigh the trailer. I'd wondered if the second load would have a significant weight too. It turned out that it was far more significant that she hadn't bothered to weigh car and trailer at all. The two airbus crashes fit together so neatly, so clearly both pieces of the same Jigsaw..... They were intricately and inextricably linked. There was now a very strong alternative message on these two buses, one which was much less comfortable. In fact this message was disturbingly close to the one which has so upset Ariana on the website promoted on another London bus back in October 2008 and which had caused her to pen her atheist begging letter in the Guardian. It was one which would not provide the comfort that Ariana and her donors were seeking. The two Airbus crashes were not just isolated dots, random world events. They were part of a much bigger picture painted by the Creator of Space and Time.

Taken together, these two bus crashes represented a modern parable, a statement, a warning through incredibly precise, meaningful coincidences, that the Ancient Egyptians were right. Were these people of old not far more knowledgeable about what really matters in life than modern man and woman, despite the obvious 'superiority' of the latter with their ipods, cellphones, HDTV.....modern methods of hidden 'communication' that communicate nothing that has a shred of real value? The Ancient Egyptians believed that when you died, your soul went to Judgement. The scenes are depicted in the XIXth Dynasty Books of the Dead, written around 1900BC. Anubis leads the deceased into the Hall of Judgment where both are pictured standing beside the Great Balance. The heart is represented symbolically in a canopic jar, weighed against the feather of truth. Thoth writes down the result. It's another neat little twist, because the Egyptian

Thoth is identified with the much later Greek Hermes - and Hermes is the asteroid in The Hermes Fall.

But it was those four words which said it all to me - "There was no weighing." - It was a kind of shorthand communication taking in so much of my vast experience in a few seconds, just as it was perhaps with Captain Sullenberger on the Hudson that same day. Those four words gave a succinct answer to the question which has puzzled men for at least five millennia - What happens when you die? Here was the answer, in the 'Miracle on the Hudson'. When you die, you are judged....on the Balance of Eternity.

Now I understood the message of the miracle on the Hudson. It was not what it seemed at all - not a cause for joy and celebration. It was definitely a reason to contradict Ariana, Richard and all the rest of the atheists "So, start worrying!"

Religious Truth in Symbolism

So, Dan Brown eat your heart out! His novels have introduced millions to the concept that religious truth is can be conveyed through symbolism. It's not a new idea because priests have used symbolism for millennia, as it has suited them. They just didn't like Dan Brown's take on alternative symbolism. They'll like mine even less, because mine is no novel, no work of fiction. All the events I describe actually happened in the places I have described. It is all a matter of fact, not belief. The only question for you is whether my interpretation is correct. Are they just random elements of chance or are they elements of precision in design? And if you do conclude it has to be chance, would that be because you really believe that or because you don't like the alternative?

I have a vision of the Airbus, its nose head-on, with the people standing on both wings, like a gigantic children's see-saw....All 155 had lived; hence there was no weighing, but 7 died when there was a weighing. So there you have it, Code 155-7. This code repeat within a code repeat is a 'portals' message, conveying information about the last portal, the final frontier, which no one can escape, irrespective of their wealth or power. The final frontier is the one taboo left in the modern world, the gate of death. Code 557 has been used to provide not only evidence of an intelligence that knows the future in precise detail, but also to give an answer to that most basic enigma, one that has puzzled men since the dawn of time, the truth about what really happens when we die.

When we die, we go to Judgement, as prescribed by the Orchestrator of meaningful coincidence, the Intelligent Designer, the Source which has detailed knowledge of both past and future and which has chosen to make us aware of the Web of Destiny in this evening of man's time upon this earth. It might seem to many that I draw a very broad conclusion from this particular series of coincidences. But this series just happens to be the latest of very many examples of a phenomenon I have studied at length for a quarter of a century. And this is not the first reference to Judgement on death. It just happens to be the most dramatic, the most concise, as well as the most recent.

Of course, this is not a new message. The Koran warns of Judgement quite clearly, but there is so much other verbiage that this vital message is obscured. It also appears in the Bible, in the New Testament, in the Book of Revelation. Unfortunately the New Testament is badly corrupted with St. Paul's alternative gospel of Salvation, a concept which is totally at odds with Judgement. However, the oldest version of this message is to be found in the texts on the walls inside the Pyramid of Unas at Sakkara. Those texts, set in stone are unequivocal and

represent the oldest religious texts on the planet, written two thousand years before the events described in the New Testament. That same message is depicted graphically in the Egyptian Books of the Dead. I suppose they represent the earliest ever AV!!!

In stark contrast, the religions of the East, Hinduism, Buddhism and their derivatives, as well as the New Age movement and its corruption of modern Spiritualism, proclaim the comfortable, if highly doubtful, doctrine of reincarnation. Where is the evidence for this belief? It is certainly totally at odds with the concept of judgement on death. But then perhaps that's why it's so popular amongst the 'stars' of Hollywood. There are no worries of hell and you can choose how you come back, or so the new-age gurus would have you believe.

Is it just chance that the atheist buses rolled out with their signs proclaiming 'THERE IS PROBABLY NO GOD - NOW STOP WORRYING AND ENJOY YOUR LIFE', in between the signs on and around the crashes of these other buses, these Airbuses? Or is the whole train of events intended to be evidence of intelligent design, intending to convey, without a shadow of doubt, the message that the atheists message was gravely in error?

Was God perhaps saying something like: "Fine - You chose - Signs on buses it is - £140,000 for your campaign on 800 buses. Two Airbuses cost around \$120 million. Does the word disproportionate come to mind? Cost to Me, several dozen geese. Cost to the insurers \$120 million. They'll be wishing they had never heard of Ariana Sherine or Richard Dawkins."

The idea came to me to add a picture. People seem to need pictures to understand, especially nowadays. So I added this image. I had to laugh when I tested it in the Firefox browser. Today is 29th November, 2009. The NZ media are all busy remembering the 30th Anniversary of the Mt Erebus disaster and the first of the first of Perpignan Airbus crash, which was yesterday. Advent Sunday is the first day of the Church's year, and I suddenly have a vision. It is the day that the burned prayer-book from Kinglake was open at in the NZH on 16th February, 2009, Jenny's last birthday in this world. . To see God's latest little joke for the start of Advent, 2009, re-iterating what I wrote in June 2009, see God's Advent Warning to Dawkins and Sherine.

The Next Sign on Buses

Then to cap it all, there was another sign on London's buses, every last one of them, not just the few percent the atheists had bought. It came on the day of the London blizzard, the snow which brought London to its knees on Monday, 2nd February, 2009. It was the worst snow to hit London and the South-East since 1991. Why 1991? Was it chance, or was it the intention of the Designer to hark back to 1991, the culmination of the first 557, 558, 559 series. Remember, that was the occasion of my first ever successful coincidence prophecy - Code 559 did correctly predict the start of the Gulf War.

There it was in the headlines on the Six o'clock TV3 news the next night in New Zealand, just as it had been with the two Airbus A320 crashes. The News headline item showed an image of a London bendi-bus, now definitely quite bent, but clearly carrying the long rectangular message of the atheists.... THERE PROBABLY IS NO GOD. But there DEFINITELY weren't any buses in London that day, on 2nd February 2009 - 2-2-9. And was the intention of the Source now to emphasise the future for mankind - in the very date that brought London to its

knees? You want signs on buses – Fine! Here's another! The time of 2-2-9 is at hand.

229 is the code for the final weighing, the Last Judgement for mankind, the time of the Apocalypse. But that's another story too complex to discuss here. For more on Code 229 see The Seventh Sign. Suffice it to say that it was inextricably interwoven into the Advent, Christmas and the Epiphany messages of the season which has just ended.

So once again, there is the concurrent interaction, in my life here in New Zealand, a powerful meaningful coincidence. I can't get pictures of London buses from here. There is no one in England I could have asked. I could have searched the Internet but being on dial-up, like the majority of people in expensive-broadband New Zealand, it would take too long to go hunting for pictures. I have far too much else to do. What I really need is presented to me, either in the TV news or in the New Zealand Herald or in magazines or books, which I am led to find, as I go about my everyday life. I don't go looking for things, as the skeptics will doubtless claim. I haven't got the time and what would be the point? However as a scientist, I do try to make sense of the things that are presented to me.

So some news editor provided exactly the footage I needed, the London buses off the road and especially the atheist bendy-bus. It was a good example of how half a world away, Something is choosing to interact with me to convey ideas, through numbers, through symbols, through codes, as and when I need it, with a precision that is at times absolutely breathtaking.

Other workers in the field of meaningful coincidence - Arthur Koestler and Colin Wilson, for instance - have noticed the definite synchronous interaction which appears to increase as you respond. Koestler wrote The Roots of Coincidence and co-authored The Challenge of Chance. Koestler was trying to cause people to wonder, to think. After all, that is one of the purposes of meaningful coincidence. But, in the light of our experiences, over the last two decades, I am fairly certain that he failed in that goal, especially with his bequest which has funded a chair in parapsychology, at the University of Edinburgh. Parapsychology is a weak and watery 'discipline' which is still accepted only marginally by the academic world. The classification of these phenomena as parapsychology implies 'it's all in the mind'. But it's not. The true field is parapsysics, because the phenomena cannot be explained within our current concepts of space and time

Whose Hands?

Remember them all standing on the wings of the Airbus, like kids on a see-saw – the see-saw of life. There was the Airbus, king of earth and air, now very much out of its element in water. Was Captain Sullenberger really the hero of the hour, that the media have made him? Yes, he is a decent enough bloke, but he is not a hero. Modern man creates heroes in the same way men of old created gods - and for the same reason – the need to give himself comfort, to find security in something greater than himself. A hero, that much-abused word, is not a queer, not even a decent man like Sully, but a person who risks his life for others. Sully was saving his own neck as much as everybody else's, whilst doing the job he was well paid to do, albeit with great skill.

Captain Sullenberger made a very telling comment in a recent CBS interview, showing himself to be rather more in touch with reality than were the hyping journalists. He said that perhaps his whole life had been leading up to that moment. Perhaps he was right. Perhaps it was his destiny, as it was mine to take

the two trailer loads to the tip, exactly seven weeks apart, in order to add the other essential components to complete the full picture. And finally it was my destiny to get those four words which made sense of it all

So did the Hand that sent the squadrons of brown geese, in perfect formation, those brown geese which smashed into Sully's windscreen and rendered his aircraft's great engines powerless, not also guide Sully's hands? Was this not the same Almighty Hand to which our last King referred in his first broadcast of the War - on Christmas Day, in 1939?

As he neared the end of his broadcast, King George VI had first recited a poem, which 'by coincidence', or was it destiny, had been sent to him at exactly the time he needed it, just as he was preparing his speech.....

I said to the man

Who stood at the Gate of the Year

Give me a Light

That I may see into the unknown

And he said to me

Hold to the Hand of God

For that shall be to you

Better than light

And safer than a known way.

Then he ended his address with these words: "May the Almighty Hand guide and uplift us all....." What a pity his grandson preferred the hand of his mistress.

But that sentence begins a whole new world of connections, through space and time, more 557s, and a thread linking back to the time of the Tudors, again even to be found in the prophecy elements predicting the Perpignan airport disaster.

Wherever you look, there are threads in the Web which God has woven. Can you see them? Do you even care? Yes - Risk it all - Go with Richard and Ariana. By all means put your trust in Richard and Ariana but, in my experience, RA's way is safer.

Ra was the supreme god of ancient Egypt, the one who inspired Akhenaten and it would seem one and the same with the Source of Intelligence which for 20 years has orchestrated our meaningful coincidences and guided us in all aspects of our lives. Indeed Jenny and I only met because I was looking for pictures of ancient Egypt....and she happened to be selling them.

One of her papyrus paintings was the judgment scene before Osiris, Lord of Eternity. Sometimes the Judgment scenes are shown before Ra Harakhte. That was their interpretation. Some 3150 years later, the inspired Victorian painter, John Martin, gave an alternative interpretation in his painting The Last Judgement. But the essentials do not differ. Akhenaten chose the Arternn, the sun disc with its rays ending in human hands, as his vision of Ra. Many years ago, in June 1994 when that painting was better Hung in the Tate Gallery close to the ground where you can appreciate both its scale and detail, I notice the close-up John Martin's representation of the Sun is uncannily Arternn-like with rays emanating from the disk. I did a sketch in my notebook at the time. it was exactly 5 years later that a coincidence caused me to go back to that notebook. It was the day after my mother had died and proved to be a reminder that she had gone to Judgement. The events surrounding her death are described in the later part of Mary, Daughter of Elohim, part of the proof that what Mary Magdalen said in 1986 has been echoed in our own lives since.

Now when you go to the Tate you'll find John Martin's paintings hanging close to the ceiling in a huge gallery, the scale and detail of John Martin's inspiration lost. But what would you expect of an institution which idolises the uninspired mediocrity which is most of the output of JMW Turner. It was one afternoon in March 1991, whilst I was in the Tate doing research on William Blake that I came across the works of John Martin. One of Blake's best-known paintings, indeed his personal favourite was his representation of an aspect of God as the Ancient of Days. He depicted a wise old man measuring precisely with his compasses. Unfortunately, the Tate does not have a copy of that painting.

Blake said that he had the vision at the top of the stairs in his home. that was how he came to paint it. I later discovered that this was exactly the position I had hung our copy of the painting in Jenny's cottage in Epsom. She'd found it in a second-hand dealer's premises on the night that Margaret Thatcher was called to account. She'd been at Versailles, admiring herself in the Hall of Mirrors whilst back home Tory MPs were looking after their own necks. The Tories had recently lost the Eastbourne by-election one of the safest seats in the country. So who then would be safe? Was it just chance that the Eastbourne by-election was held 666 days after Lockerbie? It ended the career of the Goddess of Greed, although her doctrine still holds its evils sway around the planet. Yes there are many signs to be seen in both inspiration and meaningful coincidence.

It is impossible for man to depict God accurately or in detail, but these different representations of aspects of God stretch across millennia. They are closely related representations of the same message inspired by the same Source. All of we can hope to do is depict limited representations, based on our limited understanding and our limited abilities.

But remember that it was the Eye of Ra which saw through the mists of time at 12.21pm on 12.21.88.....not the eyes of Richard or Ariana. It was almost exactly three weeks later that the next picture in the series was unveiled.

The Victorian Bush Fires

The Elements Will Melt with Fervent Heat

The previous ten days had carried our work forward to include the Australian heat wave and its associated fires. On 31st January, I had written an article about strange Fire coincidences concerning our visit to Sydney in February 1996, and books by the Australian John Baxter and Arthur C Clarke. I intended to include it on my new website, www.goddoesexist.co.uk which is making only slow progress as world events and Jenny's declining health impede my progress. As well as working on the website, I am also writing my book explaining the meaning of the Airbus crashes, as well as giving all the supporting evidence of prior knowledge before the event. I explained the background to the very clear warnings that, on death, everyone goes to God's Judgement, unfashionable though the concept is in our selfish, corrupt and decadent world.

After lunch, I went to get some morphine for Jenny. As I parked in the Roseland shopping centre car park, I couldn't help but notice that the car parked in front and to my left had the registration plate ZE2297. Code 2297 is the key Code for the Apocalypse. I looked down at my car mileage. The reading was 229507 km. 229 was the earliest version of the Apocalypse Code which was first made known

to us in November 1988, and was refined to 2297 in September 1989. 507 is the World's End Code which I first encountered in July, 1985 but which I did not see for what it was until sometime in 1990.

The Third Trip to The Tip

On Thursday, 5th February, there was a knock on our front door. We was expecting the Hospice nurse. For the past year, Jenny, has had regular visits from Judith, the nurse from the South Auckland Hospice. Jenny struggles on bravely but it is clear she is becoming more and more tired. She has terminal cervical cancer, thanks to the incompetence of the NZ cervical screening system and a bungled cervical cone procedure. However despite not trusting the doctors and going along with their slash and burn treatments, she has survived for over eight years. God said to us both all those years ago "Trust me or trust them." She chose wisely, trusting in her instincts, the signs which she saw and the signs which I saw. Had she trusted the medical 'experts' it has become abundantly clear over the last couple of years that she would have been in the grave long ago.

But it was not Judith. It was our next door neighbour, Alan Blake. We share his trailer. I do the repairs and get it through the Warrants. I refurbished it in November 2008. That is all part of the 'Airbus' story, which is recounted in our book *Balanced Observations*. The trailer, now high-sided, was three quarters full of garden rubbish and tree prunings as we were tidying up our section. Alan needed the trailer urgently to help his brother move house. He had just had a phone call out of the blue. His brother had to be out of his rented property that afternoon. Rather curiously, a couple of weeks earlier, I had been 'told' by the Voice that I wouldn't be taking the trailer to the tip again. However, I had been forced to start filling it again with garden rubbish as we tried to get to grips with the heavy growth in our rather neglected but extensive garden. I hadn't been able to see how what the Voice had told me could be right, as the trailer was now three-quarters full of trees cuttings. But now, with Alan's urgent requirement for the trailer, what the Voice had told me was now being proved correct in a way I could never have imagined.

I quickly gathered up some more rubbish from our garden to fill the trailer and helped Alan rope it off. Then he took the trailer to the tip and emptied it for me so he could use it to 'do the removal'. I had given him the \$40 which the tip charged for a trailer load of garden waste and as I had requested, he had brought back the weighbridge receipt. Jenny had found it stuck in our door handle just after midnight on 6th February when she went to check the cats. One glance at it explained why he had been 'caused' to take the trailer when he did. The first thing that my eye was drawn to was the time, 2.29 pm. The time of the final weighing had been 2.29 pm. Was this not confirming that the time now is indeed the 'time of 229'? In the Alpha and Omega Codes, 229 means the Apocalypse, the time of The Last Judgement, the Final Weighing for mankind. This was the third visit of the refurbished trailer to the tip, but only the second weighing. More deaths were indicated, but where and how?

The weight recorded on the receipt was 230 kg, erroneous because neither Alan nor the weighbridge woman understood much about basic physics. Alan had driven his car off the weighbridge so that only the trailer wheels were left on it, thinking that would give the trailer weight directly. But he forgot about the down-load on the car tow-bar. It's a three-point suspension-two wheels and the tow ball. You should add another 50 to 60 kg for the towbar load.

But perhaps Alan had to make that mistake. Perhaps it had to be around 230 kg. The weighbridge weighs only to 10 kg accuracy. So, was it actually 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231 or 232 kg? Only God knows, but they are all significant.... linking to Ra, to God, to his covenant, the new covenant, Revelation, the end of the world and God's inspiration. .But the time was absolutely definitive. The time of that weighing was 2.29 pm on 5th February. We do indeed live in the End Times.

The Victorian Link

And death was indeed about to come. The clue to the location of death to come lay in the date. Jenny gave the weighbridge receipt to me just after midnight on 6th February. It is the one day in the year when the 'good people of New Zealand' remember the Queen Empress, Victoria; or at least the Maoris do. For the rest, it's just another holiday, a lazy day of beach, bach, garden or of course, shopping. 6th February 1840 was the day the Maori chiefs signed the Treaty of Waitangi in the presence of the representatives of the Queen Empress. Henceforth they were all to be subjects of the Queen Empress and her rightful heirs and successors. Today all you hear about is the rights of the descendants of the Maori chiefs. But, here was the clue to the deaths to come, Victoria. It was in the manner of crossword clue.

Clues And Cues

On Saturday 7th February, Jenny had an appointment for her Qi Gong Chinese massage at Mt. Roskill. She had found these treatments helpful for pain relief over the previous eight years. It was to be a one-off Saturday visit. We had always gone on a Wednesday, but it was now going to be changed to another day - yet to be fixed. I had just filled the car with petrol at the Clevedon Road garage. Jenny hadn't been feeling too well earlier that morning and suddenly realised she hadn't had any breakfast. So, after I had bought petrol, she had gone into the garage and bought a sausage roll. She didn't look carefully at the packet. It was just a sausage roll. I decided to wait until we got to Mt. Roskill and get a much better and cheaper pie from the bakery at the top of the hill on the Dominion Road Extension. After visiting the bakery, I had gone up to the top of Mt. Roskill, the extinct volcano, now a potable water reservoir, and had a rest beneath the 'sign of the star'.

On our return to Papakura, we found a queue of traffic on the railway bridge not far from our home. Fortunately it was going, or rather hoping to go, in the opposite direction to us. It was rather unusual to see such heavy traffic on a Saturday tea-time. The wonderful new traffic lights at the cemetery were the main reason for the queue. I noticed a truck in the queue, in the middle of the railway bridge, and thought it was one of the Winstone rock trucks. Those rock trucks, with registration numbers like ROCK 23 reminded me of the rocks from space. Comet Shoemaker-Levy 9 turned out to be a train of asteroids, 23 in number which struck Jupiter, in succession, in July 1994 producing the most powerful impacts which man has ever witnessed. But this time, I was wrong. The lead truck was a general haulage truck, but one which had a very significant number plate, CUE 557....Behind it there was indeed a Winstone rock truck whose registration plate was ROCK 17. Was the first truck indeed cue-ing another 557 event, and the second a reference to what the event was to be, a coded reference to when The Fire Came By? But there was another clue, sitting on the back seat of our car, a clue which neither Jenny nor I would have understood at that moment in time. But the Source knew that that clue was there and knew its precise significance. I was to discover it a few days later, when the time was right.

Hell on Earth

As those clues, those signs were given to us in Auckland on that Saturday afternoon the inferno was beginning to ravage populated parts of the Australian State of Victoria. But it was only on the Sunday evening, that the news began to break on the New Zealand television news. By then it was thought that 35 people had died. On Monday morning, 9th February, the NZ Herald carried a large front page headline - HELL ON EARTH - 84 dead, 700 homes destroyed, 2000 sq km of fire - set on a background of 'Blaze'. Remember how in February 1996, the shop Blaze had been brought to our attention, the shop at 557 Parramatta Road. Was this the meaning of the coincidence of the two trucks waiting in the queue just up from the cemetery lights, CUE 557 followed by ROC K 17, a reminder of 'when the fire came by'

It takes something really dramatic for the NZ Herald to depart from the NZ-focused trivia which normally fill its front page! Kevin Rudd, the Australian Prime Minister's words were: "Hell in all its fury has visited the good people of Victoria in the last twenty four hours." But they were not all good. Hell visited them all, good and bad alike. Yes, hell was certainly real for them, in this world. But was it not all intended to be just part of a greater canvas, part of the Judgement codes? Yes, hell is indeed real.

Another End Times Sign ??

Seven days earlier, all of London's buses had been off the road. It was the first time it had ever happened. Even the Luftwaffe had never managed to do that at the height of the Blitz. And London's buses had taken the heavier snows of 1947 and 1962 in their stride. But now it's all about 'elf and safety and fear of being sued. Naturally, incompetence played a part, too, because although the main roads were gritted, the side roads which led to the bus garages were not. But was all of this not just another part of God's reply to the atheist bus campaign in Britain. The date was 2nd February, 2009, a date which of course could be written as 2-2-9. Was this God is saying something like "You want signs on buses? Fine! Signs on buses it is. Note the date!"

This interesting item was reported on the 6 pm News bulletins in New Zealand on 3rd February. But there was a very interesting coincidence in the next item after the London 'lack of buses' story. In the 'frozen wastes' of 'Northern England', there was a most significant sign shown at a little T-junction on the A505 Royston-Newmarket road. The clip, chosen by some video editor, showed a black sports car which had been wrecked beside the sign. The sign was pointing to Melbourn. Was that indicating that it was the place to look to next? And it was the next Monday, 9th February, seven days on.....2.2.9 + 72297that the NZ Herald proclaimed HELL ON EARTH, just a little to the North West of Melbourne. The death toll continued to mount.

The 10th February edition of the NZ Herald carried an account by a senior reporter from The Australian, which left me wondering which planet the fire planners live on. Here was a man who had been trained by the Rural Fire Service - expecting to be able to use plastic hose pipes and plastic buckets to fight fires.... Had the trainers any experience of what happens when the fire comes by? It was a most interesting article - clearly indicating how the fire took everyone by surprise. He'd had twenty-five years of safety and security on his hill in eastern Victoria. I've had twenty-five years of anything but security, Jenny twenty three years. We have tried to follow the signs, guidance from a Source which lies outside space and time, a Source which has led us to where we are today - in a not very fashionable area of South Auckland, fulfilling our destinies, going about our

everyday lives and finding them full of strange coincidences, linking us to world events far away..... proving to a world that doesn't care, that God really does exist.

And why did my neighbour have to take the trailer? Was it because his name is Blake, a reminder of his namesake William Blake's portrayal of an aspect of God - The Ancient of Days - the old man with a beard and the dividers measuring with absolute precision. It is a painting which now hangs on our dining room wall. I flicked through the NZ Herald over breakfast - coming to the world news section, no longer a section in its own right, but for reasons of economy, recently relegated to a position inside the main paper. And there I discovered another very significant coincidence. A picture of a burnt-out trailer - exactly like the one weighed off at 2.29 pm on 5th February by Alan Blake. I photographed the picture next to our William Blake painting.

Truth In Death

Death is the way of the world, the one thing that is certain. After all, the rich manage to avoid taxes, thanks to creative accountants, but no professional, caring or otherwise, can save them from the Grim Reaper and the subsequent Judgement. Many thousands of people do die, every single day around the world. But modern man is childlike in his approach to death. X,Y have gone to peace, gone to Jesus....are in another room..., gone to the light....Which priest dares to suggest they've gone to Judgment and possibly then to Hell? No, children mustn't be scared by bogeyman stories. And modern men - and women are just children, emotional cripples who prefer to be shielded from the reality, that all are answerable for everything they do. It's all about the gospel of Richard and Ariana now. There is no God - stop worrying, enjoy your life, spend, spend, spend, consume, consume, consume, have fun, enjoy. But spare a thought for the planet. Stop using plastic bags.

The ancients could cope with the truth. The concept is graphically clear in the 19th Dynasty Egyptian Books of the Dead which date from around 1300 BC. The dead go to Judgement, and thence to heaven or to hell. Of course, even in ancient Egypt, the assumption was always, "They've gone to the Elysian Fields of Paradise". Naturally the rich could pay for more expensive papyrus scrolls, with more chapters and so naturally got a better guarantee of passing the Judgment. After all, they had purchased a 'top of the range' 'afterlife care' product. It is so interesting to see that corrupt and lazy priests are nothing new. But, at least the Judgement was shown in the Books Of The Dead . No priest today dares even talk about God's Judgement. Such talk really would put off the ever-declining number of punters who don't fill the churches. Instead, all that you get in church after church, whatever the denomination, is love, forgiveness and 'Jesus saves'. But what if they're wrong?

Part of the purpose of the Victorian fires is to reiterate to godless modern man that Hell is real. Americans are supposedly the most churchgoing folk on the planet and 90% of them apparently believe in heaven. But only 10% believe in hell. Now isn't that convenient?

One purpose of our research is to make people wonder about a deeper meaning in disaster. Otherwise, all these deaths really are in vain. John Brumby, the Premier of Victoria, said, "Such tragic loss of life must never happen again." It was rather silly comment. More deaths are inevitable because of the unwise choices which people make and because of the incompetence and corruption of bureaucrats and

politicians. With the increase in global warming and more and more unsuitable, indefensible places chosen for habitation, more deaths are inevitable. You can rest assured that far worse is to come.

Hot Embers

I discovered another piece of the Jigsaw only last night, another piece of vital evidence, the pointer that Something knows exactly what is to come and chooses to give us signs in our everyday personal lives. After eating most of that sausage roll in the car on our way to Mt. Roskill, on Saturday, 7th February Jenny had left a bit of it in the packet. I'd noticed the part of the sausage roll left in the cellophane packet, on the back seat of the car that afternoon. But I had a steak and mushroom pie to eat and there was also a sausage roll from the bakery. So, I'd left that bit in the cellophane in case Jenny felt like eating it on the way home, after her Qi Gong massage. Jenny must have brought it into the house after we got home. I noticed it for the first time on the kitchen bench around 6.30 pm on 10th February, so I picked it up, intending to throw it out. Only then did I see the label on the packet. On the cellophane, beside a little printed fire sign were the words RED EMBERS. It's called Red Embers because it's a very hot sausage roll - chilli - bit of a contradiction in terms of homophones...

I suddenly remembered that that was what the bush fire survivors had spoken of - the showers of red embers flying past them. Jenny had bought that sausage roll around 12:30 pm, some seven hours before the fire came by the haven on the top of the hill in Victoria

The very next morning, 11th February, those same words 'Red Embers' were repeated in the NZ Herald on its front page. Also on that front page was the very prominent 'con' photo of the koala 'saved by the fireman....' As Marcus Lush put it, a little later, on New Zealand local radio - "after carrying out the back burning that burned the koala in the first place." But journalists do so like to go for the 'good news' bits, all very emotive. One letter writer later said the Herald deserved an award for the photo. The Herald would be bound to print that letter wouldn't they. What a pity it was dishonest. But, it was beneath the 'heartwarming photo' that were to be found the words, "It was like a snowstorm of red embers," this was said by Sherill Carta of the Kinglake inferno. Separated from her husband Bill who had tried to rescue his Harley, she had gone off in the car with their two dogs. But she had to abandon the car and continuity her dash toward the town on foot. It was one of the few good luck stories. The couple were re-united in the Accident And Emergency Department of Melbourne's Alfred Hospital.

The Cross Correspondences in Our Visions

But even the name Kinglake, the other fire-ravaged community, Has a strange connection. Jenny had said to me "When you said Kinglake, I had a vision of the hand coming out of the lake with a sword." As she said this, I too got a vision of a hand in a lake holding a sword.

"Oh," I said. "Odd it is Kinglake..... That was the sign of the king to be, his destiny - Arthur was able to take the sword from the hand. You mean Excalibur."

But as soon as I said the word 'Excalibur', my vision changed to a gleaming white brand new Airbus standing on the runway at Gatwick, about to take me to Egypt in May 1992.

Unbeknown to me then, I would be in Luxor at the same time that Diana was to come to a 'place of death for Queens....' I spent a little while on the flight deck of that Airbus as it winged its way down the Mediterranean to Egypt, the land from

whence four thousand years earlier, had emerged the concept of Judgement on death. That gives another cross-thread in the finely woven tapestry of destiny. And here was another example of what happens so very often in our lives, I get half of a clue, and Jenny gets the other half. And so an Airbus is woven into the third picture fire Jenny's vision, and then my derived subsequent vision. Did an Airbus have to be woven in to the third picture, rather like the mouse in all of Terence Cuneo's railway paintings?

So take it or leave it. I live in hope, albeit faint, that one day an intelligent journalist will read some of my material and dare to relay it to the wider audience it deserves. It does not seem that that will ever happen in New Zealand, the land of Kiwis and sheep. But look on the bright side, there are fewer sheep now, at least four-legged the ones anyway. The 70.3 million sheep population of 1982 has now fallen to 39 million. Sheep are not as profitable as once they were. But is an open minded-journalist with the ability to think any more likely to be found in Australia....or Britain??? Probably not. 11.54.28.

Are all the things I see really 'chance'? Or am I guided by the Intelligent Designer that Dawkins, in his blindness, is certain does not exist (Probably)? 11.56.09 11th February, 2009

But there came a curious little addition to the fire picture, five days later

Prayer Book - The Burnt Page

Tuesday, 16th February 2009, was Jenny's 62nd birthday, her last in this world as it turned out. (You can read about Jenny's death in A Cancer Journey) That day on page A13, the first page of the World Section of the New Zealand Herald, there was a large image of a badly charred page from a book. The caption beneath it read: 'SALVAGED FROM THE FLAMES: A burned page from a Bible found in the remains of St Peters Church in Kinglake.' It was clear that the caption writer was not a church-goer, for the burnt page was not a page from a Bible, but one from a prayer book. It was part of the Order of Service for a day in the Church's Calendar. The burnt leaf, singed around the edges, still had most of the text clearly legible. However it wasn't any old day but a singularly significant one. It was the page for Advent Sunday, the first day of the Church's year.

But there was more to that day, much more. That burnt page brought the whole saga full circle, for the Judgement sequences began at Advent in 2008. Water had gone to fire. The Air New Zealand Airbus A320 crash off Perpignan came on Friday, 28th November, the last working day before Advent. And I wrote my first paper about the meaningful coincidences surrounding that disaster on Advent Sunday. Jenny finished typing it at precisely 3.20 pm on her computer clock on that Advent Sunday. Remember the words of that Advent hymn, Hills of the North rejoice. The first verse ends with the line He judgement brings and victory.

Then the Alpha and Omega Prophecy and Coincidence Codes marked out the days to Christmas, almost like the windows of an Advent Calendar. And thus via all the signs on buses it had come back to the beginning, Alpha which is Omega. And was not that date not most telling for that image to appear in the Herald? For it was the exact 26th Anniversary of the Ash Wednesday fires which had claimed 47 lives in Victoria in 1983. It was called the Ash Wednesday fires because that year, the First Day of Lent in the Christian Calendar was 16th April. In church services around Australia, people were having the sign of burnt ashes placed on their

foreheads, just as we did in Sydney Cathedral on Ash Wednesday, 21st February, 2002.. Was this all not intended to emphasise the Divine Hand in all of this? So, is it all just chance or my imagination. Are these warnings real?

Hermes fall KwH 89460.00

Add in re getting S/H Australian prayer book on Ash Wednesday 2009.

A Thought For The Journey Home - On the Bus??

Hard to follow, is it? It requires effort, but it's worth it. however much effort you put into it it would still only be microscopic fraction of the effort which we have devoted to our research over the last quarter of a century. Richard Dawkins in an interview in Time magazine, in November 2006, suggested that the question of whether God exists is a legitimate question for Science. He went on to add that his answer was "No". But where is his evidence? He has no primary research data whatsoever. Absence of evidence is not evidence of absence...Dawkins' protégé, Ariana Sherine, states, from the depths of her journalistic wisdom, that 'there is no scientific evidence for God at all'. Presumably she got that fact from her mentor.

I beg to differ from this statement of supposed scientific 'fact.' There is evidence, volumes of it. We have produced over twenty books, detailing just part of the evidence. There is a prima facie case for the existence of God. On the balance of probability, it is the only logical conclusion. Isn't it funny how now everything seems to be focused on balances..... ???. Our books are based on a very large number of experiences, supported by thousands of photographs, and an extensive collection of research notes and other documents.

All of this primary evidence serves to demonstrate a coherence of design, spanning space and time with a precision which we can barely begin to comprehend. Chance is a pathetically feeble and totally inadequate alternative explanation, but it is the only one which the skeptics have. No, God must exist. There is no other explanation which can account for the complexity of our highly specific experiences over a quarter of a century. Remember also the experiences of thousands and thousands of other men and women who have been aware of 'something' outside themselves, experienced uncanny coincidences, or had spontaneous visions, messages or feelings from or about dead friends or relatives. These experiences are part of the richness of human existence over at least the last five millennia, a richness the skeptics would deny. For them, there is only fraud or illusion. The skeptics dismiss all such experiences, which some might describe as religious, in one word - anecdotal. It is used quite pejoratively, with intended overtones of 'untrustworthy', 'unreliable', implying something along the lines: "We haven't been able to reproduce such experiences under our 'controlled' conditions. Therefore the testimony is worthless."

Our experiences although 'anecdotal' in part contain many elements that can be independently verified. There would seem to be an incredibly precise interconnected Web of Destiny which we can barely glimpse, imperfectly and in part. All the elements over a quarter of a century come together to confirm that God is real, that there is life after death and that sometimes the spirits of the dead can communicate with the living. But the web of meaningful coincidences also tells us the truth about events in this world now, what lies behind them and some times reveal a deeper purpose.

And they serve to warn us all of our futures, individually and collectively. There is life - here and now. This is it - all there is - No reincarnation; no coming back; no second chances....Then after life, there is death - And on death, there is Judgement -as many have believed in the past, but which few believe today. This lack of belief in being answerable to God for what they do is made manifest in the way they live their lives, be they nominally Christians, Moslems, Jews, Hindus, or whatever. In fact religious people are some of the world's biggest hypocrites. Man would seem to have little time left; the Alpha and Omega Codes would suggest only six years. But that's long enough for man to finally hang himself.

As for individuals, no there is nothing they can do to save the planet. It's doomed because of the lies, the greed and the corruption - which never changes, however great the crisis....All people can do is try to find and recognise the truth and do what is right in their own lives. They can live in the hope that, in the time they have left, they can redress the Balance, the one Balance that matters, the one that awaits them, each and every one, at life's end, however and whenever that end comes. Don't waste your time going to priests for forgiveness. That's a con with a long history. That's the real reference behind Dan Brown's inspired clue in The Da Vinci Code - 'so dark the con of man.' Funny how that coded message is given in 'clear'.

So, sorry Ariana. It's not a very positive message at all. But these are the logical scientific conclusions that derive from my Great Experiment. Nothing else fits all the facts. And remember, what we have discussed on this site is just the latest batch of results from the lab. But these results echo similar ones repeated again and again in various ways over the last quarter of a century. However, for some reason known only to the Source, the events of the last three months, seems to have been a kind of executive summary. And this site is but a brief synopsis of that executive summary

19/02/2009 14:54:07 Rev 2 20/02/2009 12:28:41 HoG 20/02/2009 12:29:28 Porche
2

Beware Dawkins et al

I really only came down to check the e-mails this afternoon and look at the site statistics for Lux Aeterna Publishing and for this site. I found myself investigating a problem which had occurred with this site. I ended up looking at the Wise Men And Buses page. People seem to be able to comprehend things better with pictures, so I decided I might as well insert a picture, one of the publicity photos of Richard Dawkins and Ariana Sherine at the launch of their atheist bus campaign. I opened the image, resized it and inserted it on that page. (Incidentally the original image size was 558,480 bytes) I then followed a link from that page and found myself on the Knowing page. It seemed a good idea to insert the image on that Knowing page too, so I did. The time when I did that was 507pm. Today is Advent Sunday and 507 is a code for the end of the world, the second most important code after 229.

I had noticed in the statistics, that there had been far more visitors to the Hudson Airbus crash page than the Perpignan Airbus crash page. The recent publicity about the first anniversary of Perpignan yesterday had done little to increase traffic on the site. So I read through part of the Perpignan Airbus page in the Firefox browser and then I went to read again the Hudson Airbus page. When I got down to the section about the messages on the buses, I thought it would be a good idea to insert this same bus image once again. So I went back into Front Page and

did precisely that and then saved the file. Then I went back into Firefox to see how it looked to the rest the world on the Internet. I burst out laughing at what I saw. There was Dawkins et al superimposed on the balance. The image is below.

I had produced that background in June 2009 when I was creating the site. It was really Jenny's idea to have the scales outside against our swimming pool. For quite a few years, the scales had hung on a post on a little weighing set on our television. But one day in January, 2009, whilst she was typing up the Airbus chapters she had a vision of them hanging over the pool. Then I had to translate her vision into reality to create a photograph that was then to become the cover for our book which began life as balanced observations.

That was Jenny's title for the book about two Airbus crashes and the Australian bushfires. That was the last book she typed because she died in April 2009. But after Jenny's death came the next two Airbus disasters. The theme of the balance was not present in the coincidences which preceded those next two Airbus disasters, but there were powerful links in both cases to Jenny's funeral. So I changed the title of the book to Signs on Buses or Why God Must Exist.

I saw that strange coincidence of the image of the arch-atheists set exactly on the balance as a powerful reminder that God knew exactly how the two elements would come out in the published version of our Hudson Airbus page, the one that explains the real significance of the 'Miracle on the Hudson'. God knew precisely what my insertion of that image at that point in Front Page would mean when displayed in the browser. To me it is powerfully symbolic especially coming as it does on this Advent Sunday with its overtones of the Last Judgement. It implies that God knows exactly how that Last Judgement will work out for each of the people in that picture, three arch atheists, Dawkins, Sherine and Toynbee. But they are not damned because of their atheism. They will be judged on the kinds of people they have been in their lives, their levels of selfishness and their attitudes to morality, truth and justice, in particular, as actually practised in their lives. Dawkins is quite right when he notes that some of the worst kinds of people purport to be religious. Some of the biggest hypocrites I have known claimed either to be Christians or Muslims. But my personal experience of Hindus and Jews show they lag behind not one jot.

The juxtaposition of these images is intended to be a reminder to Ariana Sherine that the warning of hell is still real. She will be judged whether she likes it or not. The only difference in what we have been led to understand is that the Judgement does not depend on whether she has accepted Jesus as her Lord and Saviour. It depends solely on the choices she has made in her own life. There might very well be cause to worry. She was disturbed at the suggestion she would end up in hell when she followed up that original bus advert reference to the Christian website. Unfortunately for her and the rest of the feel-gooders, answerable to no-one, the threat of hell is even stronger in our research. Another thought occurred to me before as I worked on the paragraph linking the Hudson Airbus page to this one. I was reminded that the burnt prayer book recovered from the church at King Lake after the Australian bushfires of 7th February 2009 was found opened at Advent Sunday. Today is the first Advent Sunday since then. That picture was published in the New Zealand Herald on 16th February 2009. It was Jenny's last birthday in this world. She died on the 14th April, 2009, our nineteenth Wedding Anniversary. We often used to get things between us. She would get half of something and I would get the other half. Now there's only me, but God still interacts with me, viz today. There is just now no companionship in this world.

One night, a little before that prayer book article appeared, I had made a comment about the two seats of the fire being Maryville and Kinglake. We had been watching a TV news item about the Victorian fires, the worst ever natural disaster to strike Australia. Jenny suddenly said she had got a vision. "I see a hand with a sword coming out of a lake" she said. It was a visual representation of the word King (Arthur) lake, a kind of hieroglyphic. (Odd mis-type - I often joked to Jenny about working on my hieroglyphics) As she spoke those words to me, I got the vision too. And then I said "Oh, you mean Excalibur." I had no sooner said the word 'Excalibur' when my vision changed to a gleaming white Airbus standing on the tarmac at Luxor Airport, in upper Egypt, the home of hieroglyphics. I had flown on brand-new Excalibur Airlines Airbus to Luxor in May, 1992. So even in the Kinglake fire, there was an indirect Airbus connection via Jenny's vision and mine. And there is another connection to the advent Airbus crash of 2008, the first half of the 'balance picture'. The Air New Zealand pilot's name was Brian Arthur Horrell.

And remember the Egyptians were the first civilisation in the history of this planet to put forward the concept of Judgement on death. Whence came that concept? They portrayed the future for the soul as in the fields of paradise or fed to the devourer, depending on whether or not the deceased passed the judgement. Around 1841, the painter John Martin portrayed the Celestial City and the rivers of bliss or the fires of pandemonium as the alternative destinations. Another of his paintings portrayed, in 1853, was The Last Judgement. The different representations in these apparently disparate cultures, are separated by three and a half millennia, but probably differ little in real terms as to what happens to the soul after Judgement.

Egypt and Rome - Priests Ancient and Modern

I have been busy for the past month with finalising the true story of Ankhsoun pa Artenn, as given in our book, Ankhsoun, Daughter of Ra. She was the wife of Tutankhamun and the daughter of the heretic pharaoh, Akhenaten, the first contemporaneously recorded man in the history of mankind to state that there is only one God. I had just been editing the introduction for one final time and converting illustrations, from the original drawings of 1987, to a digital format. And once again the meaningful coincidences poured in thick and fast proving to me that now is the time to finally get her book into print. Her story is very moving and its ending seems particularly relevant today, with the release of the latest report in Ireland showing what priests are really capable of, all the way to the top. The priests of Amun and the priests of Rome would appear to have much in common, despite the passage of thirty five centuries.

And that brings me to another curious coincidence which occurred only a couple of nights ago, 25th of November 2009. For quite a long while now, I have been buying the magazine series Gods of Ancient Egypt. It's ISSN is 1741-2293. Right at the beginning it struck me as very curious that that particular ISSN should contain the code 229 for the Apocalypse. On a number of occasions, I thought of stopping getting the series, but then another significant issue would appear. Is it just chance that the latest issue is number 92, which carries a significant article, part 2 of Rome, Capital of the Obelisks as well as another about Giovanni Belzoni, the Italian explorer who discovered Seti I's tomb, the first to be found in the Valley of the Kings.

That had a powerful echo of Angels and Demons, particularly as one of the illustrations was of the obelisk in the Piazza Navona. Angels and Demons is a novel

by Dan Brown set around a conclave for the election of a pope. The novel revolves around cracking codes which lead Professor Langdon and Vittoria Vetra around the obelisks of Rome. So I went back to look at Issue 91, to look at part 1 of Rome, Capital of the Obelisks . Incidentally the night I bought Issue 92, 19th November, the NZ Herald had a story about the impending re-start of the Large Hadron Collider at CERN on Saturday 21st, following its disastrous failure on 19th September, 2008. That LHC was another critical element in Angels and Demons.

So as in Knowing, is it again life imitating art, at least in part? In Angels and Demons the physicist tries to prove the existence of God through anti-matter. But matter has another opposite; that is spirit. And I am the chemical physicist who has been led to prove the existence of God through the survival of the spirit and the deciphering of the codes of destiny. The spirit of Ankhsoun pa Artenn is a vital part of that proof. But then that was the reason she was sent to us in June, 1986. We did not know that, but the Source most certainly did. With Ankhsoun's story, the Source is saying: 'Here is the proof I know the distant past - in detail. I can reveal it as I so choose and to the extent that you need to know. And is it really just chance that Egypt is the only place on earth where detailed records survive about particular individuals from 3300years ago? Then moving on through time, with the Airbus crashes, the Source would seem to be saying: 'Here is the proof I know the present and the near future - in detail also. And beware, because you can extrapolate from all of this that I know the more distant future too. It is bleak for man. You failed to heed my warnings. Soon you will pay the price. You chose unwisely, most unwisely. Incidentally ours is the first ever successful SETI project, the first real proof of a Source of Extra-terrestrial Intelligence. It just happens also to be extra-temporal.

Is it not all evidence of God's inspiration and the orchestration by his Hand, the Hand of Artenn Ra. Perhaps Akhenaten was right. And is that why the spirit of his daughter was sent to tell us the truth about what really happened 3300 years ago. Was it really just chance that that issue is the Amun Ra one? What purported to be a statue of Amun Ra was included with that issue , which discuss at length the worship of Amun Ra. It was the priests of Amun Ra who did their best to destroy the works and the memory of Akhenaten and his daughter. And think about 3300. Does it ring a bell from Knowing?

But it is not just the church of Rome that has lost the plot. In times past, before the Church of England self-destructed, Advent used to be a time for remembering the first coming of Christ, the Bethlehem story, but also for remembering that in time Christ would come again, and that Second Coming would bring The Last Judgement for all mankind. For instance, in that evocative advent hymn, Hills Of The North Rejoice, the original last two lines of the first verse are:

Though absent long, your Lord is nigh
He judgement brings and victory.

But the modern 'hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil' Church of England, now all Anglicans, together and inclusive, for the new Millennium, has changed those last two lines to:

He comes in righteousness and love,
Bringing salvation from above.

We really mustn't have anything that might put off the punters. Everyone is welcome here especially, homosexual priests and bishops, women priests and bishops. Who cares that we've lost sight of God in the process? No wonder the Anglicans don't talk of Judgement anymore. Nor do they believe in heaven and hell any more than do Ariana Sherine or Richard Dawkins.

30th November 2009 2:29:45am

8. Jenny's Death then Airbus No.3

Jenny's Death
To Resthaven Funeral Services
Fax 267 2560
Jennifer Anne Cocksey

Death Notice for New Zealand Herald for 16th April 2009

Dearly beloved, wife of Brian, yet so much more, mother of Nicki and Ran, sister of Judi, daughter of Dick and Marnie Mackesy, died on 14th April at 12.29am, her 19th wedding anniversary. Jenny tried so hard at everything in life. She always gave her all. She fought cervical cancer for eight and a half years, despite the medical establishment. Jenny took a stand. She did it her way, God's way. God was always with her and now she is with God. The doctors, nurses, staff and volunteers at Hospice South Auckland helped ensure that her transition from this world to the next was peaceful. The view from the window of the Rose Room could have been The Plains of Heaven, the Celestial City and the Rivers of Bliss.

Her funeral will take place at 11am on Tuesday, 21st April at St Aidan's Church, 23 Walter Stevens Drive, Conifer Grove, Takanini.

Brian Cocksey
15/04/2009 3:17:58 p.m.

Airbus No3 Air France 447

(I wrote this article with the intention of sending it to the two TV3 News Anchors, Hilary Barry and Mike McRoberts. Only later did I see the great relevance of the term 'Anchor'. But instead I sent a short summary to Mike McRoberts. At the time I was in discussions with the producer of TV1's daily magazine programme Close-Up for a not unrelated item on Spiritualism. Mike McRoberts replied to my first e-mail and promised to talk to the producer of 60 Minutes. But he never came back to me with a final answer. I was left to draw my own conclusion from the deathly silence. I have found from bitter experience that that is the way New Zealanders always do business. If it's not good news, and they have got nothing to lose, its best just to forget it. Don't bother to reply. It's the Kiwi way. I had also intended to modify it fractionally and send it to the English Sunday newspaper, The Observer, for a couple of reasons. But my experience of writing to newspapers either in New Zealand or in England has never been good and in any case, my research turned out to have other priorities)

You make the claim that you don't just read the news, but that you find it. Well, here's something for you to 'find'.

Introduction

Do you believe that coincidence is really just chance? Or does it have a deeper significance? Just don't ask Vicki Hyde or any of the other skeptics if you want an intelligent answer. Is it really just chance that before three significant plane crashes over the course of 20 years, the number 557 was emphasised to me each time in advance of the event?

The first time that '557' was emphasised was on three occasions over 19 days leading up to the Lockerbie air disaster in December 1988. I found out why this number had been emphasised to me when Pan Am 103 crashed at Lockerbie which 'happens' to be located at 55° 7'N. Did it indeed meet its destiny in the hills of the North? Did Something know precisely what was to come and chose to emphasise that code number to us? At the time we lived just 40 miles away in the Scottish Border hills.

The second time that 557 was emphasised strongly to me so precisely before an air disaster was on 27th November 2008, just 16 hours before the Air New Zealand Airbus A320 crashed into the sea off the French coast at Perpignan. The coded message sent to me was there for all to see. It was a code written in clear, on the front page of a newspaper, the business section of the New Zealand Herald. There were two separate articles about different companies, both of whom had shares priced at \$5.57. The share price of Fletcher Building had closed at \$5.57 on 26th November, 2008. The \$5.57 was in bold text, alongside a graph showing the plunging share price of Fletcher building over the previous year, since their unfortunate in the American company, Formica. Was that graph intended to symbolise the plunging New Zealand Airbus due to come so soon after that newspaper appeared?

New Prophetic Signs

The third time that code 557 was emphasised to me, clearly warning of a forthcoming air disaster, was on 27th May 2009. I had been at the Westfield Shopping Centre in Manukau City, a location which happens to be directly under the flight path into Auckland International Airport. I had just got back to my car when a van drove past me and I could not help noticing its number plate, DUE 739. That seemed to me an absolutely uncanny juxtaposition, because N739PA had been the Boeing 747 that was destroyed at Lockerbie. Was this, I wondered, an intended sign to me that another air disaster was due? I followed the van to get a better photograph of the number plate. It led me down Putney Way to the Inland Revenue offices which just 'happen' to be located in a building called The Twin Towers. And then more coincidences gave me code 557 twice, first in the location of where the van did a U-turn and secondly on the number plate of a car parked in splendid isolation in the city council car park, directly opposite the Twin Towers.

A man, who was just starting his car nearby, saw me photographing the 557 car and went to ask a security guard why I was photographing cars. On other occasions, paranoid observers have even called the police. Following one 'distress call', two police cars had swooped in on the Roselands Shopping Centre in Papakura. It seemed to be going to the opposite extreme from sending a taxi, as they had on one particularly notable occasion in response to an emergency call. The young woman who made that particular emergency call was never found, dead or alive. First two male cops, resplendent in their flak jackets, accosted me, wanting to know why I was taking photographs in a public car park. But that's 'freedom' even in New Zealand now I suppose. Taking photographs is obviously a very suspicious activity, one only undertaken by terrorists in the modern world, or at the very least thieves planning their next job. One of the cops actually did listen to me a bit. His mate was too busy on his phone trying to check from my driving licence whether I was a 'person of interest' wanted on their computer system.

Then reinforcements arrived from a second car, in the form of a policewoman. Again, she wanted to know why I was taking photographs, and again I had to explain what I'd already explained to the other two. Then she told me that I didn't

actually fit the profile of a car thief. Wow, with such an analytical mind, she was clearly destined for higher things. I told her that that was no surprise to me, as I didn't actually steal cars. Her profiling was spot on. I merely photographed them on occasion, where the juxtaposition of numbers struck me as significant. I pointed out to her that I fit the profile more of a harmless mad professor. But perhaps that was not one of the profiles they had in their system. I was left wondering whether they had had a particularly slack afternoon and had nothing better to do with their time. I really couldn't see how it justified two cars and four cops. But perhaps they had to surround the 'criminal' in the vegetable department. I suppose it counted as a solved crime though, so that probably bumps up the statistics. It is a lot easier than investigating stolen cars or house burglaries.

Anyway, back to Manukau, I asked the right-thinking driver whether he had seen the recently - released film *Knowing*, but he hadn't even heard of it, so there no simple way to explain my photographic interest. But then he didn't know the car park was situated beside a building called The Twin Towers, even though his brother apparently owned No. 15, Putney Way, the building next door to The Twin Towers. I explained briefly to him that code 557 had been emphasised to me before both the Lockerbie air disaster and the Perpignan plane crash and that the signs that day indicated to me that another plane crash was due. Furthermore it would be an Airbus, probably an A340. Why it should be an Airbus I did not bother to explain, but it is explained in our book *Balanced Observations*, Volume 6 of our series *Fragments of an Outer Mind*. This book describes both the prophetic indications which came before both these disasters and the very meaningful coincidences which were orchestrated around them. It then goes on to derive the messages which people are intended to take from the crashes of those two Airbus A320s, the one at Perpignan and the one in New York, the so-called miracle on the Hudson.

Life After Death

On my way home, the producer from TV1's early evening magazine programme *Close-Up* rang me. He had been given my name as a scientific expert on Spiritualism. They were thinking of doing a *Close-Up* item on Spiritualism and wondered if I could give a scientific appraisal. I was ideally placed to do this as I have investigated Spiritualism in depth over some twenty five years. We had quite a long conversation and he seemed to find what I had to say quite interesting. I pointed out that meaningful coincidence could sometimes authenticate psychic information, but all too often demonstrations in the Spiritualist churches were rubbish and demonstrated little other than the gullibility of the people who were present, who seemed perfectly happy to accept the garbled and incoherent connections given to them. The odd uncooperative recipient who refused to accept a link that didn't make sense would be told to 'Hold onto it. Perhaps you'll understand it later.'" But it is possible to obtain convincing evidence of communication from the spirits of the dead. It just very rarely happens in Spiritualist churches.

In addition, my research had shown quite convincingly that there is Something beyond space and time, which would appear to know the future in detail. I referred to the role of coincidence codes anticipating both the Lockerbie and Perpignan air disasters. The producer said that he found my approach interesting and quite different from that of the sceptics. He said he would like to follow it up in the next week or two and asked whether I would be available for interview, He

also asked me to write a piece about my background in psychical research and about my experience of the Auckland Spiritualist churches.

A little later, when I arrived home, my eye was drawn to the mileage on my car as I got out to open our gate. The reading on the speedometer was precisely 232557 km. Was this intended to be another reminder of the plane crash soon to come? Was it really just chance that it had reached 557 exactly at our gate? This was an 'arrival' gate, but for the Airbus to come there was to be no arrival gate, just its date with destiny and a watery grave. A few minutes later, the identity of the flight which would see no arrival gate, was shown to me on the TV1 Six O'clock News.

A Positive ID

Some little way down the news, there was an item about the parlous state of New Zealand's dairy industry and the fact that Fonterra had once again reduced its payout to farmers. Now they could only expect \$4.55 per kg. The average New Zealander, having been fleeced by Fonterra for the past year with 'world prices' for butter and milk, was hardly heartbroken. But what drew my attention in that news bulletin was the Anchor milk tanker leaving one of the Fonterra factories. Its number plate was xxx 447. Why did I notice that you may wonder? Code 447 has long been significant for reasons other than air disasters. It is a code that relates to the succession to the throne of England. It just happens to be the difference in years between two 11-14 events. However, I was a little puzzled as to what relevance that had to Fonterra. But then, there had been a closely related reference before the Perpignan air disaster, to the same succession elements.

Incidentally the other \$5.57 share price in the Business News section of the New Zealand Herald for 27th November 2008 had been the 'fair share' price of Fonterra. Just as with Fletcher Building, it had been precisely \$5.57. Is that just chance? Or was this Fonterra connection intended to be a code repeat? Don't real scientists consider repeats to be evidence of pattern? Code 447 was to be the specific identifier for the disaster to come.

The Prophecy Confirmed

It was at the beginning of the late evening news on the New Zealand Queen's Birthday Bank Holiday, 1st June 2009, that I saw the news flash about the loss of another Airbus, this time an Air France Airbus 330. It was Flight 447, from Rio de Janeiro to Paris and even the death toll was very significant. 228 people had died. I had just been watching the British TV spy drama Spooks, which is incidentally a slang term for both spies and ghosts. It was the episode of the bomb on Remembrance Day, 11-11 with its connotations of 'lest we forget'. But it is Kipling's version not the MoD's which really matters. See Recessional . What is more Queen's Birthday also carried with it other connotations linking directly into our earlier Airbus experiences. That aspect will be explored in more detail in the seventh and final book of our series Fragments Of An Outer Mind. That volume is entitled Going West.

A few days later in the New Zealand Herald coverage of the Air France disaster, there was little summary box showing the times of the final automatic messages from the doomed plane's computer control system. I was strongly reminded of HAL in its death throes. Remember that film 2001 - A Space Odyssey? And which year did the twin towers fall? It was 2001. The last line of the box gave that the time of the very last message from the Airbus's dying computer. It was 11:14 pm.

Get out your calculator and divide 1114 by 2. And remember that I only noticed the 447 on the Fonterra milk tanker number plate because it is a time interval between two significant 1114s.

Are you really sure it can all be safely dismissed as just chance? Or is there Something whose power and knowledge we cannot even begin to comprehend? Is it all intended to be evidence that Something knows the future in precise detail? Does this Something choose to communicate with me through codes and meaningful coincidences? Was the French writer Malroux correct when he said 'Coincidence is when God does not want to show His hand'? So, could that Something be God?

And think back to the 447 milk tanker. Was that very meaningful coincidence intended to be an indication of how the end would come for Flight 447? Fonterra's main brand is Anchor. You see the little Anchor sign on the blue 'long life' Anchor milk packets and the road vehicles which are sometimes made up to look like larger versions of these. And the little Anchor also appears on the packets of New Zealand Anchor butter, the object of critical counter-advertising in England recently. But what exactly do you do with an anchor? You throw it into the sea, of course. And that's exactly what happened to Air France Flight 447. It was thrown into the sea by a combination of the storm and its computer control system.

And remember the \$5.57 share price of Fonterra drawn to my attention on the day before the Air New Zealand Airbus A320 crash off Perpignan. There again the Anchor symbolism was appropriate. It was another Airbus thrown into the sea, like an anchor. In that case the Airbus ended up with its nose buried 2 metres into the seabed, exactly like an anchor.

But is it too much to read into symbolism? Why should it be? Many hundreds of millions of people around the world have been introduced to the concept of religious truth through symbolism in Dan Brown's novels and the derived films. Yes, they're just stories. There's not actually much religious truth to be found in these novels, but the concept is there nonetheless. And why should symbolism be the preserve of priests? Is God choosing to play the priests at their own game?

14/06/2009 1:39:31 p.m. 1610w

But the crash of Air France 447 is intricately woven into a compelling example of God's inspiration, the film *Knowing*.

It is All about *Knowing*

Now for some really strange coincidences. Is life mimicking art or was the art intentionally inspired because Something was already knowing what was to come? The film *Knowing* opened much later in New Zealand than almost anywhere else in the world. It didn't open in New Zealand until 21st May, 2009 whereas in the USA it opened two months earlier, on 20th March, 3-20, as the Americans would write the date. So here we are back to Airbuses, the two A320s. Is this another curious destiny element, another strand woven in the web of destiny by the Spinner Of Years? Or is it just 'chance' that it happens to be the 'right time' in both countries?

On 27th May, I'd gone into the Manukau Westfield Shopping Centre to buy another CF memory card for my camera. I'd run out of space that morning at the hospital. Noticing that the new Sky City cinema complex is directly opposite JB Hi-Fi where I'd bought the card, I went into the cinema hoping to be able to photograph a poster of *Knowing*. Even the name JB Hi-Fi has significant

connections. But I was out of luck for there were no posters. I hadn't been into the cinema complex before. Its brand new. But I had never been into the old one either. In fact I'm not a regular cinema goer at all. I think the last time I went to the cinema was to see Enigma in April 2002. I was chatting the man who checks the tickets about the new cinema complex and he offered to show me one of the cinemas. He took me into the nearest one. I noticed the red neon lights above the door gave the title of the film. Glowing red in the darkness was the word KNOWING. It would have been nice to have been able to take a photo of a scene from the film, but in fact only the trailers were showing at that point. So I had to content myself with a photograph of KNOWING glowing red in the darkness. It is only as I write this now, that I am reminded of the 557 glowing green in the darkness on our Maestro car clock a little over an hour before Pan Am 103 crashed at Lockerbie 55° 7'N in December 1988. I left the cinema and walked out of the shopping centre and it was then, just as I got back to my car, that the van with the DUE 739 number plate had gone past me in the car park. And perhaps the fact that it was a trailer showing was important too given the role of my trailer in both the Perpignan and Hudson Airbus crashes.

The hero of Knowing is one Professor Koestler, a professor of astrophysics. Now why did someone choose that name? For Arthur Koestler is a well-known novelist who was fascinated by the paranormal. In 1972, he wrote a book called The Roots of Coincidence and then, in 1973, co-authored a book with Alistair Hardy entitled The Challenge of Chance. In that book he elaborated much more on coincidence, giving many striking examples. Alistair Hardy's will established the Alistair Hardy Research Centre in Oxford, for the scientific study of religious experience. Arthur Koestler's will established the Koestler foundation intended to support the scientific study of the paranormal. Unfortunately his bequest has been hijacked by para-psychologists who have not a shred of interest in coincidence and little, if any, direct experience of the paranormal. His bequest now funds a chair in parapsychology at the University of Edinburgh. He would not have approved, but what does it matter as he's dead anyway? And none of them believe in life after death. It's only the money that matters.

Truth in Codes

Now it is a strange coincidence that Nicholas Cage's character, Professor Koestler in the film, was to bear an uncanny resemblance to me in terms of what was to happen over the next few days. In the film, Professor Koestler is confronted with a list of numbers. This list of numbers has been brought home by his son and originating in time capsule buried in 1959. The Professor can make little sense of the numbers until suddenly he has a flash of inspiration. He is caused to notice the code sequence 91120012996 and realises that the start of the sequence is the date of the attack on the Twin Towers and the end of the sequence turns out to be the death toll. (The last death toll I had heard was actually 2749). This Twin Towers clue proves to be Koestler's equivalent of what the cartouches in the Rosetta Stone, were for Francois Champollion, the names of the Pharaohs on the decree which enabled him to begin to decipher Egyptian hieroglyphics. It is funny that there is a French connection in that too. The Rosetta Stone was found by a French soldier in the Egyptian Delta. It is only in the British Museum today because Nelson defeated the French fleet at the Battle of the Nile in 1798. Professor Koestler uses that code to decipher the rest of the code list, all the major disasters, natural and man-made which have happened over the previous 50 years. But, there are three disasters not yet accounted for on the list. Shortly thereafter

comes the first of these disasters, which turns out to be an air disaster. Its date and the death toll confirm Koestler's theories about the codes.

So is it not an incredibly strange parallel that having come from the Sky City Cinema, showing Knowing that I should go out to the car park, and see the van DUE 739, and then be led by it to The Twin Towers, where I encounter three more signs of an impending plane crash, two '557's and a second '739' car. The implication of a forthcoming air disaster was just too strong to ignore. A man, who was just starting his car nearby, saw me photographing the 557 car and wanted to know why I was photographing cars. I explained briefly to him that code 557 had been emphasised to me before both the Lockerbie air disaster and the Perpignan plane crash and that the signs that day indicated to me that another plane crash was due. Furthermore it would be an Airbus, probably an A340. Four days later came the crash of the Air France Airbus A330, flight 447 in the Atlantic, when it would appear to have encountered Asthall.

(As I dictated this there was a strange computer error. Dragon 10 decided to put 'astronaut for a storm - That's another error -Instead of 'Asthall' Dragon has now put 'astronaut'. Originally, when I tried to correct 'Asthall', it offered me 'a storm' as an alternative. I accepted that and told it to 'Train'. But the box it threw up was blank where it should have said 'a storm'. I attempted to carry on with the training but it Dragon 10 returned an error message that 'the speech engine has insufficient data'. I cancelled the screen without thinking and suddenly realised the implication. This strange computer error at this point reaffirms for me that the loss of Air France 447 was in large measure due to its computer control system. There had been other signs in Manukau on the flight path in the days before my cinema experience, linking Airbus storm and computer software malfunction.)

So in real life, just as in the film, the Twin Towers, albeit in Manukau, turn out to be at the centre of the latest confirmation that my prophecy codes are valid. The only difference is that my codes are not fiction, and the Source of intelligence behind my 'knowing' the future is not aliens, friendly or otherwise. But there is a real Source of Extra- Terrestrial Intelligence. Mine is the first successful SETI project in the history of mankind. It's just that I've managed to succeed without any telescopes, merely by using my eyes and my mind. But my SETI is also extra temporal. It is not bound by our laws of space and time, yet appears to orchestrate events within our dimensions of space and time. The only explanation that fits all our experiences over a quarter of a century is that there must be a God, a designer who knows the future with absolute precision and who chooses to give such information as He sees fit, often in the manner of pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. It is as though He is choosing to say "Here are a few pieces to show you that I know the future in detail. When the event comes to pass you will know where these pieces fit. Then you will see the full picture in your time as I see it now in mine."

And the real ending which our codes suggest will come is not that dissimilar from the film. It won't be a solar flare that comes out of the Sun, but an Aten asteroid, so-called by astronomers because their orbits are so close to the sun as to be almost impossible to see (until it's too late.) But that's another story. Too fanciful is it? Well there's an awful lot more substance in this than in the stories that the producers of Close-Up seems to imagine deserve air-time. Did the really scary noisy washing machine really merit the trip from the studio by the main presenter, last Friday, 12th June?

The Tragedy of Death

But perhaps there's too much in it for TV reporters and producers, too much that might upset people. After all people have died, so it is distasteful to suggest that God knew in advance about the disaster and failed to save people. They died not because of God and the storm, the hand of God perhaps, but because of the inadequacy of man's technology in dealing with the stall. (Odd the Dragon throws up 'stall' this time for 'storm'- odd too that the time is 1327 on 2nd July. Code 327 means death. It was derived one night at Lockerbie.) Yes, people died and they have lots of grieving relatives. That brings me to another link in Knowing, one I would very much prefer not to exist. Professor Koestler's wife dies in one of the disasters on the coded list. My wife, Jenny, died two months ago, after suffering from cervical cancer for eight and a half years. However Jenny's death appears to be part of this final proof that I am right, that she was right, despite all her family being against us and our work for the past 23 years. Her death is part of the proof that God exists. So don't talk to me about insensitivity, I know only too much about the reality of death, the pain of death, the death of the only person who's ever helped me or who really cared about me. Not only that, in life she had also been a key element in our proof about the reality of life after death.

It was the incompetent New Zealand cervical screening system that was directly to blame for Jenny's cervical cancer developing. She never trusted their results which is why she had annual smears but they insisted from 1995 to 2000 that the smears were clear. Her GP reassured her that New Zealand had the best labs in the world. What a joke that turned out to be. Eventually, more mistakes led to them doing a thin prep smear instead, and she was finally diagnosed with cervical cancer. How could they have been so wrong so often? Yes, she was really let down by the medical system, but it was Dr Beere, then in charge at Diagnostic, now one of the masterminds behind the new Labtests organisation which has won the contract to do all of Auckland's medical testing, who cruelly compounded the error. He made sure that we would never find out how they come to make all these mistakes. They always have to cover themselves. It's the way the big people always are. You cannot even sue for medical negligence in New Zealand, thanks to the ACC scheme. We had a meeting with him and he refused to let us see the report on how they came to mess it all up. He ensured that it was withheld from us 'for medico-legal reasons'. It is all part of the reality of 'corruption free New Zealand'. And now there comes a very strange connection to this final error in the New Zealand Herald of 1st July 2009, the paper that carries the news of the fourth Airbus crash, the Yemen one, flight 626 off the coast of Africa.

More Synchronous Coincidences in Real Time.

I had left correcting the article at the above point yesterday, intending to read fully the article about the change in policy about cervical smear tests. But instead, last night I discovered an article bringing the good news that the National government is once again going to look after big business. Surprise! Surprise! They are going to be raising the weight limits to allow 50 ton trucks on New Zealand roads. This will 'increase efficiency', for which road profits, and cause much more damage to roads and structures. But the community pays for that, not big business. The article was illustrated with a picture of Fonterra milk tanker. When I took a photograph of the article, because the milk tanker parallel with Air France 447 had hardly escaped me, I couldn't help but notice that the image was number 666 on the file, a code which very much confirmed the nature of big business today.

But it was not a code repeat of flight 447, for the tankers registration number was not 626. It was xxx 612. I had seen that number when I first found the article and had been disappointed that it wasn't 626. It was only as I typed that number now that I suddenly realised that 612 was indeed intricately connected with all the codes. It did cross connect with the earlier Airbus disaster, the loss of Air France 447. For just as with Air France 447, 612 had a connection to the Twin Towers, but not the ones in Manukau, the ones in New York and the attack of 91101. The Boeing 767 which hit the South Tower at 9:03am was N 612 you A (3/07/2009 3:30:21 p.m) I went to get that newspaper to find out what the letters were before 612 on the milk tanker. The number plate was actually ABK 612. After I had made a note beside the picture referring to the above sudden realisation, I wrote the date and found that I had written it in American dating as 7/3/9. Of course it could also be written 70309. And it was exactly 21 years ago today that the US Navy shot down the first Airbus, the one that began the whole saga, Iran Air Flight 655, on 3rd July 1988. The Lockerbie disaster, when N739PA was destroyed at 7.03pm on 21st December, was intended to be justice for America, for what it's Navy did to Iran Air 655. But just as later with 9/11, the Americans didn't learn.

And it was only this morning when I happened to notice the cooker clock change from 6 to 5 to 626 that I saw another connection in the latest Airbus loss. Pan Am 103 left Heathrow at 620 5P for its date with destiny in the hills of the North. 66 is one on from 65., just as flight for 47 is one on from 446, the code associated with the loss of the Air New Zealand Airbus at Perpignan. That plane crashed at 440 6p in (what a useless computer system. Dragon 10 had made a total hash of the last piece of dictation the time was for oh 6 PM. As I looked it changed for 078. It was flight each day for 07 that had a near death experience in Melbourne on 20 March 2009, 320 in American dating.)

Dragon 10 really did make a mass of that last paragraph. This is what it should have said.

And it was only this morning when I happened to notice the cooker clock change from 625 to 626 that I saw another connection in the latest Airbus loss. Pan Am 103 left Heathrow at 625pm for its date with destiny in the hills of the North. 626 is one on from 625, just as flight 4 47 is one on from 446, the code associated with the loss of the Air New Zealand Airbus at Perpignan. That plane crashed at 446pm (what a useless system it is with numbers. Dragon 10 had made a total hash of the last piece of dictation. {Is it intended to be another warning, another pointer to computer errors on aircraft?} The time on my computer was 4.06pm. As I looked it changed to 4.07pm. It was flight EK407 that had a 'near death experience' leaving Melbourne on 20th March 2009, 3-20 in American dating.) Incidentally most of Knowing was filmed around Melbourne and I flew to Frankfurt on an A340, via Melbourne, in October 2007 on EK407. My fare was \$2297.

So it all began with an Airbus, 21 years ago today and appears to be finishing with many Airbuses, from Alpha to Omega, as the Apocalypse codes gather pace towards the final end, not unlike the one in Knowing, at least quantitatively. Jenny is now dead and I suspect I haven't got that long.

Unfortunately Jenny's illness has been intricately connected with so many signs over the past two years, in particular around the sham of an inquest into Princess Diana's death, for which read murder, the Perpignan air disaster and the Airbus crash in New York. Her death was linked with the crash of Air France 447, and very much connected with the loss of Yemenia Flight 626, as well some curious

events in a Spiritualist church service in South Auckland on 28th June. It saddens me deeply that Jenny had to suffer and die, because not one of you is worth it, but it seems to be part of God's plan, part of our destiny, part of God's final proof to mankind. Yes it's all about Knowing. And God does know. He chooses to reveal as much as suits His purpose. Few in this world care whether God is real. But you all will, in His time. These connections in death will be described in our book *Going West*, the seventh and final part of our series *Fragments of an Outer Mind*, insh'allah.

The Final Message on the Buses

Yes, the Airbus crashes have a strong message for the world. That message is that God does exist, that there is Judgement on death. See Perpignan and Destiny and Miracle on the Hudson. There is life after death, but only if you're worth it. If you're not, then hell will be very real indeed. See *Hell is Real*. I very much doubt that the word 'life' applies to those who fail the Judgement. Existence is more accurate.

But then doctors talk so much about saving lives with their slash and burn techniques for fighting cancer. What they never tell you is that these treatments might actually hasten your death, or that the words 'prolonging your existence' in this world is perhaps more accurate than 'saving your life'. But the latter sounds so much better. Oh yes they give you hope, transiently. But for how many people does that hope turn out to be false? Doubtless their statistics are impressive. But would you trust statistics on the dangers of smoking produced by the tobacco industry? 14/06/2009 4:09:51 p.m. 2826w edited now 5945w (946 is close)

A young vocal atheist noticed an advertisement for a Christian website on a London bus in the autumn of 2008. So, she decided to look up the website and was affronted by the not-surprising claim that those who have not accepted the sacrifice of Jesus are doomed to spend eternity in hell. Quite why this bothered her so much I cannot understand, because I've heard the same message I don't know how many times over the past 25 years from Christian fundamentalists and it doesn't bother me one iota. Perhaps it's an indication of her own insecurity. I know that that message is completely wrong. But her web-surfing, caused Ariana Sherine to write an article, which the Guardian kindly published for her in October 2008. It was no surprise that the Guardian helped because left-wingers are rarely noted for any kind of religious belief. In the article, she asked for supporters to contribute to a campaign to promote atheism on London's buses. The money absolutely rolled in, £140,000 over a few weeks. So, on 6th January 2009 she and Richard Dawkins took great delight in opening their campaign beside a red London double-decker adorned with the slogan GOD PROBABLY DOESN'T EXIST. NOW STOP WORRYING AND ENJOY YOUR LIFE. The same sign went out on eight hundred other buses across Britain.

Now it is as though God is replying to the arrogant self-satisfied atheists. It is if He is saying:

"That's fine with Me. You chose signs on buses, so signs on buses it is. I'll take Airbuses, the things that pollute the heavens. I'll give you the signs that I do exist and although most of you fondly imagine that on death, you will go to heaven, the truth is very different. Understand very clearly the message on the Airbuses. My signs are all different. Unlike yours, Mine are not boringly repetitive. Your

campaign cost £140,000, the four Airbuses so far cost around £236 Million (229+7).

Where is your proof that I don't exist? Does it depend on the corruption to be found in churches, mosques, synagogues and temples, or is it to be found in the many so-called ways to Me? Or does it depend on the stupidity, gullibility or arrogance of men? For none of these has any bearing whatsoever on whether I exist, whether I am real.

Explain all of these coincidences if you can. If you can accept it is all chance, you are even bigger fools than I took you for. Weigh the evidence; choose on the balance of probability. Then I will choose on the Balance of Eternity. It is your choice for today, but Mine for tomorrow. And remember that I alone know when that tomorrow will come for you.

And I really would start worrying if I were you. But by all means trust their message on the buses if you prefer. After all it is designed to make you feel better. But the question is whether it is the messages on London's buses, Manchester's buses, Oxford's buses and Brighton's buses which is true or whether it is the message on the Airbuses which is true.

It is all about Knowing. So, now, it is over to you. You decide, if only for now."

14/06/2009 4:30:37 p.m. 3208w very appropriate. (Edited 6205w 3/07/2009 4:43:54 p.m.)

All Black for Man

There is one curious little twist in destiny, well there are lots really, but there is a very topical one today, given the latest All Black disaster last night. On the night before the Air New Zealand Airbus A320 crashed off Perpignan, Dan Carter, the All Black famous for his underpants adverts, arrived in Perpignan, to play for the local French Rugby team. It really was a case of All Black in Perpignan for the next seven weeks when the Air New Zealand people arrived, until they finally brought the bodies of the Air New Zealand Airbus crew home on 21st January 2009. All Black is the colour of New Zealand. It is the colour of patriotism here, but the colour associated with death for the rest of the world, apart from the go-getting business world. But perhaps that's just death in another form.

And now in another code repeat, the French rugby test team arrives in New Zealand just as the news breaks of the loss of the French Airbus A330 in the Atlantic. Last night the first test at Carisbrooke, and the all Blacks went down to France 22-27, a code on the collector of the Large Hadron Collider, but that's a whole new avenue linking to inspiration in Angels and Demons and the scientist led to prove the existence of God through antimatter.

14/06/2009 4:42:05 p.m. 3386w

Final Edit completed 3/07/2009 4:47:42 p.m. How appropriate Pointing to Code 742 The End, via the Six o Clock Bus and Pan Am 103. 3/07/2009 4:49:34 p.m. (6251w).

Post script

It was on 30th June that I tried to make background images for both the Angels and Demons page and this Knowing page (as I dictate this, my eye is drawn to the

time at the bottom of the computer screen. It is 6.26pm 7/3/9). I began with a poster from Angels and Demons and tried to convert it to a washed-out watermark background. But it didn't work because the picture was too dark and the text ended up hard to read. So instead, I converted the poster to being merely a column repeat on the right-hand side. The Knowing posters were even worse, even darker. So right from the start I settled for a side column. But the idea came to me to use two different posters, and then to carry the column down by include the tumbling numbers that fall from the bottom of the Earth. Gradually I zoomed in to the numbers. I was quite astonished when I found which numbers were emphasised in the cascade. it was not just the original script writer who had been inspired. Even the artist who had produced that original image must have been inspired. Look closely and you will see what I mean. There is even a wrecked white fuselage with the blue lettering, just like Pan Am 103. And just as with the Airbuses, only the tail is left as a reminder of the aircraft that once was. I finished this at about 3.30pm. Two and a half hours later I saw on the Six O' Clock TV3 news of the fourth Airbus crash of the Comoros Islands, this time an A310. That explained the repeat prophetic signs that had been given to me in Papakura on Monday afternoon, 29th June.

9. Life After Death & Airbus No.4

Item sent for publication in Cornerstone.

I had been most disappointed with the TV1 Close-Up television item on Spiritualism broadcast on 18th June. It was very much an example of shonky journalism. I am a scientist who has studied the paranormal for 25 years, especially Spiritualism. Originally the producer, Chris Lynch wanted me to be involved with this programme, to critically appraise the Spiritualists, but he changed his mind when later I said things he didn't want to hear. His interest in Spiritualism had been awakened on a website and this led to his project. From his cursory investigation of a dozen spiritualist churches in Wellington, Christchurch and Auckland over a few months, Lynch concluded that it is all fraud. He had difficulty finding mediums willing to take part in his programme and looking at the programme it's not hard to see why. Other mediums have had bad experiences with television in the past. These programmes always seem to come out the same.

Ken Pretty was the person Lynch chose to represent Spiritualism but the real truth lies in between the atheism of Lynch and showmanship of Pretty. The question is whether either have any real interest in truth. Ken Pretty hates me making notes, writing down what is said in services and he told me this quite angrily during the service filmed by Close-Up on 14th June. But afterwards, he insisted that the heated exchange was edited out of the TV footage. It suited Lynch too, because he didn't want to hear what I had to say either.

Ken Pretty likes to make it all fun and he's not the only one who has this distorted view of Spiritualism. Judy Kerr Brown and her little groups, go round the churches for evenings of spirit communication. Under the title 'Inspired Wings' they invite you to a 'fun night'. It's all about getting the punters in and at \$20 a head, it's not exactly cheap. I went to one performance in Papakura on 1st May. There was another performance in Howick on 27th June. The Air New Zealand pilot who died on the A320 Airbus at Perpignan, last November, also came from Howick. I doubt his wife sees his death as a joke, an opportunity for an evening of fun. And I am only too well aware, personally, of the fact that death is no joke, not an opportunity for an evening filled with fun and laughter. Real communication from the spirits of the dead is never about fun. When the real spirits of the dead communicate, it is to give us meaningful messages, to tell us about themselves now, or to tell us about ourselves or sometimes to tell us about God. Death is not about fun. Death is about truth.

Their approach is offensive and deeply hurtful. 'THERE IS NO DEATH', is the big sign on the wall at the Spiritualist Alliance and in various other churches. It is an easy slogan and a deeply offensive lie. Tell that to anyone who has touched the cold body of someone they cared about, someone who cared about them. Death is real all right but so is life after death. And Spiritualism can on rare occasions produce convincing evidence of that. Unfortunately this is not the norm, rather the exception. Generally speaking, the spiritualists have lost the plot.

Yes, in many ways Lynch's conclusions are spot on. Most Spiritualist churches are appallingly bad adverts for Spiritualism being anything but a sham. They have been taken over by the New Agers with a vengeance. Most have these awful 'love' pop songs in their purple folders, supposedly so symbolic of 'spirituality'. How does singing slushy, American, love songs, in sing-along to a tape recorder, enhance spirit communication in any shape or form? 'Raising the vibrations' is what the con merchants will tell you. What nonsense ! 'Moving with the times to

attract the youth' is a more honest answer several church leaders have given me. Unfortunately the Christians have gone down exactly the same drain.

Everywhere in the Spiritualist churches, the New Age mantras of reincarnation, past lives, planning your blueprint for your next incarnation, etc are trotted out as though they are facts. They have absolutely nothing to do with real Spiritualism. These are Eastern doctrines, once popular with hippies, that have been imported wholesale into the mainstream. The real Spiritualists have allowed the New Agers to take them over, with their comfortable false doctrines and dogmas almost worthy of Catholicism. It is perhaps noteworthy that the Catholics teach that the Spiritualists do the work of the devil. Once again the real truth lies somewhere in the middle.

I have discovered much in Spiritualism from my twenty five years research. A lot of it is a con, not necessarily by the medium, sometimes on the medium. Many mediums are confused and do not understand the links they are being given or the symbolism involved. Nor do the recipients of the messages understand the processes either. The best that can be said is that probably the majority of mediums are well-meaning but the majority are also not very competent. And they do not appear to connect to the real spirits of the dead very often. There is a lot of delusion, and also with some, far too much ego.

Yet, over the course of a quarter of a century, I have been enabled to gather powerful evidence that the spirits of the dead can on occasion link to us, spontaneously, not on demand for conveniently timed church services or cosy lucrative theatre performances or even more lucrative workshops. And these genuine communications can be externally authenticated, often in very thought provoking ways. They are intended to make us think, those of us who still can, that is.

Even in Spiritualist churches sometimes, some mediums do give uncannily accurate information. But it is telling that the messages are so often trite and trivial. How often do you hear the message given as 'lots of love from spirit'. In other words there isn't a message at all. The triviality of the messages apparently convinces Ken Pretty that the connections are genuine, at least so he said in his Close-Up interview. Have the spirits of the dead no more wisdom to convey, nothing better to do with their time than give vague messages that there might be a holiday on the horizon or their might be something coming in the post? And then of course there's the old chestnut 'Everything will work out okay. So, don't worry about it.'

And too many women in particular imagine that a medium can tell them the future, can give them reliable guidance in the things that matter in their lives. The truth is that there are things that can give them guidance in their lives, things that can speak directly to them, not just through intuition, either. There are little signs and pointers all round in everyday life, but the trick is learning to read them. There is something real beyond the material world, a real Source of intelligence that can guide you, if you're worth it.

Is it really just chance that on the very day that I spoke at length to Chris Lynch, strange coincidences predicted to me a coming Airbus crash, just as they had before the Lockerbie air disaster in December 1988 and the Air New Zealand Airbus A320 crash at Perpignan in November 2008. I mentioned to him the

strange elements of prophecy in our experiences before those two disasters, during our phone conversation on 27th May.

Early in May, One Radio NZ producer had told me that I sounded like Nick Cage's character in his latest film. He meant *Knowing*, although he couldn't remember its title. And in many ways he was spot on. The only difference is that my work is not fiction. In the film Nick Cage's character Professor Koestler cracks the disaster code by noticing the number sequence 91101 and realising that it is a reference to the attack on the World Trade Centre, which brought down the Twin Towers. And, exactly as in the film, the Twin Towers, the IRD offices in Manukau city, were at the centre of some strange coincidences on 27th May, the day I spoke to Chris Lynch. Those 'coincidences' showed me that a plane crash was due. It had to be an Airbus. On 31st May an Air France Airbus A330, crashed in the Atlantic, proving my code was right, just as in *Knowing*, a plane crash proves Professor Koestler's code cracking is correct. I tried to explain a little of this to Chris Lynch, but he didn't want to know. It didn't fit with his belief system that 'it's all rubbish.'

In a conversation after the crash of Air France Flight 447, when I pointed out to him the latest pattern repeat in prophecy, Lynch totally lost interest in talking to me. He had been keen to have me in for an interview because I am a scientist and I had crossed swords with Ken Pretty in the past. But it is too easy to take Lynch's line. It's the skeptics line, although initially he didn't admit that. He posed as an open-minded investigator. However, I was a conundrum. As a scientist, I was very critical of a lot of what the Spiritualists say and do, but at the same time I refused to dismiss it all as rubbish. Even worse I come up with things that are impossible for a 'rationalist' to explain. He didn't want to get involved with evidence that suggests that the skeptics might be wrong, that there is a reality beyond the grubby, selfish, materialist world of the skeptic. Lynch is definitely wrong in concluding that Spiritualism is all a fraud. There is something there, even if not always what the Spiritualists claim it to be. Let the Skeptics explain my 'coincidences'. Chance is not an explanation that should satisfy a really rational mind. The odds against chance are astronomical. But the alternatives are altogether too disturbing for very many people.

There is a lot here to make people wonder. Lynch finally admitted that he had replaced me on the programme with a psychologist, to put across the scientific viewpoint. What did it matter that psychology is not a real science and psychologists always have a vested interest in pretending that 'It's all in the mind'. It is their belief system. They are such experts on the mind and always remarkable for their vast experience of the paranormal. But it was just the arch skeptic Vicki Hyde who was trotted out, in another guise, as the psychologist. And in Close-Up the discussion was just the usual sterile exchange between her and Pretty. "There is no proof of life after death - Yes there is - No there isn't - Prove it - I do every day - It's not under our controlled conditions " etc etc etc. It was a lost opportunity to make people really wonder.

There is powerful evidence that Something, some Source of intelligence chooses to orchestrate meaningful coincidence to authenticate communication from the spirits of the dead. I have had some very interesting evidence in that regard in the last few weeks in several Spiritualist demonstrations. I prefer to call that source God, and I don't mean Jesus. Unfortunately few Spiritualists are interested in the broader picture. Very few question anything. But why should they be any different from other believers? Few Christians really question and even fewer Muslims question. The real truth would appear to lie somewhere in the middle between

these three religions. And it is real Spiritualism that has helped me to arrive at that truth.

Dr Brian Cocksey

01/07/2009 14:29:27

Edited 01/07/2009 15:32:55

Final Edit 01/07/2009 15:57:53

10. The Cassandra Prophecies

Update March 2005

Now the Sumatra Tidal Wave can be added to this list. It compares Dan Brown's clever but fictional story, about the survival of Mary Magdalen's body and the fictional codes which are the basis of a Quest, with our real Quest to prove that real Codes are being used by God now to warn mankind of His existence. Part of that proof lies in the survival of Mary Magdalen, not as some decayed bones in a sarcophagus, but her still living spirit. The Boxing Day tidal wave was linked strongly into Mary's warning for a world that exhibits nothing but contempt for God.

Update September 2005.

The next instalment was Hurricane Katrina, on cue in the 229th year of America's existence, week 7. This is Code 2297, as in The Seventh Sign. The signs and coincidences gave me this disaster in the week beginning 26th June 2005. I was in England at the time. They even included 'Browney' and 'Atlantis Removals'

Update July 2006

Major developments in events have occurred over the past fifteen months. Many of these relate in a curious way to Dan Brown's two 'symbolologist' novels. Now not only is The Da Vinci Code significant in terms of cross-connections, so is Angels and Demons, perhaps more so. His novels appear to serve a deeper purpose.

Update December 2006

Still the evidence continues to flood in. Our research looked further into the question of inspiration, inspiration from God, and presents evidence of coherent design linking four key events which were presented individually. These events are the Lockerbie air disaster of 1988, the Mecca tunnel disaster of 1990, the World Trade Centre attack of 2001, and the Columbia Space Shuttle disaster of 2003. It was early in September 2006, a powerful series of coincidences showed me, without a shadow of a doubt, that 911 World Trade Centre attack was a 'Hammer of God' for America. In the weeks and months that followed the attack, the Americans 'chose unwisely'.

There is powerful evidence of both design and destiny to be found in these four 'disaster jigsaws', all of which were 'shown to us' in different ways before they happened, between 19 days and 9 years in advance of time. A new book, Fragments of an Outer Mind Vol 1 The Diagrams of Truth gives further more detailed evidence. These later events merely serve to illustrate the truth of what I said on this site long ago. More evidence of my interpretation of the Sumatra tidal wave came today, 28th December, 2006. Rather appropriately, it marked the second anniversary.

Update June 2007

Richard Dawkins is an Oxford scientist who claims that there is no God. He makes his claims without proof, because it is almost impossible to prove a negative. By detailing stupidities and corruption in religions, he implies this constitutes proof that there is no God. But it demonstrates only the corruption, stupidity and ignorance of man. It does not demonstrate the absence of God. In contrast I am an Oxford scientist who has reached a diametrically opposed viewpoint to

Dawkins. I have come to my conclusions through the methods of science. I have been led to conduct what amounts to a Great Experiment over 22.9 years.

I have proved conclusively, on the balance of probability, that there must be a God, and that there must be life after death.....There can be no other possible explanation to account for the depth and precision of our experiences in both space and time. Our experiences have been designed, but not by us. And what is more the last two months, June and July 2007, have thrown up fascinating links back to Oxford. It is as though God is mocking Dawkins. Incidentally, my Experiment will have lasted precisely 22.900 years on 11th September, 2007, the 6th Anniversary of 9/11. But I didn't choose the date my experiment began. It was years before I even realised that it was in progress. But now I see the pattern so clearly. That is why I have been led to produce another book. That book Fragments of an Outer Mind Vol 3 Kismet and the Keys to Space and Time. It summarises much of the Great Experiment, It relates to strange destiny elements going back over 40 years in my own life, but at the same time cross-connecting to the Kings of England and the Princes of Wales over seven hundred years. It explains why Prince Charles has but one choice left. Both of his options are bleak. But he has brought himself to this point. See Lines of Kings

For more on Coincidence relating to Dawkins see Dawkins' God Delusion For more on science and God and the Great Experiment see The Scientist and God And there was a most significant Oxford connection in the July floods

Update July 2007

When I went to England in June 2005, I went because of the signs and because of the Voice. But it is now clear that I went at precisely the time intended, for I although I was following a trail which I thought was relating just to the Princes of Wales, I was given signs of Hurricane and flood to come. Katrina duly came two months later. It took almost exactly two years for the floods to come in July 2007, to the very places in England that in June 2005 had given me the prophecy of the floods of Hurricane Katrina of August 2005. Both disasters are part, but only part, of the Justice for America and for Britain for what they have done to Iraq, in what they imagined were their own selfish best interests. The English floods of Summer 2007 have a very clear message. See Justice in the Flood. But those prophecy codes surrounded me only because I was following the destiny trail of the Princes of Wales and the Kings of England. See Lines of Kings.

Update 2008 For the latest on the Burma Cyclone Nardis and China Szechuan Earthquake and all the other Apocalypse codes over the past nine months see The End Times Herald 2008 Update 22nd June 2008

Update 2009 And now comes the explanation behind the strange coincidences of all the Airbus crashes over the past eight months. They are intended to demonstrate to us that there is a destiny, that God knows the future precisely. It is also part of the final proof that God does exist. Are the Airbus crashes God's reply to the uninspired advertisements the atheists put on Britain's buses earlier this year. There is much evidence that they are. Dawkins is simply wrong. And I really would worry if I were you Ariana.

The first two Airbus crashes at Perpignan and on the Hudson in New York are part of a composite message that on death all are judged. This serves to reinforce and confirm the message that was given to us through the spirit of Mary Magdalen in 1986. The Australian Bushfires were to remind us that Hell is real. And there is so

much more evidence of God's inspiration in the strange connections between the prophecy of the loss of Air France 447 and the belated opening of the film Knowing in New Zealand. Oh yes there is a lot to wonder about on our new site. It may well be our last. See The Airbus Codes 5.07pm 6th August 2009.

Update 2010 The Alpha and Omega codes have predicted and/or cross-referenced a number of significant world events during 2010. In many of these events there has been a strong emphasis on the codes for the forthcoming End Of The World. Some of these events are intricately cross connected, to each other and to earlier events which had been significant in the Alpha and Omega codes. It is as though these events have been chosen to convey powerful messages for those who choose to understand the code which God has taught me to read over the past 22 years.

The principal events from 2010 were :

The Haiti earthquake, the drowning of Daniel Lado off Piha beach, the eruption of the Icelandic volcano Eyjafjallajokull, the explosion of the BP oil rig in the Gulf of Mexico, the crash of the 5th and 6th Airbuses -Libyan and Pakistani, the Chilean mine collapse, the Christchurch earthquake in New Zealand, my discovery of inspiration in Dan Brown's latest novel The Lost Symbol, the engagement of Prince William to Kate Middleton, the Pike River mine disaster in New Zealand, very much an End Times event and specifically marked out as such. Finally, there was the attack on the car carrying Prince Charles and Camilla in Regent St, just before Christmas. NB Tonight at 6pm, my house power meter read 10507 kWh, thus providing yet more evidence that I am right. It is not chance that 507 at 6.00 on a 229 day Worlds End/Armageddon/ Apocalypse in both space and time. 11.11pm 12.29.10

Note that the Alpha and Omega codes are not simple Bible-derived codes as calculated by others who claim as did Miller, for instance in 1844, that the End would come that October. There have been many others over the centuries. (There was yet another failure on 21st May 2011, significant for other reasons-ironically to do with Knowing. The problem was Howard Camping didn't. His whole thesis is wrong, but Salvation is always a good sales pitch for bringing in the \$\$\$\$\$. And his 'New Improved' date of 21st October will be important for one thing only: It will be the anniversary of Trafalgar Day still celebrated in Portsmouth by men of the Royal Navy) The Alpha and Omega Codes are continually up-dated in real time. I do not have time to write up more than a tiny fraction of the proof that pours in. Never a day passes without more external proof of my Source of Inspiration, the Source that will bring the End for man. On New Years' day 2011, the countdown moved to just a little over four years left. After Easter 2011, it will be down to just Three Easters left for man upon the Earth.

Update February 2011

On the morning of 22nd February 2011, mainly thanks to my new friend Eric's causing me to investigate and reduce my power consumption, my power meter read 11507 kWh. 507 is the code for World's End. It has been since 1990. At lunchtime Eric came with the proof that I had been right about his water meter. After five weeks 'investigation' by United Water, he had finally been told that morning, by his landlord, that he would get a refund of \$2370, an overcharge over five years. United Water had refused to discuss the matter at all with Eric and were in no hurry to resolve the matter, despite the large sum of money involved.

Eric just paid the bills sent directly to him by United Water - the wrong bills it turned out- that's privatisation for you- or is it spoof privacy? So, once again, I had been proved right in my former professional field of water and wastewater treatment and disposal. Did the cheque have to come that morning to emphasise that I was also right in my current field of expertise, parapsychics? Eric brought the cheque to show me. But is it chance that the car in front of me at Alpha St on Marne Road in Papakura had the number plate RAERIC on the afternoon of 18th November, 2010. It was part of the proof that I can trust the Voice, the Source, God or as Akhenaten called Him, Ra.

But I could not trust Jan. However, God used her according to His purposes to bring me the pieces of the Cassandra Jigsaw puzzle for Pike River on 12th November, seven days in advance and for the second Christchurch earthquake on 2nd February, 2011, three weeks before the really disastrous quake struck. 19th November, the day after my RAERIC observation, brought the Pike River mine disaster and Diana's spirit warning that Kate is the wrong Queen for William. However, I did not meet Eric until 28th November 2010, and then only through Jan and with a curious link to Tutankhamun.

At lunchtime on 22nd February, Eric also showed me the water meter readings he had taken at my suggestion...to identify why his bills were so high. 13th Jan 2010 - 1249m³ 15th January - 1250 m³... I photographed his record sheet. The camera time on that photo is 13:05:07pm. It runs on Ra's time, ahead of Man's. The earthquake came about 90 seconds later at 12:51pm NZST. So was it another case of RA ERIC? It's something else for TV3's 'current affairs' whizz kid John Campbell to dismiss as odious, something else he cannot even begin to comprehend. And then on 9th March, came more evidence that Kate is wrong....For more on all of this see No More Earthquakes for Christchurch. But there had to be two, the second more significant than the first....

Update March 2011

And now Japan truly apocalyptic indeed. I had only just published No More Earthquakes for Christchurch explaining that now the message of the Second Coming had been conveyed through Christchurch, the focus of the Alpha and Omega codes would shift elsewhere. Almost immediately God proved my words to be true with a vengeance.... or were they His words anyway that had come to me? After all the Voice had been most insistent that I had to publish that Christchurch web page that particular day. Within an hour of my publishing it, a colossal earthquake, magnitude 9.0, struck off North East Japan, producing in turn the devastating tsunami which killed almost 30,000 people. That disaster suddenly explained for me all the signs God had chosen to give me so strongly over the course of that week between 7th and 11th March. They were all the pieces of this latest Cassandra jigsaw puzzle. And more signs, more pieces came in the week afterwards leaving no doubt at all that this was indeed the Hand of God, the Hammer of God for Japan. The question is who is next? Read more about Japan in The End Times Herald and how it is further confirmation of the Second Coming.....Updated 4.01pm 3rd May 2011 . Code 503 - The Diagrams of Truth indeed

11. Actors on a Stage... Piha and Pike River

A Tale of Two Daniels - 25th November, 2010

1. Truth in Disaster

The majority of people have the emotional age of children. That is clearly the view of the authorities and it may well be true. The West Coast mine disaster has put it all into crystal clear perspective. From almost the very start, certainly from when the two survivors emerged, the mining experts knew that there wasn't a hope in hell for the men trapped in the mine. The fact that that first explosion created a blast which lasted 52 seconds 2.5 km from its epicentre spoke volumes, as did the initial suppression of the video evidence.

The 29 men had been at the seat of the explosion. It was their working that somehow had led to an unlikely impact. Something caused the spark which became the ignition source in the explosive mixture of methane and air in which the men were working. It had to be unlikely because the blast hadn't happened before, despite the potentially dangerous conditions. Or was it just another unfortunate train of events, the type that lead to most major disasters?. Apparently it was widely known that the methane gas levels in the mine were much higher than anyone had originally expected. It is now reported that many thought a disaster was inevitable in time. But then the wisdom of hindsight is easy. The question is were they all unknowingly dicing with death all along?

Now the NZ police say they have to be '100% safe' before anyone can go into the mine in a rescue attempt. They claim to be still in rescue mode, but it's just a facade. When I first read of the police attitude, I was reminded of the cowardly police at Manurewa, not that long ago. It is all protocols and procedures. The police not only refused to go to the assistance of a shop-keeper who had been shot in a liquor store robbery, but they also refused to let the ambulance crew go in either. Various people told them the gunmen had fled, but there was no proof. They had to be 100% sure. The man was dead before the paramedics were allowed in.

At first when I read of Pike River, I wondered if it was a repeat of the brave blue line at Manurewa. But I've come to see that this time the police are not being cowardly, just dishonest. They know there is not a hope in hell anyone is alive in that mine but they dare not say it for fear of upsetting people. The relatives have to be allowed to come to terms with the possibility of death gradually.

The first person I read about who was quoted as saying he believed the 29 miners were all already dead, was pictured standing beside an obelisk, the memorial to the West Coast mining disaster of 1896. I thought how curious it is that that is the symbol for Ra, the oldest God in human history, from the banks of the Nile, over 4000 years ago. Of course this was not realised by those who erected it, any more than it is recognised by the people who erected the many obelisk war memorials that dot New Zealand. The architects chose obelisks because they are supposedly 'non-religious'. The obelisk is not Christian, nor is it Jewish and it doesn't offend the atheists either. It doesn't even offend Muslims but that didn't matter much in New Zealand until recent times. What an irony, especially given the fact that Dan Brown's latest 'symbolologist' bestseller, *The Lost Symbol*, revolves around an obelisk, the Washington Monument, and the hieroglyph for Ra ...is the lost symbol..... How little people really understand.

Back to false hope ...When much larger numbers of people are lost in air disasters, sometimes the authorities try to play a hope game for a little while. "It's feared there are no survivors ..." This was Air France 447 lost in mid Atlantic in June 2009. It was obvious from the very beginning there couldn't be any survivors, especially as they couldn't even find the plane, lost in the Ocean's depths.

With the Tripoli and Islamabad Airbus crashes there was less room for official hopefulness. The scattered aircraft wreckage was only too visible. One boy survived in Tripoli, no one in Islamabad.

Now on the west coast of New Zealand we have the 'hoping for a miracle' and 'being 100% sure it's safe'. The police would have got more respect if they had told the truth. There is almost no chance that anyone has survived. First there was the blast, 1200- 1500°C in a confined space, a combustion process that would have used up all the oxygen near the centre of the blast. Incomplete combustion would have given high concentrations of carbon monoxide in areas further from the core of the explosion. So even if anybody had survived the initial blast, possibly shielded by rock, for instance, they would not long survive the residual carbon monoxide.

The mine is a death trap. We know methane levels are very high now that the ventilation system has been destroyed. The police should have just told the truth "We cannot risk more lives by sending men in just to recover bodies. We do not know the conditions in the mine, but we're fairly sure they are bad." Harshly it may be, but better honesty than crap about 100% safety. At least the Anglican priest did give a hint about the possibility of deaths. They all pray for a miracle. It's the only time most people ever think of God, when there are no alternatives. Technology has failed. We'll just have to try God. When suddenly the possibility of death looms large, it's over to God. Don't they say that you never find an atheist on the battlefield?

2. Official Hypocrisy

And the biggest hypocrite of all is the atheist Jew Prime Minister. In the New Zealand Herald for 22nd November, he is reported as saying "I just pray to God that they are live. We just pray that they have secured an oxygen source." Praying to God ... That really is rich for an atheist Prime Minister. Has John Key ever mentioned God since the day he was elected? I don't think God fits his market forces mantra. So why bring God in now? Is it because Key has run out of alternatives and it is now a good look to turn to prayer? This is the man who chose to affirm his Oath of office when he became Prime Minister in 2008. There was no swearing his Oath of Allegiance to his Sovereign on whatever holy book he holds sacred. It certainly isn't the Bible and it doesn't seem as though it's the Torah. Perhaps it's the Money Traders' Handbook but to swear the Oath on that would have looked bad. Better follow in St Helen's footsteps and almost all the rest of her Cabinet and merely affirm the Oath. The swearing in of both the Key and Clarke Cabinets was an accurate indication of how Godlesszone, the New Zealand of today, is led by godless men and women.

3. Signs and Codes

Incidentally, the Christchurch earthquake, where Key was very quickly on the scene, showing his caring side, was woven through by signs that it was God's warning for New Zealand in these End Times. Funny there was a gas explosion in Worcester Street just when Key appeared. It's curious how that Hammer of God

for New Zealand came 666 days after Obama was elected president of the United States, 662 days after Key's election. And Key is cosyng up far more to Obama and the rest of the Yanks than his predecessors have done for decades. Hillary Clinton came on 4th November, a significant date....steps to the tomb, all right. The messages in the Christchurch earthquake are discussed elsewhere.[1] The many strange coincidences provide such clear evidence of destiny, intelligent design and the coming End of the World. At least in the Christchurch earthquake, no one died. There was just extensive damage to property, just more hands in the government's pockets, but then John Key had been so keen only days earlier to throw money at South Canterbury Finance. Clearly some important people needed to be protected, New Zealand style.

I really puzzled about the West Coast mine disaster. It's the worst New Zealand accident since my first arrival here in 1994. There had to be something important about this disaster, some deep and significant message. The signs are all around that we live in the End Times for mankind upon this earth, so there had to be some connections at Pike River. Code 946, Hammer of God, had been so prominent in the weeks before the Christchurch earthquake. Code 946 had already had two alternative representations over the past four years. The second had given the truth about 9-11 and the fall of the Twin Towers. Now came the third. I realised that when I read that one eyewitness described the results of the earthquake "as if the city had been struck by a giant hammer". It had been The Hammer of God. Thats exactly what the Alpha and Omega codes had warned of so strongly in mid-August 2010.

The earthquake came on a fault line which had not moved 16,000 years when it did move, it was on precisely the correct day. How is that for precision? - one day in 16,000 years, the hand of God? I had visited Christchurch quite recently in January 2010, for the first time in 15 years. My only other visit had been in April 1995, during the weekend of the Cave Creek disaster. That had been in the same range of mountains as the Pike River mine.

The Voice had been quite definitive on the 1st January 2010. I had to go to Christchurch. So I flew down on the 2nd and returned on the 4th. Incidentally, I stayed with an Anglican priest who was interested in spiritualism and meaningful coincidence, a man with whom I communicated for nine years but never met. It was as though it had all been planned, but not by me. After the earthquake happened, I was able to see how all the many strange signs and coincidences during that visit fitted together, prophecy, destiny, incredibly precise design and the signs of the End of the World. But above all, there was an emphasis on God's Justice, very different from mans'.

But I still I struggled to see the connections with the West Coast mine disaster. Then suddenly as I write this article, I had a flash of revelation. Suddenly it all became crystal clear.

4. Actors on a Stage - Destiny and the first Daniel

The seven days before the mining disaster had seen the climax of my experiences over the previous eleven months, the coming together of so many elements of my research stop. The signs and numbers had proved conclusively that I could not trust Jan, an African woman, from Tanzania, who claimed to be half Egyptian. She considered truth to be her flexible friend. I had come to see that she lied as naturally as breathing. She used me for a while to get money under false

pretences, but it's now clear that it was God's will that she should use me because at the same time He was using her. The feeling of our being actors on a stage became ever stronger. She proved her soul was worth little more the price of an air ticket to Tanzania, some travelling expenses and a camera. It's not much of a bargain as far as I can see. I think of it as her fee as an actress, because Jan was very much the actress.

Nonetheless, unbeknown to her, she proved to me that on several occasions she was doing exactly what God wanted, even though most of the rest of the time she was doing exactly what she wanted. It wasn't when she was fleecing me, but when she did various other things which she didn't really even understand. But I did. She was always associated with code 946 from the very beginning on 18th December 2009. And in her I can see a personification of much of mankind. Jan will do anything to get what she wants. And that is why the final Hammer of God is going to come for all mankind in less than five years' time. I can see clearly now that God uses us according to His purposes but according to our natures. He does not cause us to do things against our natures. After all we are judged according to what we have done in our lives.

One of Jan's most important functions was for her to lead me to another 'key' player in the drama, an Egyptian woman, born in Aswan. I'll call her Jasmine, as the newspapers never named her after her son Daniel Lado was drowned off Piha, the West Auckland beach, on Palm Sunday, 2010. Daniel's death echoed Jenny's death almost exactly a year earlier. In both cases there was no miracle at Easter, as if purposely reiterating the message that there was no miracle the first Easter either, exactly as the spirit of Mary Magdalen had been sent to tell Jenny and me way back in April 1986.

Daniel's death provided powerful evidence of destiny just as had Princess Diana's death in 1997. Daniel's death was a significant element in my proof that we live in the Latter Days and that God measures our span with uncanny precision. Between December 2009 and November 2010 I had many curious experiences with Jan. She was a Muslim woman who could spout prayers ad nauseam whilst lying through her teeth. It was all rasul Mohammed.... Ibrahim.... La illa li Allah...It wasn't an entirely new experience of the Muslim world. I'd seen it too often in Egypt, but there it was always men playing the hypocrite. The women were kept away from shops and foreigners. White visitors, called 'Europe people' by some Egyptians, were rich and just waiting to be separated from their money. I visited Egypt 6 times between 1986 and 1993. I was interested in Ancient Egypt but very disappointed by the modern Egyptians. I don't know how many times I came back from Egypt sainted Jenny "Somehow I doubt there's a word for truth in Arabic. The concept appears alien to them". They would say anything to get you to buy what they were selling. The price was always flexible. They would start with a large multiple of what they really wanted. There was no concept of fairness, only trickery. It was exactly what my father and his mates had found with the 8th Army in Cairo in 1940. It's funny I grew up in Manchester in the 1950s with the phrase 'thieving Arab'. Some things don't seem to change.

Over the months I was shown time and time again that Jan lied. But time and time again God used her for His purposes, to provide me with evidence for my research, to convey messages to me on different topics. After all, prior to Jan, I had had little direct experience of congenital liars. Doubtless, she was all part of my general education. Time and again I tried to help her, but always the cheat let me down. She was such clear proof that forgiveness is a waste of time. Forgive someone and they just do it again. But then that's what she believes about Allah,

the conveniently all-merciful who forgives everything again and again and again. It appears to be the Muslim version of the Roman Catholic confessional. "Go forth and sin no more" - but there are always back the next Sunday.

However, it was only because of Jan ringing me on the 27th August [2] to tell me about Daniel's inquest, that I found out the inquest had taken place. There was never any report of Daniel's inquest in the New Zealand Herald. So on 27th August, I requested the inquest findings from the Clerk to the Coroners court. The judge's findings arrived in my letter box on Saturday 4th September, the very day the Judge's findings were made known in Christchurch, New Zealand, the Godless land where the voice of God is silent. Incidentally the coroner for Daniel's inquest was Neil McLean, New Zealand's Chief Coroner who is now to officiate at the Pike River mine disaster inquest.

5. Truth and Omens

Is it just chance that the End Times sequences of my relationship with Jan began on the 12th November. She visited me a couple of times in October and then on 1st November. I didn't particularly want her to come. I had had more than enough of her lies. Yet on 5th October she brought the full report on Daniel's inquest and on the 12th November she was caused to bring a book to show me. It was a memorial book made for Daniel by children at his school. She actually said to me "It's important for your work". And it was, much more so than either she or I realised at the time. The irony is that the motto of the school is Veritas, which those few of us left who know any Latin will realise means Truth. Unfortunately the book does not show the motto but it is hanging on the wall at Jasmine's home. It struck me that it would have been nice to have had the motto embossed on the book cover. Truth is particularly ironic given that, within six hours, Jan gave me two different reasons why she had come to visit me that day. There were two different versions of how she'd acquired the book at two different times, one version on the 11th November and the other on the 12th. And both contradicted how she told me she'd acquired the book a couple of weeks earlier. It is especially ironic given that truth is all that is left on death. All the lies, all the compromises, all the shades of grey, fall away. All that is left is truth on God's final Judgement, the final accounting for each and every one of us.

I copied the coloured memorial book in black-and-white on my photocopier. But there was a strange sign of death as I walked down to the other building to make the photocopy. There was a loud noise and I saw a bird flapping at the window trying to get out. Apparently the Maor say that a bird in the house is a sign of death. The bird was clawing at the window above the bench where I do my bookbinding, trying to get out. The poor thrush was unable to comprehend the nature of glass, why it could see the sky but not reach it. Immediately I saw it as a link to Daniel, as I had his memorial book in my hand. In a way the glass symbolise the veil of death. A bird symbolises the human spirit. The Egyptians portrayed the soul as a human-headed bird leaving the body on death. We still do not have any better representation. Only birds can fly, soar to the heavens and the only distinctive element of a person is the face. It is the only part we can recognise with certainty. So a human headed bird is really a very good symbol of a spirit. The Christian artists instead gave people wings thus creating angels. It is just another representation.

But now I see that sign of death as referring not only back to Daniel and his death just before Easter but also forward to death on the West Coast, five days hence.

What caused Jan to come that day? If only she had told me the truth, I could have drawn a reliable conclusion. As it is I can only conclude that God even uses liars and cheats when it suits His purposes. Anyway, 12th November was definitely the appointed day. I realised that a few days later when the idea came to me to calculate the time interval between Daniel's death and Jan bringing his memorial book. It was precisely 229 days and in the Alpha and Omega codes, the number 229 is the code for the Apocalypse, the End of the World as described in the book of Revelation, the last book in the Bible. Our derivation of code 229 came in November 1988, via an inspired Hollywood film *The Seventh Sign*. It is a film which uses passages from both the New Testament Book of Revelation and the Old Testament Book of Joel as well as a coincidence involving the number 229. Then on the 13th, 14th, 16th, 17th and 18th November, came more powerful proof that I could trust the signs and that there is a Source of Intelligence that not only knows the future in detail, but is choosing to orchestrate it. The recurring theme is very much *The End of the World*

6. A Second Daniel

I puzzled about the Pike River disaster. With all the significant disasters in the past I had been given pieces of the jigsaw puzzle in advance, Lockerbie, 911, Columbia, the Boxing Day tidal wave, Katrina, the English floods, and most recently six Airbus crashes, as well as the Christchurch earthquake. One of the first things I'd noticed about the mine disaster when I came to read the accounts in the NZ Herald was that the survivor was a loader driver by the name of Daniel. That seemed really strange. It was in the edition number 44740 [3] of the 22nd November, that the whole front page, labelled 'Exclusive', was devoted to the account by Daniel Rockhouse, telling how he had managed to escape from the mine. It completely contradicted accounts which had appeared the previous day in the Herald on Sunday and the Sunday Star Times, which had him escaping up a ventilation shaft in the company of an electrician, who had been sent to investigate a power cut. Perhaps it is significant that it was on page 3 of that same edition of the NZ Herald that there was the report of John Key's religious conversion, his sudden belief in the power of prayer. [4]

On thinking back to Daniel Lado, it was as though one Daniel had been chosen for death and another Daniel had been chosen for life. Were the two meant to be connected in the webs of space and time? Daniel Rockhouse, on his way out of the mine, had managed to rescue a colleague, Russell Smith, who had been driving another loader. Russell talked about having been saved because he 'missed the bus'. Apparently the bus came an hour early on a Friday and he'd forgotten that. So he had had to take his car into work, arriving late for the shift. That's why Russell was 'The Last Man...into the mine.... Was this intended to be a postscript to our 'Signs On Buses' saga, the definitive proof that God is a real. [5]

But there was more in the second Daniel's account of his experience in the Pike River mine. There was a strange connection to Jenny. Daniel spoke of being overcome by carbon monoxide, slowly poisoned. He only survived because he managed to get to a compressed air supply. I immediately thought of Pete, Jenny's brother who died in Portugal in 1979 whilst having a shower in a holiday flat. The badly-maintained gas water heater, had an inadequate air supply. Pete died from carbon monoxide poisoning.

7. From Oceania's Farthest Coast

In December 2008, there had been many strange coincidences around Oceanz, a fish and chip shop on Ti Rakau Drive at Botany in East Auckland. For years we had bought their snapper and chips whenever we visited Jenny's GP in Howick. Oceanz was the best fish and chip shop we'd found in Auckland, as good as the best English fish and chip shops. When we visited Jenny's GP on 27th November, 2008 we had been given signs of the Air New Zealand Airbus disaster to come in Perpignan some 14 hours later. What is more is that the Air New Zealand pilot who was in the jump seat on the Airbus when it crashed came from Howick. What surprised us was the fact that his memorial service was held at Saint Columba's Church, Botany, just across the road from Oceanz. On several visits to Oceanz around that time, there were strange coincidences involving planes and car numbers.[5a]

And now there was a code repeat with Pike River. At 1.45pm, when I had arrived at the Oceanz fish and chip shop, I noticed a car with the number plate DEC 18 parked outside. I didn't think much of it, when I first saw it. It was only as I sat waiting for my fish and chips to be cooked, that I suddenly realised that December 18th had two significant connotations. It was the day I had first met Jan in 2009 and on the same day a special edition DVD of the 1932 film *The Mummy* had arrived in the post, my first ever Trade Me purchase. Incidentally, that film had also been a significant element in the Christchurch coincidences of January 2010.

When I noticed how many shots were left on the memory card on the camera, I realised there had been 946 left when I had photographed DEC 18. It was a strange link back to Jan who had led me to meet Jasmine and so be involved with the death of Daniel Lado. And now on the 19th November in two hours' time would come the explosion that was to kill 29, but the second Daniel was to be saved, marked out, chosen for life. Can it really all be chance? Or do I see the clues in a four dimensional crossword puzzle in space and time, clues put there by God, ingeniously woven into the Web that he has created.

8. Finding the Key

Last night, 24th November, as I tried to get to sleep, I kept thinking of things to do with the Pike River blast. The Christchurch earthquake had come on a fault line unknown for at least 16,000 years. Yet it had come on precisely the correct day, as God intended. In my Christchurch trip of January 2010, there had been so many strange links to Jenny's death. I couldn't understand why at the time. Was I supposed to move to Christchurch I wondered? Mind, I'd never particularly liked Christchurch as the city. It is too American with all its right angled streets. But when the earthquake came I understood exactly what the purpose of the links had been to Jenny's death. The earthquake came precisely 508 days after God chose to take Jenny back to Him. It was very precise. The number in the Alpha and Omega codes for World's End is 507. It has been since 1985. The earthquake came on the 508th day because it is too late for man. Man has been warned by God, again and again, over at least ten millennia, through various messengers, but on every occasion, mankind failed to heed.

So, what this time interval also significant? How long was it, I wondered, from Jenny's death to the Pike River mine explosion? I knew that it had been 557 days to 23rd October, the day I had begun to read *The Lost Symbol* by Dan Brown. That is the third and latest of his 'Symbolologist' novels and in it there is much more proof of inspiration and external design. [6] It is as though Dan Brown is another member of the cast in the play. The writer, Dan Brown is writing his novel, but he

in turn, is just another character in the grander play which has God as the script writer - brackets within brackets within brackets, to use a mathematical analogy. It is as though Brown was given a dozen pieces of the jigsaw which he then wove into that third novel. Yet I had had the same dozen pieces, the very same dozen pieces, woven into my real life over a quarter of a century and it all comes back to Ra. I had come to first look at *The Lost Symbol* on what seemed to be very much to be an 'appointed day', 17th October 2010. Again it was a train of events which began with Jan, or at least one of her clients, a tarot card reader who called herself Juli. Did it all come together on 17th October 2010 because that was the date in 1984 when my research into the paranormal effectively began ? [7] Was it all intended to be more evidence of intelligent design, inspiration - real time interaction with an external Source of Intelligence.

So I did a quick calculation. 8 days from 23rd October to the 31st October plus 19 days in November gave 27 days. $557+27 = 584$. I was really surprised at that result, because 584 is the number that linked my two research careers. My first research career was in chemical physics at Oxford, where I obtained a D. Phil in 1974. I worked in high temperature photoelectron spectroscopy, examining atomic structure, using a helium lamp as the energy source. The wavelength of the helium line was 584\AA (Angstroms - an old fashioned measure - it's now 5843nm). That was the first line, the highest energy line of the helium spectrum. It is therefore called the alpha line. The chemical symbol for helium is He. Thus we have He - alpha.... Remember that line in the Christmas Carol ? Alpha He and Omega, let the organ thunder....(but not at St John's Hororata, incidentally [8]). My second research career, investigating 'forbidden science', ie studying the paranormal, began in May 1984, 5/84. I was led to discover evidence for life after death, of something unseen, something which apparently knows things about us. This led in turn to my finding evidence for the existence of God, proof of a detailed prophetic knowledge of the future, which chose to communicate in code. Now this Intelligence is warning of the End Times, Omega. So 584 days between Jenny's death and the Pike River mine disaster is a significant time interval indeed. It is no mere chance. Just as with the Christchurch earthquake the time interval since Jenny's death is significant indeed. There is a pattern repeat connecting these two major South island disasters which came just a little over two months apart. They were both rare events. The last West Coast mine disaster was in 1967, when 19 miners died. The previous one to have a death toll exceeding Pike River was in..... The last major earthquake (Richter 7.9) to strike a New Zealand city was Napier on 3rd February, 1932, when 256 people were killed. It suited God on this occasion to have no deaths in Christchurch at all.

There is just too much internal coherence for it all to be dismissed as chance by any intelligent, open-minded, rational person

9. Prophecy and The Time of The End

It was only after I did that calculation and derived the number 584 that I suddenly realised I had been given the jigsaw pieces for the Pike River disaster almost two months in advance. At the time when I saw a car with the registration number DUN 584, I thought it was a sign from God to indicate that I'd done what He intended me to do . My research (584) was complete (DUN- done) It was like QED [9] , especially as the car was parked opposite at the Papakura railway station and my train book 7 constitutes striking proof of the thread of destiny through my life. I have proved, on the balance of probability, that there is life after death, that there is a Source with a detailed knowledge of both the distant

past and our future, and that that Source is God. Through the Airbus disasters God has warned strongly that on death there is Judgement for all, but also that there is life after death. Finally He has repeatedly shown me over the past year that He intends to call all the Earth to account after just four more Easters have elapsed. The End will come between Christmas 2014 and Easter 2015. This seems most appropriate given that the first Easter after man is no more on this earth will fall on exactly the same date as the very first Easter of all, in 33 A.D. ie, 5th April. Once again, it is a cycle repeat for it will be the time of 33. To understand that reference, watch the film *Knowing*, a film every bit as inspired as was the film *The Seventh Sign* of 1988. And once again, as though life was mimicking art, my own experiences in May and June 2009 precisely mirrored those of Professor Koestler, in that film released late in New Zealand, in May 2009.[10] It is significant that the writers chose that name, for the real Arthur Koestler was a man fascinated by meaningful coincidence. His will bequeathed money to fund a chair to study such phenomena. But as ever, the Fund Trustees knew better and the money has been used instead for funding parapsychology, a doubtful offshoot of an even more doubtful science.

The fact that there is little interest in my work matters little. The proof poured in in early November.....the Impossible Princess, from Omega to Alpha, the West Country, the church, Jenny, 911..... That September car in a way constituted the final proof that I am right. The chance of its tax disc numbers being purely random is 1 in 10²⁴. Every single number on it, issuing time and date, expiry date, document number, issuing number is relevant to the Alpha and Omega codes. And its registration number is DUN 584. The number codes on the tax disc refer to the impossible Princess, the Christchurch earthquake, the Perpignan Airbus crash, *Knowing*, the Hammer of God, and gold or Ra. Finally its expiry date was the anniversary of the rather doubtful marriage of the present Prince of Wales.

10. Dicing With Death

I photographed DUN 584 in the distance from the new Papakura railway station bridge as I walked over to photograph a train which had just arrived. That train carried the theme 'Impossible Princess' twice. To understand the significance of that comment see Ref 7. I noticed that there was one car directly in-line with the 584 car, but on the near side of the road, just beside the bridge access steps. A young man, clearly fascinated with death, was waiting for someone, probably a woman, but you never know nowadays.

His seat covers had deaths heads on them, in white on a black background. And hanging from the mirror was a pair of large dice. I didn't make the connection at the time. It was only later that evening that I suddenly got the message - dicing with death. It is what everyone does nowadays, but especially the youth of today, so much into enjoying themselves, getting wasted, drink, drugs, the decadence of the End Times. But their elders are little better, happy to create a greedy society - get what you can - you owe it to yourself - you're answerable to nobody but yourself - go for it. If there is a belief in God, it is very flexible one, like Jan's and restricted to Sundays. But in Jan's case even Fridays are not sacrosanct. Nothing affects the go-getting working week. However since Jesus died for your sins, you're saved anyway, so what the hell! New Zealand really is a godless land in a godless world. But at least it's a relatively peaceful land. Who knows? Perhaps it's the best of a really bad lot.

Yes, young and old, they all dice with death. Their lifestyles clearly proclaim their belief 'There is no God'. They certainly appear to believe the message on the

atheist buses. But they believed that long before the atheist buses appeared. None of them behave as though they believe either in God or that one day they will have to answer to Him for everything they've ever done. But what if they're wrong? There was a very clear message from the Airbus crashes, the first two in particular, the Air New Zealand one at Perpignan and the second one, the so called 'miracle on the Hudson.' That message was 'On death and there is Judgement for all, the final weighing on the great balance of eternity. (See Ref 5)

And DUN 584 proves conclusively that the hedonistic atheists are all wrong. But it is only now this morning as I write this that I can see the deeper message in the events of that September evening at Papakura station. I can now see the bits of the Pike River mining disaster, the jig-saw pieces God gave me in advance.

11. The Pike River Connection

DUN 584.... the disaster came 584 days after Jenny's death. That car experience came on the 23rd September 2010 at Papakura railway station. That date is an anniversary of two significant events. It was on that day in 1979 that Jenny's brother Pete died from carbon monoxide poisoning in Portugal. In 1989 it was on that date that I joined a video club at Stoneleigh, near Epsom in Surrey, in order to borrow a video of the film *The Seventh Sign*. That inspired film [11] is one of Demi Moore's flops. It was far too intellectual with no sex, no violence, no car chases, but most definitely inspired, just as Dan Brown symbolist novels have turned out to be, as well as a handful of Arthur C Clarke's novels, as well as those of a dozen other writers. It is as though, in all these cases, ideas are put into the writers' heads, so that what they wrote would serve a purpose in the future, to prove the existence of external inspiration, ie the existence of God. Time and again, there is evidence of pattern and design.

The Seventh Sign has a plot woven around the seven signs of the End of the World referred to in the New Testament Book of Revelation. This Great Day of the Lord is also described in the Old Testament Book of Joel. The film plays on a coincidence between the passage from the book of Joel, ch2, v29 and the expected date of Demi Moore's character, Abby's baby, due on the 29th February, hence 2, 29 in American dating. This is the origin of code 229 being associated in the Alpha and Omega codes, with the Apocalypse. We were first led to discover it on 24th November 1988. But 229 already had for us an earlier meaning, 'the Justice of God'. That meaning had been derived via Egypt and Tutankhamen's tomb in March 1988 but it directly related to experiences which we had had in Dundee on 21st/22nd September 1987. But on reflection it became clear that our understanding of 229 as the Justice of God in connection with the particular man, Lord Carnarvon, was a specific application of the general meaning of 229 as the Justice of God for mankind, ie the end of the world.

So given the significance of 229 and *The Seventh Sign* in our research up until then, I was absolutely astonished when, on the 23rd September 1989, I glanced at my new video club membership card in the Stoneleigh video shop and saw that my membership number was 2297. Incidentally that particular film had been released on video on my birthday 12th May 1989. Was it really just chance that we had discovered that video club whilst we were driving home from a drama club meeting the night before? The date then was 22nd September, 22.9.89 in 'our' dating. And why would I be looking for a video shop? In fact I wasn't but I just happened to notice that this video shop was ablaze with light in a whole row of darkened shops. It was 10pm and even the video shop had just closed. But I

shouted through the door to ask whether they had a copy of the video of The Seventh Sign. The man shouted back that they did have one.

So that was why we returned to the shop the next afternoon. Our local video shop in Epsom town centre didn't have a copy. They had originally bought one but someone had damaged it. It wasn't very popular and so not worth the cost of replacing it. So I had left it. That had been weeks before. I hadn't bothered to look for another video shop but suddenly as we drove home that night, a video shop was suddenly brought to my attention.[12] It would seem that it was the right video shop. So was I meant to get the video at the appointed place at the appointed time so that I would get the membership number 2297? There is so much evidence of destiny and design in all of this.

So the date when I saw DUN 584, 23rd September gave carbon monoxide poisoning and 2297. And that night, directly in line of sight with the DUN 584 car, from the railway station bridge had been the 'dicing with death' car. Was this not what the miners had been doing all along given the high levels of methane released from the coal seams in the Pike River mine.

As I said earlier, 12th November was 229 days since Daniel Lado was drowned at Piha on Palm Sunday 2010. 19th November was the date of the Pike River mine explosion. 19th November is seven days on from the 12th, 229+7. And then at Pike River it was another Daniel who was chosen to live. Daniel Rockhouse lived because he'd left the coal face and driven alone halfway back out of the mine to the refuelling point. He'd just got out of the loader when suddenly there was a terrific blast. Perhaps it was the loader that shielded him from the worst effects of the blast just as Russell Smith was also saved because he was driving another loader into the mine, on his way to join his workmates. He was nearer the entrance than Daniel been when the blast occurred. So is it not strange that it was a loader that was the common element in their survival? And now the connection becomes singularly weird, as some might say. Is it really just chance that Daniel Lado's surname is an anagram of a homophone (same sound) for what saved the two survivors of Pike River?. LADO....LODA.....Daniel and Russell were both driving loaders which shielded them from the initial blast...

So was the night of the 23rd September 2010, the time of the equinox, the DUN 584 car and the 'dicing with death' car, the time I was given the 'jigsaw bits' for the Pike River mine disaster? And consider one more thing. Did there have to be 2 survive, 29 die, for the message is that it is the time of 229.

God knows precisely what will happen both in this world and in the next. Just like the Christchurch earthquake, the Pike River coal mine disaster is another warning from God.

12. The Book of Daniel

Remember that in The Seventh Sign the reference was to Joel 2, 29. It was on the 21st November as I tried to doze after lunch that the thought suddenly came to me. Jan had been caused to bring me Daniel Lado's Remembrance book on the 229th day after his death. Suddenly the words transposed in my mind. Daniel's book..... the book of Daniel..... There's a Book of Daniel in the Bible..... What is Daniel 2, 29? I thought. I picked up the Bible from near my bed and turned to Daniel chapter 2. It's about Nebuchadnezzar's dream. [13] In Genesis 41 Pharaoh tells Joseph his dream and Joseph interprets it for him.... The seven fat cattle and

seven lean cattle... but Nebuchadnezzar didn't trust his wise men - very wise of him [14]

So Nebuchadnezzar set the interpreters a more difficult task than had Pharaoh set Joseph. Nebuchadnezzar said 'First tell me the dream and then tell me the interpretation.' Naturally, the wise men threw up their hands in despair and said it was impossible. But perhaps Nebuchadnezzar actually understood about the Source. In Daniel 2,28, Daniel tells Nebuchadnezzar that through his dream, the God of Heaven has made known to the King what will be in the Latter Days. And then in 2,29 Daniel says "Oh King! He who reveals mysteries has shown you what is to be...." Perhaps that's what the Source did when He showed me DUN 584 et al..

Daniel then proceeded to tell Nebuchadnezzar his dream and then to interpret it . In the dream, there was a figure with a head of gold, a body of silver, bronze thighs, legs of iron and feet of iron and clay. And then a stone was cut out by no human hand which smashed the feet of clay and so the figure fell, being smashed to pieces. What is the ultimate hammer of God but an asteroid, a rock hurled not by human hands at a mankind which most assuredly worships idols with feet of clay, false gods like Pope Benedict XVI and his predecessor, President Obama and his predecessor, actors and actresses, so-called TV personalities and celebrities of all kinds, sportsmen, rock stars and even nonentities who just happen to be famous for being famous. As for an asteroid impact, it is particularly significant that Daniel Lado's death is woven very much around the theme of asteroid impact and that he died just before Easter.

Daniel goes on to tell Nebuchadnezzar of a kingdom which will last for ever (Daniel 2,44) but it is not in this world.

13. Thoughts on Death

The West Coast mine disaster is intended to show many things, the hypocrisy of politicians, the deceit of the authorities, who always 'know best', the real interests of big business, but most of all the attitude of almost everyone to death. Perhaps like the Australian bushfires, this disaster is also intended to warn that hell is real. There was fire underground, very much the concept of hell. The miners went to Judgement and only God knows whether thence they went to heaven or to hell.

Every single funeral service today assumes that the deceased has gone to heaven. There is a childlike simplicity in it all. No person who has ever died was greedy, deceitful, selfish or downright evil. In the Gospel of Matthew (7, 13) Christ warns "Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in there at: (7,14) because strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life and few there be that find it."

Think about those words and remember that the world today is a far worse place than it was 2000 years ago. All we know is that the dead have gone to Judgement. My research has proved that. No minister dares say that in any funeral service today. In the past, priests were not so cowardly. They often warned of death and judgement, heaven and hell. But now that upsets the punters. The priests would have empty churches. The congregations of today want happy stories for children, because that's their mental age. So now there's heaven for all. Surveys regularly

show that something like 90% of people believe in heaven and 10% believe in hell. That is going to be an awful lot of disappointed people.

The modern funeral service is a complete sham supposedly celebrating the life of the person who has gone. It completely shies away from the greatest fear of modern man, the finality of death. The only certainty for us in this world is that one day we will leave it. But God alone knows when that day will come. He chose it with great precision for both Daniel Lado and for Jenny. For each of us now, that day lies some time in our future, at a time known only to God. A funeral is the time when people should reflect on their own mortality. But the gravity of the old funeral services has given way to the fun-filled memorials of today, the touching little jokes about the person who had gone. It is all an attempt to deny the finality of death and ignore the fact that the priest has no more idea than anyone else what really lies beyond the grave, even less the so-called 'celebrant'.

In the past Christian ministers would talk of hope of salvation through Christ but the modern funeral service has just nebulous nothingness more New-Age than New Testament. They are designed by and for people who have no real beliefs at all, their sole role to bring comfort at a time of death. But death is about truth not sham.

Nothing said at a funeral service can change one iota. The person who is being remembered has long before faced God's Judgement. Blessings from a priest or fond memories from a relative might comfort the bereaved but they are of no consequence to the person who has gone. They had their chance in this world. And that's it. It is a one-off opportunity to see whether you're 'worth it', eternal life that is. Your deeds in this life determine whether on balance your life was good or bad, whether your principal concern was for right or self. Reincarnation is a fond New-Age myth or an old Eastern belief. Either way it's a fallacy. There is but one chance at life. This is it. Take it or leave it. Reincarnation is not compatible with judgement. Our research results continually re-echo the reality of Judgement. And if there is only reincarnation, how is it that there is powerful evidence of communication from the spirits of the dead?

There is life after death. I have been able to prove it, on the balance of probability. But the bad news is that it's only if you're worth it. Do not believe what the spiritualists preach, that everyone goes to heaven. Even the best of them are misled. It is either wishful thinking on their part or misinformation from their alternative sources. Few mediums question their sources very closely. They are not encouraged to do so. It implies a lack of trust. Such a lack of trust is well founded.

Don't believe the Christians either. Christ died to save no one from their sins. He did not die to atone for the evil of man but because of the evil man. The Christian concept of Christ carrying the sins of the world is merely an early Christian adaptation of the annual Jewish ceremony of Atonement, of the cleansing of the temple. There are the two goats, the sacrifice and the scapegoat, the latter supposedly carrying away the sins of the Jewish people. It's all a con, Christian or Jewish. Everyone carries their own wrong doings to the grave and thence to Judgement.

14. Diana, William and Kate

More and more during the past nine months, I have become convinced that we are actors on a stage, acting out a play written by some celestial director. He uses us according to His purposes but according to our natures. Some of us may just be extras, for the crowd scenes. Perhaps the majority are just the audience who don't even realise there is a play at all and don't even care, as long as they can get what they want today.

It is significant how DUN 584 also wove in the Prince of Wales and his doubtful marriage, given the latest developments in the saga of the House of Windsor. The Royal engagement with more happy stories for children came just two days before Pike River. "Diana will be thrilled" shrieked the women's writers. But is she?

'No' is the answer to that question. She's not happy with the engagement at all, quite the reverse. The survival of Diana's spirit, after her murder, is part of our proof about life after death. [15] Diana is quite horrified about the engagement. She knows Kate is very much the wrong woman for William, far too forceful a personality for him. That is the message from Diana's spirit triggered by a strange coincidence at 9:56pm on the night of the 19th November just six hours after the West Coast mine explosion, but before I knew anything about that event more confirmation....

15. Epilogue

The webs of destiny are fine indeed and very complex. Dawkins et al can dismiss it all as chance if it suits them. They're all blind, ignoring any evidence which does not fit with their narrow belief systems, belief systems as narrow as those of any Catholic priest. It is interesting that these 'rationalists' are prophetically described in a 1770 hymn by William Cowper, number 503 [16] in Songs Of Praise.

Blind unbelief is sure to err and scan His works in vain
He is his own interpreter and He will make it plain

Today, He seems to have made it very plain to me how my experiences of the 23rd September relate to the Pike River coal mine disaster. The first line of Hymn 503 is "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform". Indeed He does.

All that the people of the West Coast can do now is accept God's will. I had to do that over Jenny's death. I couldn't see the purpose, especially as there was no one else to help me. I feared as Jenny became weaker that her death would be the next stage in the experiment which I'd been led to conduct over 25 years. And so it has proved, since God took her back. I have learned much about spiritualists, spiritualism and life after death in the 18 months since Jenny died. I now understand far more than any spiritualist medium. That was what God intended. It was all part of His purpose, part of the messages about the reality of life after death and about the End Times in which we now live.

God didn't cause the mine explosion, just as God didn't cause the cracks in the Palace Hotel in Auckland. In both cases it was the laws of physics and chemistry that produced the results that came to pass, man pushing his technical understanding and/or his competence too far. But it would seem that God knew way in advance what was to come. It is perhaps significant that the cracks in the Palace facade came just hours after the announcement of the Royal engagement.

God gave you a mind. Use it while you still can. Can everything I talk about safely be dismissed as chance? You choose. You have a little over four years left. Use it wisely or regret it for eternity.

25th November 2010 book 4750

v2 05/12/2010 17:27:08 v3 06/12/2010 18:58:58

[1] See my book on the Christchurch earthquake, the proof of destiny over a decade - Tower and Temple.

[2] It is perhaps significant that 27th August is 'Armageddon Day' in the Alpha and Omega codes. It is derived from another inspired novel, this time by Raymond Leonard, The Nostradamus Inheritance. I found the book in a charity shop in Salisbury in August 1991. It was my reading that novel that indirectly led to our experience in the church of the Madeleine in Paris in November 1991, when I was asked to read the lesson, during mass. The reading was Mark 13, 24-32 the signs which Christ said would precede the End of the World. In the 19 years since, I have been given so many different but inter-connected signs of the End of the World. back For more see The Lesson at the Madeleine

[3] 44740 coincidently links above to the Airbus sequences and also to Egypt and to something yet to come for America. back the 447 link is explained in The Mystery of AF 447

[4] It was the same edition which carried the picture of the man beside the 1896 disaster obelisk. It seems to have been a particularly significant issue that day.

[5] See Balanced Observations our Airbus disaster book, the proof that God has chosen to give that there is Judgement on death, and life after death, but only if you're worth it. For the signs which warned of Judgement on death Signs on Buses and follow through the pages.

[5a] See Balanced Observations our Airbus disaster book, the proof that God has chosen to give that there is Judgement on death, and life after death, but only if you're worth it.

[6] There is another very strange connection to Dan Brown in an article in the New Zealand Herald on 19th November, the day which was to bring the Pike River mine explosion. There was a syndicated article about CERN's Large Hadron Collider, one of the key elements in Dan Brown's first 'Symbologist' novel, Angels and Demons. Now that the 'helium problem' had been solved, the LHC had finally allowed experimenters to create 28 atoms of anti-hydrogen, a minute amount of antimatter. An antimatter bomb to blow up the Vatican is at the heart of the plot in Angels and Demons. That antimatter had created by a physicist as part of his experiment to prove the existence of God through science. Is it just chance, or is it by design that I am a physicist who has been led to prove the existence of God through that other opposite of matter, spirit. And was it really just chance that that article appeared on 19th November, the very day which was to bring further powerful proof of the validity of my own research? For more see Angels and Demons - Behind the story

[7] For details see my railway book Predestination abc or A - Z

[8] See my book on the Christchurch earthquake, the proof of destiny over a decade - Tower and Temple.

[9] Quod Erat Demonstandum. This was what we used to put the end of our mathematical exercises at school when we had proved what we were supposed to prove.

[10] See my book *It's All About Knowing* which includes coverage of life after death and spiritualism. More on the coincidences of predicting the crash of AF 447ter and inspiration in film will be found at *Knowing*.

[11] Hollywood makes one film worth watching roughly every 10 years. In between *The Seventh Sign* in 1988 and *Knowing* in 2009, came *What Dreams May Come* in 1998.

[12] As I type this the words of another carol come into my mind. The words are from the *Sussex Carol*... For out of the darkness we have light, which made the angels sing this night. I first sang that carol when Jenny and I joined the Mt Albert Methodist Church Choir in October 2002, a time of great progress in our research.

[13] Incidentally Daniel comes two books before Joel in the Old Testament

[14] Its certainly still true today - don't trust psychics and mediums - most of what they tell you of life after death is simply not true. Remember Banquo's words in *Macbeth*. He says of the three witches, the equivalent of most of today's mediums "The instruments of darkness win us with honest trifles and betray us in deepest consequence".

[15] See our books *Diana Beyond The Veil*

[16] Note that 503 is the key code in Dan Brown's book *Angels and Demons*. And note the first line of this hymn. God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. For more on *Angels and Demons* and Code 503 see *The Diagrams of Truth*

12. No More Earthquakes for Christchurch

11/03/2011 2:29:41 p.m. Book4824 - 7th March 2011 - No More Earthquakes for Christchurch

Many people, particularly psychics are predicting more major earthquakes for Christchurch. That is not what my parapsysics research predicts. There had to be two earthquakes in Christchurch. I can now see the pattern and the purpose. The purpose suddenly came to me at 11am on the morning of 1st March 2011, just before I drove into Auckland for the cathedral Service of Solidarity with Christchurch. I realised that the second earthquake was necessary to fulfil the End Times links in Christchurch. Christchurch was chosen for the name Christ church and the two earthquakes, the second more significant than the first, to symbolise the Second Coming. This message has now been given. Now the aftershocks will die down in the Christchurch region. The various psychics are wrong. They get their information from the wrong source.

For over a decade now, our websites have warned of the signs of the coming End of the World, signs which God has been giving progressively since November 1988. The latest just happened to be very close to home here in New Zealand, particularly for those who live in and around Christchurch.

My wife, Jenny and I have been led to produce mountains of evidence over almost a quarter of a century proving absolutely unequivocally that there is a Source of Intelligence that knows the future with absolute precision. This Source has chosen to give us information about the future, like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. I recently had the idea to call them Cassandra jigsaws, because they're always pointers to doom and disaster, always right but no one has ever believed us.

I was given so many pieces of the latest Cassandra jigsaw puzzle over the weeks and particularly days preceding the second earthquake. But the first clue was given to me when the Voice told me to go to Christchurch on 1st January 2010. I flew down on a Jetstar A320 on the morning of 2nd January. I went to photograph a Libyan plane in a strange black livery with rainbow 999s on its tail. Now I wonder was that intended to be a pointer to an emergency code, the code I grew up with in Britain, 999. Its 111 in NZ. And was it black for another reason? Black is a colour very rarely you must for aircraft, the colour linked to death, or evil for in almost all countries of the world bar one, sport-worshipping All Black New Zealand.

I went also to meet an Anglican priest with whom I had communicated by e-mail for 10 years but never met. Like me he was interested in meaningful coincidences, although he had an irritating preference for the term synchronicity. It's a phrase coined by a psychologist Jung who had no belief in God at all. But Michael Cocks was interested in both meaningful coincidences and also spiritualism, communication from the spirits of the dead. His book *The Stephen Experience* relates to his experiences during the 1970s, with an English medium, Thomas Ashman linking to an entity which identified itself as St Stephen, the first Christian martyr.

I had thought it a curious coincidence that the first major sign of the forthcoming Apocalypse was the Boxing Day tidal wave of 2004, which originated with a massive Riccarton 9.1 earthquake (strange coincidence that - Dragon 10's

interpretation - what I said was Richter 9.1- Riccarton is a suburb of Christchurch) in Sumatra. Boxing Day, 26th December, is the feast of St Stephen. The first major earthquake struck Christchurch on 4th September 2010 and one of the worst aftershocks struck on 26th December 2010. It caused shoppers to flee in panic from the Boxing Day sales, apparently the most profitable day of the year for shops. The Boxing Day sales were 'restaged' on 12th February 2011, apparently with great success. But in a strange quirk of timing, just 10 days later came the second and far more devastating earthquake of 22nd February.

I had been given so many pieces of the Cassandra jigsaw puzzle for the first Christchurch earthquake before and during the immediate aftermath of that disaster. But there were more and very different pieces before the second earthquake. Make no mistake, this is another sign of the coming End of the World. I will publish more details when I manage to get my work typed. In the meantime read all about the events of 2010 and all the earlier End Times signs on the many other pages of our comprehensive series of websites.

Whatever John Campbell ('star' of TV3's Campbell Live, what passes for a nightly current affairs programme in New Zealand) prefers to believe, in his materialistic agnostic ignorance, there are some things in this world which science cannot satisfactorily explain, some facets of human experience over millennia. I know that because I am a scientist. I have a doctorate in chemical physics as well as a 1st from Oxford in chemistry, as well as a very many experiences which cannot be explained on the basis of the laws of space and time which govern chemistry and physics. It is through these experiences over 25 years that I have been able to develop the new science of parapsychics. I have used related, but intangible real phenomena notably, inspiration, meaningful coincidence, and communication from the spirits of the dead to produce a coherent and highly intricate theory concerning the interactions between our world and another dimension which lies beyond space and time. My being led to develop this science has caused me to be able to draw conclusions concerning things about which conventional science can tell us nothing.

The sort of questions I have been able to answer are:

Is there life after death?

What happens when we die?

Can the dead communicate with the living?

Is there a destiny?

Does God exist?

Is the world about to end?

I have definitive answers to all these questions, answers which come from a remarkable series of experiments which I had been led to conduct over the past 25 years. I say led because I know that I do not control this experiment. It is as though I have carried out the experiment like some kind of lab assistant. I have carried out the experiment and written down and recorded as well as I could all the details. And I have also been led to draw conclusions sometimes very powerful and very controversial conclusions, which impinge on every religion on this planet as well as all the ever so vocal atheists say there's nothing but this nasty, greedy, materialist world in which we all had have to live in today. John Campbell and Richard Dawkins seem to seriously believe that they represent the highest form of intelligence in the Universe. The Cassandra puzzles prove unequivocally that they are completely wrong. There are far, far higher source of intelligence.

Christchurch was chosen in 2010 and 2011, just as was Sumatra on Boxing Day 2004, just as was Pan Am 103 in December 1988, just as were the Twin Towers on 9-11 in 2001, just as was the space shuttle Columbia in 2003, just as was the planet Jupiter on 16th July 1994, and just as were flight US 1549 in January, 2009 and Air France flight 447 in May 2009. But the Christchurch earthquake phenomenon is now over. The message has been given. Now the focus of the Alpha and Omega codes will shift elsewhere.

It's not chance. It's all design and very intricate design at that, but it's also a warning to all of those that are left. And, if there is a design, there must be a designer and the most likely candidate for such a designer is God. For what else can we conceive of that lies beyond space and time. What else could give signs of the future nine years in advance, or as I can now see in connection with the Christchurch earthquake, over 15 years in advance. Over the last week have come to realise that the first pieces of the Cassandra jigsaw for the second earthquake came within a few months of arriving in New Zealand in 1995. But there is more. God is indicating that he is not just a Source of Intelligence that knows the future in precise detail, that orchestrates events and/or our actions as required. The message, particularly of the Airbus disasters, all of which had comprehensive Cassandra jigsaw pieces beforehand, was that, at the time of His choosing, we will all be answerable to him for all of our actions in this life.

Yes people died in Christchurch. Some will say it evil for me to speak as I do, those with the standard issue, PC, culturally sensitive, rose coloured spectacles so common in New Zealand. But I can talk about death because I know, personally, only too well all about death. No one has suffered more than me from God's choices in who to take. He gave Jenny to me in February 1986 and she became my second wife. Over 23 years she proved a far better choice than my own choice had been when I married Margaret in 1973 in England. Over 23 years, Jenny and I came to understand so much together. She was my wife, lover, and business partner, a medium, typist, helper, source of inspiration and housekeeper but above all my only true friend, the only person in this world I've ever been able to trust, who didn't in time betray me, one way or another.

And God chose to take her back on our 19th wedding anniversary, 14th April 2009, leaving me utterly alone, at least in this world. At times I almost felt betrayed by God. But in my tears, in my abject misery, I was aware of the voices, God's voice, Jenny's voice from beyond the grave and also Ankh's voice. I knew in my heart that Jenny's death was a key part of the proof of the work which we had both been doing together for the previous 23 years. I had had a sneaking suspicion for the previous six months, but neither of us wanted to face the fact that Jenny was about to die. Jenny had battled cancer bravely for 8 years and not that 'Kylie Minogue bravely' either doing exactly what the doctors told her, surrounded by all the caring friends and family. Jenny didn't trust the New Zealand doctors because they had let her down too often in the past, but most of her family and friends thought she should do what the doctors told her. However, Jenny knew things in her heart and we were both separately given signs about what to do. The doctors seemed amazed that Jenny survived for eight and a half years, doing 'nothing' as they termed it. But she didn't do nothing, she did lots of things, the way she was guided by God. The details are in her book, *A Cancer Journey*.

And even almost to the end, the Voice was quite equivocal as to what would happen with Jenny in the hospice. Would there be a miracle at Easter? We both wondered. But after Jenny died I realised that they couldn't have been a miracle at

Easter in 2009, because there wasn't one that first Easter in 33AD either. That was what the spirit of Mary Magdalen had been sent to tell us just after Easter in 1986. God gave me the final signs that Jenny was about to die in a rainbow that came with the dawn on Easter Saturday, 10th April. But over the weeks and months that followed what I knew about God's purpose did little to help me cope with the loneliness, the hole in my life when Jenny had been.

Jenny's death and her funeral have been linked to so many events in the time since, the 3rd and 4th Airbus crashes in May in June 2009, the Iceland volcano in April 2010 and the BP oilrig disaster of April 2010. Then Jenny's death featured very prominently in the elements of the Cassandra jigsaw I was given before the first Christchurch earthquake during that visit to Christchurch in January 2010 and also, in recent weeks, in the pieces for the second earthquake.

There was no great fanfare around Jenny's death. Almost nobody noticed, or really cared. Only one person has spoken to me about Jenny in the almost two years that have passed since she died. The media are just sensationalists. The New Zealand Herald has taken to writing detailed accounts of the lives of all the people who died in the second Christchurch earthquake. Somehow they are worthy of column inches merely because they died dramatically. The problem is that the Herald is running out of things to write about in the aftermath of the earthquake. But the media don't want to see the deeper messages in these events, to spooky. John Campbell get angry with the paranormal, because his cosy lack-of-belief system feels threatened, especially when other people begin to wonder about theories such as those of Ken Ring. Campbell hides behind 'No other scientists believe these things' in his vicious attack on Ken Ring's 'odious prediction' of a second major earthquake for Christchurch. Note the subtle way that Campbell is aligning himself with the scientists to try to give himself more credibility. Scientists are generally considered to be rather more trustworthy than our journalists and rightly so.

John Campbell can scoff as much as he pleases. He is merely an ignorant media thug, a bully with far too much power and far too little understanding of the deeper things of this both of this life and particularly the next.

Just after the Perpignan Airbus crash, one newspaper editor said to me when I went to talk to him about all the strange coincidences that had predicted the disaster "What you say is very interesting but I wouldn't dare print it. They haven't even found the bodies" And that's the problem. The result is all this censorship, all this supposed respect for the dead. It's funny how the words 'death' and 'dead' were avoided by almost everyone in the days after the Christchurch earthquake. The police were amongst the worst, seeming incapable of referring to anything but deceased. 'Bodies' was another no-no word. Ordinary people spoke of 'passing away' or 'not making it'. Died was too hard a word, too final. But that is what death is - final...Our society is terrified of death and even more terrified of God, a word that didn't appear at all in any of the coverage. It was perhaps significant that early on in 'Live coverage' of the media briefing a couple of days ago, Bob Parker, the Mayor of Christchurch, announced that the Dean of the Christchurch Cathedral would address the media briefing at its end. Both TV 1 and TV 3 cut their live coverage just before the Dean's turn to speak. That spoke volumes for the place of religion in New Zealand society. One channel cut to basketball coverage, the other to a coiffed talking head.

You can do nothing for the dead. Funeral services are to come for the living (??? I said comfort) and now it's the modern trend for funerals not even to be occasions of mourning, but to be times of celebration, still in denial of the reality of death. No, you can do nothing for the dead for they have gone to God's Judgement. But if no one warns the living, no one will understand the deeper purpose behind all these events and then the dead will have all died in vain. If you look to priests for truth you will look in vain. They promise forgiveness and salvation, just as reliably as did the priests of Amun in the time of Akhenaten 33 centuries ago. No priests don't change. They misled in the time of Akhenaten and they mislead today.

The second Christchurch earthquake, just like the first, is not a random act of nature. Peter Beck is the usual pleasant but weak, apologetic priest, the only kind you can find in today's Anglican Church, apart from the pushy priestesses. Beck's words were the frontispiece to the Auckland Cathedral Solidarity with Christchurch service sheet, the one marking the two-minute silence, 7 days after the earthquake. His words were: It's not an act of God. It's just the earth doing what it does. The act of God is how we love each other, how we reach out to one another.

Beck is wrong. That is a false god, the creation of priests, nothing supernatural thank you... We must be careful not to offend the likes of John Campbell, or anybody else for that matter. It's all about 'inclusivity and cultural sensitivity..... Beck's teaching is pure humanism, caring for one another..... helping the afflicted..... It has little to do with God. He chooses to see God in the rescuers, but does he also see God in the looters? And if not in one, why in the other? The fact is that rescuers, and looters represent aspects of humanity, not aspects of God. But where is the great high priestess in all of this? The woman bishop of Christchurch Victoria Matthews has been remarkably silent.

And what about the entrepreneurs who 'identified an opportunity'? It's what entrepreneurs do when the earth does what it does....It's all about supply and demand, market forces, the Prime Minister, John Key's spiritual belief system. The commercial landlords in Christchurch have increased prices for their undamaged commercial properties by up to 150% in the two weeks since the earthquake, and they are insisting on very long leases. This is the acceptable face of looting in accord with the Prime Minister's own personal philosophy and that of the National Party.

It's all market forces- free enterprise- that is what is allowed to control our lives. There is no moral sanction in any of this... It's the pure unadulterated the Gospel of Greed - a key element of the End Times Codes. It was not chance that our first ever Cassandra jigsaw was the sinking of the Herald of Free Enterprise car ferry in Zeebrugge Harbour on 6th March 1986. It was Britain's worst peacetime maritime disaster since the Titanic sank in 1912. 193 people died over the course of a few minutes that evening. The death toll will probably exceed that of the Christchurch earthquake. The police have 166 'deceased'. There is a mystery 40+ unaccounted for now that most of the rubble has been cleared, and the foreign rescuers heading home. The police expected the death toll to exceed 200. But then 20 bodies expected in the cathedral ruins vanished miraculously. Confusion reigns.

But there was no confusion over that disaster. I was given just one piece of the jigsaw, a train-spotting clue, a couple of hours before that ferry sank, overlaid very strongly with the theme of destiny, long before we came to understand these

things. But that piece served to identify the owners of the ferry. Later I came to see that another piece was clearly marked 666, another train-spotting clue, again redolent of destiny. Consider the name the Herald of Free Enterprise, the cross-channel ferry which sank within the harbour itself. A Herald brings tidings. Free enterprise brings instability, disaster and death. Yes, free enterprise is a key element in why the world will soon be destroyed at the hand of its Creator. And 666 was linked in the Codes directly to the Goddess of Greed herself, Margaret Thatcher.

Brian Cocksey

7/03/2011 2:33:07 p.m.

Rev 1 9/03/2011 1:38:06 p.m.

Rev 2 11/03/2011 1:55:02 p.m.

Rev 3 11/03/2011 2:24:46 p.m.

PS William and Kate

Rather curiously, woven intricately around both of the two recent New Zealand disasters i.e. the Pike River mine disaster and the second Christchurch earthquake, has been the message that Prince William has chosen unwisely. Kate Middleton is the wrong woman to make his Queen. The first message came from the spirit of Princess Diana on the night of 19th November 2010, just after the first Pike River mine explosion. Further confirmation came on 9th March, the date it was announced that William would come to show solidarity with New Zealand by attending the memorial service in Hagley Park, Christchurch on 18th March, a day with very strong destiny and End Times connections to link for me personally. He will also visit Greymouth to pay his respects over Pike River.

No, neither the Cassandra Jigsaws nor the Webs of Destiny are a fiction of my mind. They are the way the Source of Intelligence has chosen to make known the lack of future for mankind. Take it or leave it. The pieces of the Cassandra puzzle for the second Christchurch earthquake which were shown to me on 19th February, 2011 also fitted the much more comprehensive puzzle for the End of the World. There are just four years left. The Mayans are wrong, or at least their New-Age devotees. The End will come not on the anniversary of the Lockerbie air disaster in 2012, but a little before Easter in 2015.

PPS. A Final confirmation:

I went to reprint page 5 of this after adding a section about the Herald of free enterprise. As I sent it to the printer I noticed that the time on the computer was 2:29 PM, the code for the Apocalypse. I went to insert date and time, but there was no sign of it here at the end so I realised when I went back to the beginning that the date and time had been had it before the title. 12 29 41 on the 11th of March, 2011. It was 2941 for Pike River but 2942 for the 2nd Christchurch earthquake.

13. Japan – Truly Apocalyptic, but no one dares mention God

Background

I had only just published No More Earthquakes for Christchurch explaining that now the message of the Second Coming had been conveyed through Christchurch, the focus of the Alpha and Omega codes would shift elsewhere. Almost immediately God proved my words to be true with a vengeance.... or were they His words anyway that had come to me? After all the Voice had been most insistent that I had to publish that Christchurch web page that particular day. Within an hour of my publishing it, a colossal earthquake, magnitude 9.0, struck off North East Japan, producing in turn the devastating tsunami which killed almost 30,000 people. That disaster suddenly explained for me all the signs God had chosen to give me so strongly over the course of that week between 7th and 11th March. They were all the pieces of this latest Cassandra jigsaw puzzle. And more signs, more pieces came in the week afterwards leaving no doubt at all that this was indeed the Hand of God, the Hammer of God for Japan. This Light Eternal home page update link to this page, to Japan's '3 in 1' disaster was published at 4.01pm 3rd May 2011 . Code 503 - The Diagrams of Truth indeed.

Two things struck me about the terrible disaster which has overtaken Japan. One is the truly apocalyptic scenes of destruction, the wave inexorably carrying all before it, tossing large ships as though they were models in a child's bath, carrying cars along as though they were matchsticks going down a gutter in rainstorm. (was that the meaning of the Storm Cloud 5078 sign ?) On this scale, people are like ants, too small to be seen. And left behind after the wave, is a landscape reminiscent of the aftermath of a great war- Armageddon? -a city largely levelled, only the odd stronger building still standing, a battered but visible presence that this was once a scene of human habitation. There are the scenes of darkened skies, rubble everywhere and all around in the distance, the glows of fires. There is another scene of a lake with a few buildings sticking up at crazy angles. Who would have thought it had once been a town?

Not long after the second Christchurch earthquake, I suddenly realised that that it had been just three weeks earlier that I had been at Waikumete cemetery in Auckland on the 80th anniversary of the Napier earthquake. I had gone there with Jan for a memorial service for the wife of one of her Tanzanian friends. At the cemetery gates as we left, the trip mileage on her new car, which I was driving, was 229.7 km, the absolutely precise code for the Apocalypse, as derived from the 1988 film The Seventh Sign. It was a very significant piece of the Cassandra jigsaw which was gradually taking shape for me predicting the apocalyptic scenes to come in Christchurch New Zealand, 19 days later, a place that was chosen by the Source specifically for its name, for a second time, the second more powerful than the first, to convey the message of the Second Coming. But was Waikumete with its thousands of graves also intended as a pointer to the spectre of Japan, 17 days more distant through the mists which men call time? Only 180 people died in Christchurch, 13,000 bodies have been recovered in Japan, with a least a similar number still missing.

The second Christchurch earthquake was the worst earthquake to strike New Zealand since February, 1931. 258 people died in the Napier earthquake, 257 died in the Air New Zealand DC 10 crash on Mount Erebus in 1979. 165 died in New Zealand's worst train crash at Tangiwai on Christmas Eve 1953. Actually it marked the arrival for her first visit of the 'new' Queen Elizabeth II to New Zealand.

So the second Christchurch earthquake became number 3 on the list of New Zealand's worst ever disasters in terms of fatalities. But that second earthquake was the worst ever disaster in terms of total damage to homes, business and infrastructure. Various people have come up with monopoly numbers for the cost of repairing the damage and rebuilding the city of Christchurch. The numbers seem to ever rise. \$10 billion, \$15 billion, \$20 billion. But if those numbers are correct, how can the latest American estimate of \$47 billion be correct for what has overtaken Japan. The damage to Japan must be 100 fold that in Christchurch, town after town wiped from the map by the oceanic wall of death.

But in the Christchurch earthquake were strange connections to the greater disaster soon to come in Japan. The worst hit building in Christchurch was that of Canterbury Television, known locally as CTV. Its lower floors were occupied by CTV and its upper floors by a health centre and an English-language school. Many of its students were from Japan. Perhaps the aftershocks from the September earthquake which had rattled Christchurch for five months before the Big One of 22nd September, 2011 (odd I meant February- Code 229 ??). made Christchurch feel quite like home for them. After all Japan is the most earthquake prone country in the world, sitting as it does on a junction of tectonic plates.

In Japan, earthquakes happen all the time and few people take much notice of them., rather as had become the way in Christchurch, with more than a thousand aftershocks over five months since the first Christchurch earthquake of 4th September 2010, that is until 22nd February, 2011. There were a couple of dozen Japanese victims and it was only because of this that Japan immediately sent in a large search and rescue team to Christchurch to try to rescue someone alive from the CTV rubble or at least recover some bodies for their relatives. It was all dressed up as Japan caring about New Zealand, but really it was just self-interest on the part of the Japanese. And with the large Japanese search and rescue team came a large, and many felt very insensitive, Japanese media presence. But was it all much more intricately connected than the so-called rationalists would like to believe, connected by design on the part of the Source, the Creator of space and time, who knows precisely everything that is going to come? My evidence suggests that this is indeed the case.

Could it all possibly be chance or was it intended to be more evidence of a deeper level of connections within this world, connections that the John Campbells of this world like to mock. Was it all intended to mock the mockers? Was it all intended to be evidence of intelligent design, a pointer to the Big One soon to come for Japan? The cameras often zoomed in on all that was left of the Canterbury television building, the large white plastic panel with its red CTV lettering that once sat above the entrance door. 'CTV building'Was this an imperative concerning the future? 'CTV' - 'See TV!!!' Watch the incredible scenes filmed by Japanese television of buildings being swept away, of a black tide of death crawling inexorably across towns, fields and farmland, carrying all before it... even Hollywood had never come up with images like it in any of their End of the World epics. The incredible pictures which came on television that night, 11th March 2011, showed the 'power of nature' laying low the world's third greatest economic power. But would it not be better described as the power of God? For God had certainly given me the signs over the days leading up to that fateful day, that a major event was 'in the wind'.

Is it all design, intended to warn man that he is wrong, wrong in everything that matters. My comprehensive evidence suggests that it is. Economic growth is not the way to heaven, but the way to hell. The scenes from Japan in the last few days are eerily reminiscent of Vincent Ward's visions of hell in his inspired 1998 film *What Dreams May Come*.

To sleep, to sleep perchance to dream
And in that sleep of death, what dreams may come? (Shakespeare - Hamlet)

It's a really good film about life after death, but needless to say it wasn't a blockbuster. It was far too intellectual for the cerebrally challenged masses, who have no desire to think seriously about death at all. The males of the species prefer to see death in gruesome gory blasting of the 'bad guys' with explosions all around, and the females who prefer it via vampires. Vincent Ward was definitely inspired, both with regard to his vistas of heaven and his visions of hell and also in the problems of communication between the spirits of the dead and those still living in this world. I am particularly aware of that now with regard to Jenny's spirit and it is rather curious that it was Jenny who hired the video of *What Dreams May Come* on 16th July 1999, just before I was due to begin my series of lectures in the University of Auckland Continuing Education Department under the title 'Is There Life after Death?'. Ward's film was only ruined at the end by Hollywood's golden rule. There has to be a happy ending... but there is no happy ending for mankind. Japan is merely a foretaste of what is to come for all.

TV reporter after TV reporter from Japan has been happy to anthropomorphise the natural world. We always got 'the power of nature', 'Mother Nature', 'nature's fury'..... but just as with the Christchurch earthquake not a single person ever mentioned God. They daren't. It is just not acceptable. Most reporters are atheists anyway and if not atheists they are inevitably born again Christians, saved by their god of love who naturally would have nothing to do with nasty things like earthquakes and tsunamis. Their god of love, more akin to Superman, would have been busy saving people, not giving the signs in advance of a great disaster soon to come. I feel an anger within me when they talk of 'the power of nature' etc. It is a refusal, an arrogance within modern men and women to recognise the reality of the power that is God, the real God, the Creator of space and time.. My evidence proves this conclusively. There is no other rational explanation. It is not without significance that in this world, in its death throes, where sex is so-freely marketed in every possible way, that the only taboos remaining now are death and God.

(As I edit this my eye is drawn to the computer clock. It shows 4:46 PM on 2nd May 2011. Code 446 means 'on death there is Judgement for all'. After typing that last sentence, I called up Insert Date and Time. That box came up at 4:47:50. It was only reported on teletext this morning that the French investigators have just revealed that their latest search of the ocean floor has found the black box from AF flight 447 after almost 2 years. But that crash linked to the film *Knowing*, the parallel between my life and that of the fictional Professor Koestler, of MIT fame. The latest search has been carried out by the renowned Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute, also of Massachusetts. When the IDT came up on this document, it was....2/05/2011 4:48:00 p.m. Code for 448 just happens to be the Alpha and Omega code for the film *Knowing*... see idmb.com. ... more synchronous authentication)

Today's pathetic modern funeral service, is no longer a time to grieve, to mourn the loss of someone who was gone from this world to we know not what or where.

It is no longer an opportunity to remember that our own days are numbered, to reflect on our own mortality. No. Now it's only time to celebrate a life that no longer exists. Even in death the denial of death is to be found. Nothing must be allowed to impinge on the self-centred lifestyle of today's weak men and pushy selfish women, who imagine they have a right to everything they want.

And on a larger scale with over 100 deaths in Christchurch it was always the same, 'the force of nature', 'Mother Nature'. The feeble dean of Christchurch after emphatically denying that God caused the earthquakes, claiming that it was 'nature doing what nature does' went on to claim that God was seen in the love we have for each other. His god seems to match his nature. As for his boss, the high priestess, Victoria Mathews, the North American woman bishop of Christchurch, she vanished into the woodwork, or was it the rubble? But then a priestess would be the last place you would look for God's inspiration. Garth George in his column in the New Zealand Herald happily spoke of God being the Creator of heaven and earth, but proceeded to aver that God did not cause the earthquake. That concept did not fit with his cosy god of personal salvation, the one who encourages him to drive round in his petrol-guzzling Remuera tractor. Their god of love is a god of man's creation, St Paul's to be precise. And that fabrication has much to do with why the earthquakes have come and why man has now so little time left.

No, there was no suggestion that it was the power of God that caused the earthquake. That is just not acceptable in the PC, libertarian, mealy-mouthed, deceitful, plastic, women-driven world today (I actually said whim- driven...but that's Dragon for you). But quite separate from the Dean and the columnist's god of love, there is a real God, a Higher Power whose enormity and intelligence we can barely even begin to comprehend. Sometimes my lack of progress in convincing anybody causes me to doubt, but then I remember Jenny and Ankhsoun, both of whom carried on the struggle unto death. Then come more signs to convince me yet again, even in my abject loneliness, that I am right, they were right. People may care little for our research over the past 25 years, but daily God gives me signs showing me that I must carry on. Sometimes the signs are so incredibly strong. It cannot be just all in my mind. God uses my mind as he chose to use Jenny's in a slightly different way. The Voice must be real, because it fits too intricately with the events which later unfold in the world, for it to be otherwise.

God chose to give me the signs of the coming earthquakes, the first one in Christchurch in September 2010, by sending me to Christchurch on 2nd January 2010 to photograph a plane and possibly talk to an Arab. But you may as well talk to a brick wall as tried to talk to the likes of Saif Gaddafi. However, when that first earthquake came on 4th September 2010, suddenly I saw how all the elements of my New Year visit to Christchurch fitted into the overall picture. God gave me different signs, for a new Cassandra jigsaw before the second earthquake in Christchurch on 22nd February 2011. But some of the strongest signs yet about some major event to come began on 7th March and carried on with rising crescendo through the week to the night of 11th March. The last very meaningful coincidence came seven minutes before I put on the television to check teletext and read of a huge earthquake striking Japan. That last sign conveyed the message 'collapsing pile'.

On 9th March, I realised something 'big' was in the wind, some major disaster. When I went for my thyroid blood tests, I puzzled why were these past disaster codes being emphasised so strongly in the Lab Tests car park. Opposite the Lab Tests building was a car with the number plate xx 4460 - a reminder of code 446,

the Air New Zealand Perpignan Airbus crash and its associated message of Judgement on death for all. But was this tenfold? And on my right as I crossed the car park to enter the Lab Tests building, I noticed that someone was waiting in a car with an xxx 557 number plate. Was the Lab Tests connection an echo of my former profession, that of analytical chemist, crossing over now to my real field of research, scientific proof of the existence of God?

After having my blood sample taken to be sent for analysis, I walked across to great South Road to buy an NZ Herald. As I crossed the road, another car with a strange number plate passed me, ONE OFF. That must relate to what is to come, I thought. And there had been other pointers of something 'in the wind' A strange conjunction of 946 two days earlier and then there had been 507, with its strange link to Christchurch and Air New Zealand and destiny. And just as I'd been shown this sign by helpful travel agent who hailed from Dundee (Death on the Nile 1987), I glanced out of his shop window and saw a car pull up at the Papakura town centre traffic lights. Design Impact was emblazoned on its side. The car driver then parked outside the opticians which had been ground zero for the vital clue for what was to come.... but that was in a cryptic code that was impossible to work out in advance. It was as though the Almighty was saying 'Just so that you know that I know' long before it came to pass.

Design Impact said it all. I had first seen that car when it went past my house a few days after the first Christchurch earthquake, at the very moment that I took Michael Cocks's book The Stephen Experience out of my post-box. I think I had seen it only once in the interim period, again when it went down the street on another occasion as I came back from my post-box. It was not nature doing what nature does. It was God weaving His very intricate design. But Michael Cocks doesn't want to know. None of it fits with his god of love either. However ignoring evidence does not negate the evidence. It merely means that the ignorant just carry on in their blissful ignorance, until the Day of Judgement comes for them.

But on that Monday afternoon (I glance at my watch. It shows 4:47:36pm Screen photo 4:48:41pm. I must have typed that comment re The Day of Judgement at 4:46pm) I just found myself wondering why, for no obvious reason at all my glasses frame had suddenly fallen apart whilst I was painting some Tudor style wood framing on the front of the garage. The lens just fell out leaving me able to see clearly through only my left eye, and even that, only if I closed my right eye. The combined image was too confusing for my brain with half clear, half blurred. 'Bugger!' was my immediate reaction. Now what the hell is the point of that, I thought. There has always been a reason when strange things happened. I've come to know that over 25 years. When I looked at the frame which had sprung apart I realised that the screw had fallen out. I searched around on the roof in vain to find the missing screw. Then I looked closely again at the frame and realised that the screw had not only fallen out, it had actually sheared off. That seemed to be pointing to some kind of disaster associated with mechanical failure of some critical element. It must have some meaning associated with something that was yet to come.

I couldn't understand how it had happened because I hadn't even been touching my glasses. I had been concentrating on painting a straight line between brown and white. My immediate thought was to go and find a spare pair of glasses and finished the painting. But no, the Voice said 'Go and get them fixed now!' I had a vision of the optometrist who had fixed them last time, so I took them into

Papakura. The optician suggested exactly what I had thought of doing, cutting a slot across the top of the slightly-protruding sheared-off screw.

"It sometimes works" he said, "depending how much Loctite has been used on it."

"Perhaps it is better not to use Loctite and let the screw keep coming out" I said.

"Rock and a hard place" was his reply, before disappearing out to his workshop. Five minutes later he came back with the repaired glasses. It had worked and I was restored to full visibility.

But did the Source intend to send me into Papakura because of my eye specially to give me a vital clue regarding what was to come four days later? That jigsaw piece came on 7th March and another came on the very morning of 11th March, when there was a strange 'black power' sign here in Papakura, one that I couldn't understand at the time. I only saw where those two jigsaw pieces fitted when the time came to CTV that night of 11th March and I watched the tide of black power sweep across Sendai.....It's a homophone.....same sound... yet another application of this modern hieroglyphics which God has gradually taught me to read.

Book 4830 15th March 2011 Truly Apocalyptic-but No One Mentions God

15/03/2011 1:42:22 p.m.

Edited v2 15/03/2011 4:33:58 p.m.

Postscript

You Only Live Twice

But as soon as I read on teletext on the night of 11th March about the big earthquake in Japan and before I realised there was any live TV coverage, a tune had suddenly came into my head, another piece of the Cassandra jigsaw and immediately I understood a whole pile more clues that I had been given, all vital pieces of this latest Cassandra crossword puzzle. The tune which came into my head was the theme song from a James Bond film, You Only Live Twice. play tune That 1967 film is set in Japan. Suddenly I knew that the Japanese earthquake was echoing the key message of the second Christchurch earthquake. The huge Japanese earthquake was also pointing to the Second Coming.

15/03/2011 4:42:04 p.m.

But the emphasis should be on the first two words of that title... YOU ONLY live twice.... because it was a link to Jenny and reference in particular to Ankhsoun..... It had to be JAPAN... the Chosen One...Jenny's initial J and Ankhsoun Pa AteN.

It was a few days after watching the scenes of the Japanese Apocalypse that I rang TVNZ to ask what date they had shown the film You Only Live Twice. It had been part of the James Bond season, 8.30pm Saturday nights, New Zealand's TV1 in the early part of 2010. I'd watched again a number of those early and far better James Bond films, films I remembered from my youth. I remembered that I'd watched You Only Live Twice with Jan, at her house. It had been the only one of the James Bond season of films which I had watched with her. I remembered that I had watched The Spy Who Loved Me alone, although Jan had telephoned me during the programme. The Spy Who Loved Me was set in Egypt. The TVNZ man was very helpful but said he'd have to go and make some enquiries as it was quite a long time ago. About a quarter of an hour later he rang back to tell me that You Only Live Twice had been broadcast on the 17th April 2010 and The Spy Who Loved Me on 10th April. After I put the phone down I thought that couldn't be

right.... but then I realised it was. I remembered I had gone to Jan's because the 17th April had been the day of Daniel Lado's memorial service, although Jan claimed not to know where the service was being held.

On the way I had visited Jenny's grave at Purewa Cemetery, the first time I'd been since the 11th November 2009. It seemed an appropriate day to go because although Jenny died on the 14th April 2009, I just felt I wanted to be alone on that day in 2010. What is more, it had been on the 17th April 2009 that Ra had led me to that site where I had to bury Jenny and Ankhsoun. It had been then that I had first seen 'The Queen's Car', which in turn had led me to the obelisk beneath which Jenny is now buried. From Purewa I had driven to Jan's house at Point Chevalier. And that's how I came to be watching You Only Live Twice at her house that night. At the time, I didn't make any connection to Jenny and Ankhsoun. Of course in the film James Bond gets married to a Japanese girl and Jan was hinting about getting married to me. But by now I had come to realise that Jan was very different from Jenny. I now knew that I couldn't trust a word Jan told me. Another two weeks passed before Ra gave me the sign that Jan would never 'stand under the rainbow' ie get to heaven. But then she is a liar and a cheat. All her chanted Muslim prayers are so much window dressing... just as they are for so many people, Muslim,. Christian, Hindu or Jew or any other shade of religion.

So did I have to watch You Only Live Twice with this code 946 woman? And did it have to be on the one Saturday midway between the first anniversary of Jenny's death on 14th April 2010 and the first anniversary of her burial on 21st April 2010. But it was nearly a year later before I came to understand how it all fitted together. And remember God chose to mark both of those dates with catastrophic events, the Icelandic volcano AJ3 (Eyjafjallajokull) and the Deepwater Horizon oil rig blow-out in the Gulf of Mexico, respectively, the latter a reminder of Chixulub on the Yucatan peninsula, the location of the asteroid which wiped out the dinosaurs, 65 million years ago.....back to the Code 946 event to come for man a little before Easter in 2015....

It had been a couple of weeks later towards the end of April 2010 that I first realised that Ankhsoun had been the Second Coming. Suddenly it all made sense of what had happened on Advent Sunday 2009 and during my visit to Christchurch for New Year 2010. But still I didn't see the connection to that James Bond film two weeks before. It was only after reading of the major earthquake in Japan the night of 11th March 2011 that that theme tune, You Only Live Twice, had come into my mind. And then I knew it was conveying precisely the same message as the second Christchurch earthquake. It was echoing again the theme of the Second Coming..... YOU ONLY Live Twice.

Ankhsoun is the one who is unique in human history, not Jesus. The spirit of Mary Magdalen was sent to me via Jenny in April 1986, just before Chernobyl, to tell us the true story of her life with Christ. In the process she made it very clear to us that Christ did not rise from the dead, that over time various generations of priests have created a false religion in his name, for their own aggrandisement. Salvation and forgiveness give priests power. Little changes with time. Christ had as much contempt for the priests of his time as Akhenaten had 1300 years before him. The Christian priests turned Christ into a false god, the last thing he intended. It all made Mary very angry, especially the way they all worshipped Christ's mother. Mary was indeed aware of Christ after his death, but only in the same way that I am sometimes aware of Jenny and Ankhsoun. Perhaps at times Mary could see him in her mind, a luxury I do not enjoy as far as Jenny or Ankhsoun are concerned.

One or two mediums have had visions in my presence that could be Jenny. Not one has ever even had a hint of Ankhsoun, even the best one, Carolyn, the first one to get Jenny after 30 others had failed abysmally. But that first time was so intricately tied into 'Knowing' and the crash of the third Airbus Air France 447 which happened on the Queen's Birthday Bank Holiday in New Zealand.

Yes, the spirits of Jenny and Ankhsoun can link into my mind, but it's only voices, a far cry from the experience I had of Jenny and Ankhsoun together in this world. But at least I can now understand exactly how Mary knew Christ was not dead. But he was not in this world either. Whatever the atheists claim, it is not illusion to be aware of the spirits of the dead. My evidence is very comprehensive. Theirs is the illusion... that the material world is all there is.

But God chose to take Jenny and Ankhsoun, as part of a complex design which He is slowly revealing to me. I have just had to accept that this is all the way God has chosen to make it in these latter days for man upon the earth.

The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Thanks be to God

Edited v3 2/05/2011 6:16:08 p.m. 2/05/2011 6:42:40 p.m.....18:42:40 (5.59pm on my watch)

Final edit v4 3/05/2011 11:34:09 a.m.

That's very appropriate 50311 in Yank dating.... 503 the Diagrams of Truth. Today they are all busy celebrating the supposed death of the devil. They are so brain-washed, by their rabidly nationalistic media. America's real role in the world in these End Times will become clear in God's good time. As I started these final few corrections I noticed the time was 11:11 on the computer as I clicked on the Dragon microphone to change it from red to green. 1111..... Lest we forget..... America has forgotten but God will give them all cause to remember.... To each according to their ways.....

3/05/2011 11:39:42 a.m.

14. The Purpose of Anders Breivig

1. Anders Breivig - An Actor on the Stage.

Anders Breivig was the most clear-cut example yet of a theme which was first really emphasised strongly with Jan during 2010. At best we are 'actors on stage'. The Source of Intelligence - the Creator of space and time, knows the future, near or distant, with far greater precision than we even know yesterday. And what is more He orchestrates everything precisely according to His purposes. He used Anders Breivig according to his nature but subservient to His purposes.

The Norwegian massacre took place at the appointed place at the appointed time on the appointed day. And it had to be 69 dead new toy island. (That was Dragon's at on 'on Utoya Island' but the error carries a strange overtone. It is though emphasising that the ancient Greeks were closer to the truth. They tended to see men and women -mortals as toys - the playthings of the gods. Is not entirely true but it is a lot closer than modern thinking which is that we are totally free to do exactly as we please, whenever we choose.) Breivig arrived on the island by ferry at 5:07 pm (507 has been the World's End code since 1985 - see Koestler and World's End)) The date was Friday, 22nd July. That used to be the day each year when the Anglican Church remembered Mary Magdalen, that is before it became too busy with inclusive language, rock groups in churches, homosexual priests, women bishops and gay marriage.

Mary Magdalen is a prominent theme in the End Times codes. Her spirit was sent to me through my wife Jenny, in a trance just a few months after Jenny and I met in February, 1986. Mary Magdalen was sent to tell me the true story of Christ and warn of God is coming Judgement on mankind. Subsequently Dan Brown wrote his 2003 bestseller *The da Vinci Code* which, in essence, is woven around codes and our earlier real-life experiences. However the principal difference between Brown's novel and our real-life experiences is that it was not the body of Mary Magdalen which survived the passage of 20 centuries but her spirit. But the many cross-connections between his novel and our real-life experiences really is quite uncanny.(See The da Vinci Code) It is powerful evidence of both external design and of Brown's real inspiration from 'outside'.

Why was it Norway? I am not really sure of that. However one element is that the action had to be carried out in the right time zone, so that it would be too late for the horrific details to appear in the New Zealand Herald on Saturday 23rd July. It had to appear in precisely the predetermined edition, a number set in train by events which occurred as long ago as 1863, when the New Zealand Herald was first published. That dates almost back to the founding of New Zealand as a British colony under Queen Victoria on 6th February 1840. Everything was put in place at the appointed time so that the correct number of issues would have appeared before edition number 44943 on Monday 25th July 2011. Note the recurrence of the 507 code in the date- 250711.

44943 is a double death code. 449 is Jenny's death code. She died on our 19th wedding anniversary 14.4.9. And 943 is the code which indicates when death will come for everyone else, EE to use the 'Knowing' parlance. 946 is the code for the Hammer of God. It is derived from Arthur C Clarke's 1973 novel rendezvous with Rama. See the inspiration of Arthur C Clarke.

2. The Background to 946 as a Code in Space

946 was the Code at the heart of the 9/11 attack on the World Trade Center, because that was the 'Hammer of God for America'. But of course the Americans did not learn; they never do. Stupidly, they believe their 'Christian' leaders who tell them God is on their side. Their false gospel is American exceptionalism. But do not forget the padres of the British troops in the First World War and the priests of the German troops both told their soldiers the same thing as they sent out to slaughter each other. I read one quite moving account by a soldier of the Great War who described how shocked he was to see on a German decoration the words 'Gott mit uns' meaning God with us.

Priests and leaders have lied to men throughout recorded history, in fact probably since the dawn of time, although few have shown the utter arrogance and hypocrisy of America's leaders over recent decades. (At this point, I turn the page and see the \$20 note with its key codes at 9:22 AM on the ninth of August 2012 - a reminder of Pan Am and New World. How curious I said Pam, because of the link to the proof of survival which he gave me in connection with Jenny spirit-17/8/10 d229/10. ('Pam's' just happens to be the own brand for products produced by the New World supermarket chain. It is just a coded connection that has had meaning on a number of occasions.) 1230am on computer clock now)

Code 946 had been emphasised to me on that first occasion that I met a particular spiritualist medium, on 22nd August, 2010. That evening, Pam had unwittingly given me powerful evidence of the way that God can choose to work through spiritualist mediums. Two days later in a private sitting, she referred me to another medium, Paul but not directly, merely through a coded word, in a reference which she did not understand.. That is the way God works the medium does need to understand, as long as the person for whom the messages intended does not understand. This is one of the things that cast doubt on the so-called rationalists explanation that it all comes from the mind of the medium. So often things come into the mind of a medium which they do not understand, yet the intended recipient does. It all tends to suggest that mediums can sometimes link to a Source which really does lie outside of themselves.

That code word caused me to consult the list of speakers over the forthcoming weeks that different spiritualist churches in Auckland. The code word link to one specific church at Manurewa. Paul Edgehill was listed as the speaker for the following week and his surname had a very specific connection to my trainspotting past and the 'Impossible Princess. So I went to that spiritualist meeting and more clues came. It was the following morning that I suddenly saw the main message 'The Last Days' but neither Paul nor Pam realised their part in the Cassandra codes. Neither likes the concept of God, judgement or the end of the world. Spiritualists in general are invariably too busy swaying to their treacly love songs during 'services' and whilst putting forward their utterly contorted theology. But here once again was the theme of actors on stage. Now Pam and Paul were actors on the stage, in sequential scenes chosen to be part of the play, to give me the evidence I needed for the next act in the drama.

But it was all as the maker intended for that next act began just 13 days after I met Paul. (It had to be 13- DONZ- a number which only came to prominence through the actions of Paul some 15 months later in November 2011. For just like Paul's surname the number 13 involved railways and destiny, in particular Jenny and Ankhoun. On 4th September 2010 had come a powerful warning that we do indeed live in the last days for man upon this earth. It was the date of the first

Christchurch earthquake, designed amongst other things, to illustrate the hypocrisy and untrustworthiness of priests, as well as the ignorance of scientists with respect to the workings of the Earth.

No one had ever mentioned Christchurch as a possible disaster location. I have been in New Zealand for over 17 years and the only talk has ever been that there may be a volcano which could threaten Auckland, but that was an extremely remote possibility. But the risk was quite high that a large earthquake could devastate Wellington. But Christchurch had no worries. The 'City of the Plains' was safe, or so they all thought. After all, that area of the Canterbury Plains had not moved in more than 16,000 years, not until the appointed day, when the 'Spinner of the Years' said "Now". Those words come into my mind now. They derive from Thomas Hardy's poem on the loss of the Titanic 'The Convergence of the Twain'. It is highly suggestive of destiny and the role of a higher power. But although the Christchurch earthquake is no surprise to God, it came as a complete surprise to everyone else.

Only then did I realise how I had been given the signs in advance very specifically, with respect to Christchurch exactly eight months earlier. The Voice had told me on New Year's Day 2010 that I had to fly down to Christchurch. I went the next day. The coincidences were very powerful but I found it hard to work out precisely the full message of what I was being shown. With that Christchurch earthquake everything fell into place. Suddenly everything had become very clear. But that is all part of the Christchurch earthquake story. On 15th August 2010, 946 predicted the Hammer of God for New Zealand, but it was linked very strongly via Pam to Jenny's death. But why should the Hammer of God be linked to the Christchurch earthquake? The answer came in a headline in the New Zealand Herald a few days later. One survivor said "It was as though the city had been hit by a giant hammer; for so it had been, the Hammer of God. The Christchurch earthquake was the Hammer of God for New Zealand. It was a powerful code repeat as nine years earlier, code 946 had been at the heart of the devastation in New York City. The destruction of the twin towers was the Hammer of God for America with code 946 at its very core. The truth then was in the sum, just as it is on death for all, in the Last Judgement.

So now there had been three different but related meanings for code 946 and the Hammer of God. The original meaning of Hammer of God was that of asteroid impact and then had come a derived secondary meaning, in the demolition of the Twin Towers. Then had come the third meaning, that of an earthquake. So there were three different events utilising a common code sequence. That is the way God has chosen to make it.

3. 946 as a Code in Time

But those three examples saw 946 used as a code in space. What did 946 mean as a code in time? The answer is code 946 as the code in time gives $T = \text{zero}$, the end of the final countdown when Sekhmet will do for man what the Chicxulub asteroid did for the dinosaurs 65 million years ago.

As I mentioned earlier, Arthur C Clarke's inspired novels are the basis of the 946 code and its derived meaning of the Hammer of God. That original short story, The Hammer of God, was written for, a special 'prophecy' edition of Time Magazine published under the overall title 'Towards the Year 2000' (1992 Fall Edition) In that original story, he uses the words '65 million BC' to refer to the

Chicxulub asteroid impact which killed the dinosaurs. But by the time his story was expanded into a book, and appeared in print in 1993, the PC brigade had been busy and the timescale was changed to 65,000,000 BP (Before Present). You are not allowed to use that time scale now. BC and A.D. have been deleted. It has to be BCE or CE . Of course that is just politically correct nonsense, from influential opinion formers. These initials are shorthand for **B**efore (the) **C**ommon **E**ra and (in the) Common Era. But, there is no Common Era. BC means Before Christ and AD Anno Domini in the year of our Lord. ie after the birth of Christ. For the better part of two millennia, the timescales of BC and AD have been the time scales of our western Christian culture. Christ was a real man, a key figure in God's plan, even if was not really God. But why should our date references be changed now, just to suit vocal atheists and vocal Jews in America. These are vocal people who have come up with the nonsense of Common Era to try to hide the tradition of Christ in Western culture?

It rather looks as though Clark was told he could not use 65 million PC (Dragon for you again). (At this point I went to check exactly how the dates had been expressed in the two different printed versions. At that point came the '946 live update'. The coincidences were so incredibly powerful, especially as they came at 5:07 pm. This latest one came at precisely the right moment to emphasise the message that I have tried in vain to convey to the world for the better part of a quarter of a century.) So Clarke changed 65 million BC to 65,000,000 BP (Before Present) but perhaps the PC brigade merely led to another element of inspiration in Clarke's writing. Perhaps they were meant to. That asteroid impact was at Chicxulub on the Yucatán Peninsula in the Gulf of Mexico, and the Gulf of Mexico was the scene of the great BP disaster of 2010. That great explosion came at 9:45pm (The End is Nigh) exactly on the first anniversary, almost the minute, of Jenny's burial in 2009. 17:22:29 9th August, 2012)

So 946 means $T = 0$, then $946 - 943 = 3$, representing a reiteration of the message which I had been given repeatedly since Good Friday 2011.

4. Easter and Mary Magdalen

The countdown had come down to 3, three Easters left. Jenny died in the early hours of the Tuesday after Easter in 2009. Since Jenny's death the Countdown has moved down successively each year from 5 to 4 to 3 to 2. Indeed on the Easter weekend, 2012, outside the Countdown supermarket in Papakura I suddenly found myself confronted with a car with the number plate xxx944 smack in front of me just as I came out of the supermarket entrance. The numbers always change it Easter, emphasising the truth of the story of Mary Magdalen and the first Easter. Easter in 2015 falls on precisely the same days as it did in 33 A.D, the year of the first Easter. In 2015, Easter day will be on 5th April. Mary's spirit was first sent to speak to me on 5th April 1986. It was the Saturday of the first week after Easter. It was all destiny. Jenny and I to were actors on the stage. We was staying in a caravan beside the railway line. It was the line from Chester to Holyhead, a line beside which I had spent many holidays as a young teenager. The British pronounce Holyhead as holly head. But how do most foreigners pronounce Holyhead? I only discovered this when I was enquiring one day from a New Zealand travel agent about train services on the North Wales coast. New Zealanders pronounce Holyhead as Holy-head. I had never thought of it like that. But that is exactly how the word is spelt. Was this intended by the Source to be a reference to 'the head that once was crowned with thorns'? Was it intended to be

yet another little element of circumstantial evidence for the reality of my experience with the spirit of Mary Magdalene?

So, there are less than three years now remaining for man upon the Earth. And note the recurrence of the number 33, back to EE in Knowing, another inspired film. So the importance of Breivig being caused to choose 22nd July to carry out his atrocity should now be rather more clear.

5. The Message

But can that particular edition number 44943 be converted more directly into a message? The answer is that it can in a very disturbing way, via the headline on the front page of that particular edition of the New Zealand Herald for 25.07.11. That main headline which appeared on the front page was **"YOU ALL MUST DIE!"** It was what Anders Breivig had shouted at his victims. But it also happens to be God's message for mankind now. Anders Breivig had been used according to his nature but according to God's purposes.

(At this point came another Live Update: At this point I glanced at my watch; it showed 9:44:18pm on 13th August 2012. After dictating these few words I photographed the screen with my watch beside it. The image came up showing the time on my watch as 9:45:07 PM. After the next words it showed 9:45:58 pm.... Blinding flash on the watch face.... But that is another story.)

It had only been a little over a month before Breivig's attack that, the Voice had said to me. {I give you a New Covenant. I will reformat all the Earth.} (I notice now the computer clock IDT 8/13/2012 9:44:57 PM) And note the use of the modern language of computer speak, for the benefit of all the androids who now live in cyberspace, their lives controlled by smartphones and iPads, ever waiting for the next summons to the cyber presence.

6. The Covenant and the Rainbow

Remember in the Bible, if you ever knew, that the rainbow represented the sign of God's covenant with Noah. It is recorded that God told Noah that he would never again destroy the Earth by flood. Genesis 9,9 through 9,11...9,14 to 9,17. But times change and man becomes ever more greedy, dishonest, decadent and corrupt. The rainbow took on a new meaning in June 1986, a meaning concerned with life after death. However in June 2012, it took on an altogether different significance, thus confirming the words that the Voice had already conveyed to my mind.

So it would seem that now there is a New Covenant. God intends to destroy the Earth by 'ice and fire', by means of Sekhmet, the doomsday asteroid, the elder sister of Carolyn Shoemaker's Aten asteroid. Yes there will be great Flood over parts of the Earth, but that would be the least of man's worries. This time there is no ark, a message that I was given very graphically during April and May 2009 just a few weeks after Jenny's death. That message revolved around a rainbow and a large old boat perched on dry land at Manurewa South Auckland, little more than a mile from where Jenny died.

As I walked out of the Dairy (New Zealand parlance for newsagent/corner shop like the Kabin in Coronation Street) on Porchester Road, I glanced to the South. Yes it was still there, the great arch in the sky, God's sign of His New Covenant.

7. The link to Tutankhamun

There was still a full rainbow spanning Porchester Road exactly as the full rainbow arch had spanned the Amiens to Paris railway line that night in June 1986 before Ankhsoun's spirit came to tell me exactly how she died, the first time. I saw with my own eyes exactly how she died the second time. And Porchester Road was the road along which I drove Jenny for her last trip in this world, to the South Auckland hospice at Manurewa on 3rd April 2009. It was all destiny of course because Porchester is a link to Lord Carnarvon. He financed Howard Carter's expedition to the Valley of the Kings in 1922. It was to be the last year, Carnarvon had emphasized. He was tired of spending money for no return.

Four days into the new season on the fourth of November Carters workman had uncovered to step in the cut in the rock of the valley floor by workmen 33 centuries before. That was the tomb of Tutankhamen. Tutankhamen was the husband of Akhenaten's daughter, Ankhsoun pa Artenn. But it Ankhsoun's father who is important, the Pharaoh Akhenaten rather than her feeble husband but that is another intricate but vital part of the Web of Destiny. See Ankhsoun Daughter of Ra. The earliest civilisation to understand the truth about death is now being used, it seems, to warn about the death of all mankind.

The web of destiny is very complex and incredibly precise. There was the rainbow, great arch in the sky set above Porchester Road the sign of God's covenant but this time confirming the words in that 44943 edition of the New Zealand Herald on the 25.07.11, eight complete with its embedded worlds end code 507. To understand more about the derivation of code 507 C Koestler and the Worlds End. (1450hrs 12.8.12 -precisely too late - Funny how Dragon has chosen to write C instead of See for that was the code which connected Christchurch earthquake II, the Big One with the '3 in 1' disaster for Japan 17 days later, the earthquake which brought the tidal wave which brought the meltdown and carried 18,330 people to Judgement. Carried the code even the time of the earthquake, 1446 local time, carried the code meaning 'On death all are judged'. For the derivation of that see the Air New Zealand Airbus crash.)

It was God's sign to me of the covenant he had given me a month before he was the proof through meaningful coincidence. It was very meaningful coincidence indeed, the whole thing orchestrated by the creator of space and time. Even the number of the dead on Utoya Island was precisely chosen. It had to be 69, for according to the US Census Bureau there was 6.946 billion people on the Earth at the beginning of July 2011. So the 69 represented the 6.9 billion who will die at the time of 946 by the means of 946 according to the will of the Creator of space and time. The end will come sometime around Palm Sunday 2015, perhaps 2 to 3 weeks before. There is little uncertainty in the date but it would appear to be between the 10th of March Palm Sunday 2015. So but do not bother getting ready for Rio. The clock stops at No. 30. That is probably why Paul's watch stopped when he came to Papakura to do money raising psychic readings for the Papakura lifeboat on the 14th of April, 2012. It happened to be the third anniversary of Jenny's death is, although was too busy come see me. His watch stopped that day and has never worked properly since its make just happens to be Olympic. Olympic was the sister ship of the Titanic and 2012 the year of the London

Olympics is the year which marked the hundred anniversary of the loss of the Titanic.

So now you know the purpose of Anders Breivig, the real purpose, not the one he imagined. Dismiss it as nonsense if you wish – fanciful - sounds like a novel - but if someone had written it is a novel, editors would have rubbished it is being too contrived, too many unlikely coincidences. But the facts are all true. The astonishing coincidences in space and time are all real. As for the reality of the voice psychologists will tell you that voices delusions. But psychologists are ten a penny, a doubtful science if ever there was one. They understand virtually nothing about the mind. But I trust the Voice, born of my experiences since June 1985. I just do not trust people, again born of experience, particularly since Jenny died.

8. Hearing Voices

This has been a phenomenon since ancient times. For at least four millennia, men and women have heard voices, either the voices of the spirits of the dead or the Voice of God. Sometimes they have heard other voices too. Instances occur in the Bible. It is only now in the face of all-conquering ignorance, atheism and 'rationalism' which masquerade as 'science' that such experiences can be dismissed as pure illusion. They are just the 'fabrications of troubled minds', which can be cured by one medication or another, however unfortunate the effects of such medications are on either body, mind or both of the victims of 'psychiatric science'. Even real science cannot explain a reality that lies beyond space and time, beyond the veil of death. It does not fit the standard model of physics, but then neither does gravity. Beyond death there is only the decay of the body, as third-rate scientists claim, men and women who themselves have no experience of anything beyond the material world and who therefore imagine this gives them the right to deny the reality of that experience for others.

I know that the Voice I have heard now for 27 years comes from an independent reality beyond space and time. Mind, mediums 'hearing voices' is acceptable to the world at large, if not to science. They have a large following today in both Britain and New Zealand, the only two countries of which I have direct personal experience in this sphere. My own journey in parapsychics began in 1984 with my discovery of Spiritualist medium, naturally, through model railways. It had to be railways because railways has been a central theme in my life 50 years, destiny by design.

But in time I came to see the inadequacy of the belief system of mediums, their doctrine and dogma as misleading as that of any Catholic priest and even more confused. But perhaps that is in part because the Catholic Church has, on occasion, had better minds than are to be found in Spiritualism, certainly as practised as a religion today. Few mediums have any concept of the complexity of it all and merely see the 'gift' as a means to earn a comfortable living 'proving survival'. Mediums, for a fee, 'give - or should that be sell - closure' for people and 'sell comfort to the bereaved' 'giving' heart-warming messages from 'loved ones', that is when they are not making a very comfortable living, alternatively by predicting a future that is not in their gift.

Most people do not like the idea of a Voice that links to the prediction of disasters but that has been my experience since Lockerbie in 1988. I listened to the Voice that told me to ask about buying a new car. Even then, my long-suffering wife Jenny, said it was mad to ask but the voice had been insistent, as I was paying for

petrol at an isolated Scottish Borders garage at Saint Boswells. There was no way we could afford a new car; we could barely pay for petrol to keep the existing one on the road, although it had by now accumulated a very high mileage. But Jenny knew from past experience that I was always right, she rather grudgingly told me that day when the garage man rang me to tell me he had got exactly the car that I have enquired about some two weeks earlier. So she came along with me to see it. It was Jenny who spotted the code 557 on the side of the engine, the code that provided the first really powerful proof that there really is something know the future in precise detail, absolutely precise detail. That car had a chassis number which predicted not only where the disaster would come, but which aircraft will be involved, which airline, the time and the reason for the crash. 19 days later it came with the Lockerbie air disaster.

We began to crack our first detailed destiny code. First came the meaning of code 557, why five the number 557 had been emphasised to us so very clearly. Again it was Jenny who got the idea to look in Annapolis to see exactly where Lockerbie was. Jenny was astonished when she found the entry Lockerbie 3° 21'W, 55° 7' N. That was why 557 was important. N739PA on flight Pan Am 103 crashed at Lockerbie, 21st of December 1988, the very day we opened an exhibition of our Egyptian papyrus paintings, trying to promote Ankhsoun story in the preserved Melrose station on the long-closed Waverley route between Carlisle and Edinburgh, her story being vital proof that there is life after death. That aircraft, indeed that flight was very much a 'chosen one'. But that 557 was just the very beginning of it all, as over the next few days we began to see the pieces of that first Cassandra jigsaw puzzle gradually fall into place. What is more the experience then acquired a spiritualist dimension, when Jenny became the medium through whom various of the people who died on that plane, including the pilot, gave me messages. It was all part of the proof that whatever orchestrated that production of that car, at precisely the right time, with the disaster-coded chassis number was intricately involved with communication from the spirits of the dead. But this was a spontaneous experience in the early hours of Christmas morning 1988. We did not try to 'dial the dead' as the Spiritualists do for their services at six o'clock or seven o'clock every Sunday night. God does not dance on the commands of men, although some sources may be more accommodating.

And remember, it was only because I listened to the Voice, that the whole saga of the 'Lockerbie prophecy estate car' came about. Our experiences over six weeks spread around the time of Lockerbie were powerful beyond belief. What is more, my listening to the Voice over asking about a new car was closely linked in time to something the Voice had told me a week or so before. Whilst watching Barry Norman's film 88, the Voice had told me that the film The Seventh Sign was important and that we should see it. This was quite surprising because although Jenny and I had by this time been together for almost 3 years we had never once been to the cinema. We have more important things to do and did not need to occupy our time.

That opportunity to see that film came sooner than I had expected on 24th November 1988. We had gone to visit a new solicitor in Carlisle, the next stage in our futile quest to try to find justice in the courts of England. After leaving his office we walked past the cinema advertising The Seventh Sign. It just happened to be the very last day. We went to the very last performance later that night. Now I can see how appropriate that was, because over the 27 years that have elapsed since we saw that film, the theme of 'the last days' has become ever more prominent in our work. From that film came code 229, the code for the

Apocalypse and from the car came code 557 the prophecy of the Lockerbie air disaster. The Apocalypse derives its name from the last book of the Bible the Revelation of Saint John the Divine, his visions of the end of the world. And now it seems those times are at last upon us, hence the Voice now giving me the message 'Delete All.

Hear our voices we Entreat Words just come 2202 13.08.12

9. Conclusion

You can dismiss this all as nonsense if you wish. These are facts. These are all things that happened to us. It is all a question of interpretation. My interpretation fits all the facts. Your alternative interpretations will fail to do so, especially if you rely on the explanation of the rationalists, namely that it is all chance. But then the atheists have only got the 'goddess of chance' in their severely limited pantheon.. Whatever you choose makes no difference to me. You are being given the opportunity to understand the limitations of science. Whether you choose to use this opportunity is entirely a matter for you. The Voice continues to give me live updates in real time as in the example given earlier as I dictated this article. The Voice continues to prove that I am right whatever the manifold people with vested interests might claim to the contrary. I have been a scientist for 50 years and I go by the evidence, and there is mountains of it. The evidence is absolutely whelming that I am right.

So or all the interconnections surrounding Anders Breivig chance? Do you care anyway? The answer to the second question is almost certainly no, unless you happen to live in Norway. But now, I will give you a related code repeat, one that occurred almost exactly a year later to the very day, one that even Americans might care about, the meaning behind the Aurora massacre, on 20th July 2012.

10.06am 9th August 2012 (another link to the Jewel of Seven Stars)

Typed 12/08/2012 15:36:51 (IDT added as I finish adding section re Lockerbie and The Seventh Sign. Time code indicates 'execution of a queen' and 'mummy'
Rev 1 added Hearing Voices 12/08/2012 16:54:50 Came up IDT Box 16:54:48 I hit OK hence the IDT Too late!!

Book 5262 9th August 2012

15. An Odyssey in Paraphysics

This is an article, written on 10th May 2007, came about because of an exchange of e-mails with a woman in Berlin. It explains how I came to be involved in my study of Paraphysics. But it is as though the woman from Berlin was another 'actress on the stage' someone chosen to point me in a particular direction. Just five months later, in early October 2007, a strange coincidence suddenly pointed me to Frankfurt. Did I have to do go to the Frankfurt book fair? Surely not!! But Code 2297 almost screamed that I had to go and that it was all part of the signs of the end of the world. Below is the introductory paragraph about what happened in May 2007.

(At the end of the background article which I had written for Professor von Lucadou, is a brief account of one or two of the elements which emerged from my trip to the Frankfurt book fair. I then went on from Frankfurt to Freiburg via the annual Parapsychology conference which Professor von Lucadou had coincidentally organized, very conveniently in to tie in beautifully with the Frankfurt Bookfair. Although, I know that that timing and choice of location had rather more to do with God. It was another case of von Lucadou as an 'actor on the stage'.

Finally, I went on to Berlin in order to see that impressive Amarna collection, the highlight of which is the renowned bust of Nefertiti, Ankhsoun's mother. In a way, it was like finishing off the set. In 1985, I had been to the British Museum with its near-invisible Amarna collection, and to the Metropolitan Museum in New York in December, 1985 to discover its brilliantly displayed collections of Egyptian artifacts. June, 1986 the Voice had sent us to see the Louvre in Paris with its excellent pieces, but that had the main reason for that trip to Paris In October, 1986 I had seen the most impressive of all had been Cairo, naturally. Finally, it was Berlin in October, 2007.)

A few months ago, I received an e-mail out of the blue from a woman in Berlin. She wrote to me on 3rd May (That is 5.03.07 in US dating, Code 503. I later came to see a sinister American link in her enquiry.) Only a month before, I had just finished printing the first edition of The Diagrams of Truth and code 503 means 'diagrams of truth'. Later that very morning, in Papakura, came a 'blood link' to Saturn and Arthur C Clarke and later still, in Auckland, another strong connection this time to Germany. That latter link was cryptically related to scientific research. I exchanged several e-mails over the next week with Brigitte. In one e-mail, she told me of one Walter von Lucadou and his Institute for Paranormality in Freiburg. Then in her next e-mail, she told me how surprised she had been that very night, just after writing to me about von Lucadou, to have come across him speaking on a radio programme. He was discussing the problems people have in getting their psychic experiences taken seriously.

When I looked up his background on the internet, I found a very curious link to me. His PhD in physics was directly connected to my D Phil in photoelectron spectroscopy. It made a refreshing change to find another real scientist interested in this field, rather than the plethora of psychologists with their various hidden agendas. And at least he used the neutral term paranormality in the title of his institute not the misleading and narrow term of parapsychology. I decided to write a background paper describing some of our work and trying to draw out its apparent coherence. However, as he has spent much of the last two decades

qualifying in psychology and working in that field, I had some doubts as to the point of bothering to write to him. Perhaps he'd gone completely over to the enemy. None the less, the letters from Berlin were strong indications that I should at least attempt to contact him and ascertain his views. But before sending this paper I send a brief e-mail to a contact address given on his web page. The e-mail did not come back as undelivered but it drew no response either, so I never bothered to send this background paper to him. Anyway this is what I wrote in the background paper which I had intended to send to him. I wrote that on 10th May 2007.

1. Introduction.

I write to you, as one real scientist to another. It is unusual to find a physicist working in this field and so I write to you as almost a kindred spirit. But I write to you now only because of a series of coincidental links in recent days to Germany, to you and to my background in chemical physics. I consider that the study of the paranormal is best termed parapsychics, not parapsychology, for physics is the study of energy, or of the interaction energy with matter sometimes as a function of time. Psychical research is concerned with a study of phenomena which lie beyond space and time. Therefore it is best classified as parapsychics not parapsychology. Physics is a real science as is genuine, psychical research but psychology is not a real science at all. It is amongst the worst of the pseudo-sciences. Psychologists seek to adapt the world to their model, not their model to the world.

My research over 23 years has convinced me that genuine psychical phenomena derive not from the malfunction of the human mind or from fraud or delusion, but from the interaction of the mind of man with some external reality, be it God or the spirits of the dead. What is more this interaction, this communication, serves a deep and meaningful purpose.

2. My route into psychical research

I am a chemical physicist, turned analytical chemist, turned manager, turned psychical researcher. I have studied psychical phenomena for nigh on 23 years now. I did not choose this career path. I suppose it chose me. It was at the heart of the most traumatic period of my life, when my first wife began an affair with a former pupil. A few weeks later, my boss, the divisional manager for sewage treatment, who was also my only real friend, reorganised me out of my job as one of the two area managers. He then offered me a non-job, all the while his actions serving to protect his own position. If there was one level too many, the level that could go was his. Mine was the highest level of technical management in sewage treatment. There was little technical knowledge at the level below me. In time he was replaced in his general manager, role by a water engineer in the musical jobs game then fashionable in Northumbrian Water. That left no senior level of technical management in sewage treatment. But then, any fool can run a sewage works, can't they? No is the answer to that question, but any fool can be a personnel officer, sorry a human resources manager in the new jargon. That was another non-job I was offered, rather stupidly by senior management at one point. I couldn't understand why because I have neither the smarmy charm nor the deceit skills which are a pre-requisite for success in that particular field.

So, I was shown in a very painful and personal way that there was nothing I could trust in this world, absolutely nothing. I had lost my wife, who I had known for 18 years, my best friend who I have known for eight years, and my job all in the course of a month. What was more, there were grave question marks about the bedrock of science. However at the very same time, I was given a glimpse that

there was something real beyond this world, perhaps something I really could trust, where this world had failed me so dismally. But things only went from bad to worse when I took up a job which I had been offered through family connections. I was employed as general manager for a private group of law and accountancy colleges in central London. But they did not want someone with my capability, my capacity to see through to the core of the problems in their organisation. They wanted a 'yes' man. I never had and never would fit such a job description. I did not last long in that job because I argued. And because of the family connections, the net result was a falling out with what was left of my family, my father and mother. So, I was left with absolutely no-one in this world, no job, no wife, no children, no parents or friends. It was a crash course in reality. I had been shown the unpleasant side of the world with a vengeance. But over this whole period, I was given further proof that there really was something beyond this world, something that I really could trust, something beyond the reach of conventional science, which had been at the core of my life until that traumatic time in 1984. In time, I came to see that this whole period was part of a crash course in the ways of this world and the basic nature of people. It gave the lie to the rosy view that most people are basically good. But I also came to see later that I had been in exactly the right place at the right time. I had to have that company flat, albeit briefly, because it was in Chelsea, the wrong part, at World's End, SW 10, next to Lot's Rd power station. It was all part of my coming to understand the Codes which were to be central to my destiny.

I have always been amongst the best in science. At school, I won a school chemistry prize and an open scholarship to Oxford. In finals, I got a first-class honours degree in chemistry and then a senior scholarship and finally a D Phil. Then I left Oxford, because, perhaps instinctively, I knew I could not make any useful contribution in academic research. I was good at solving problems, not thinking up academic ones to solve. After a failed attempt at school-teaching, where incidentally, I was shown the future of education in Britain, I went into the water industry. I became an analytical chemist in sewage treatment. I solved real problems in the real world and I was promoted quickly. I was appointed as a lab assistant. I was told at that first interview "We are not paying you for a research degree, which is no use to us." They were wrong. It proved to be very useful to them. They just didn't realise that they were doing research - badly. That initial appointment had in fact been to the Tyneside Joint Sewage Board in 1973

Then came the water industry re-organisation of 1974. From my appointment as lab assistant, to becoming head chemist took just over a year. From mid 1974, as head chemist in Wear Division I had responsibility for designing a new laboratory in conjunction with the civil engineers. Then I had to choose equipment. I chose an auto-analyser, which I developed from parts because it was outside the budget, a gas chromatograph and an atomic absorption spectrometer. I had also to appoint and train staff, develop analytical methods in sewage analysis and design sampling programmes to obtain information on sewage works performance. As well as setting up and managing a S&SD operations lab, at the same time, I was also by now chief scientist in New Works for the Tyneside sewage scheme, the building of the Howdon sewage works in Tyne Division, to treat the sewage from 1 million people in the Newcastle and Gateshead area.

In 1975, I crossed swords with the Personnel and Management Services Department. It was then that I saw at first hand, the duplicity within the personnel function. An internal authority review, was carried out by a chemist who had defected to the enemy. I was heavily criticised for having grandiose designs for

laboratories. But that was in a full version of a report which the Director of Personnel swore to NALGO, the staff union, did not exist. I heard him say the words. The trouble was that I had already seen that full report. I knew he was lying. He imagined no-one on the NALGO committee could have seen it. But I had seen it. I had been asked to review it by divisional management because they could not understand it. I said nothing. He had shown himself up for exactly what he was. So, even at that early stage, I can now see that it was part of my education in the ways of the world. In that report, there was specific criticism of chemists with backgrounds in research. That could only refer to me, as I was unique within the NWA. As ever, I was just at least decade ahead of the rest of the field. Within 15 years, such equipment as I had purchased to such stinging criticism was standard in all water industry labs. But by then, I had long since left the laboratories.

Three years later, in 1977, I became Wear Division eastern area operations manager, moving from science into general management. I then applied my scientific mind and analytical skills to sewage works operation and man management. I implemented bonus schemes, and devised and controlled research programmes into sewage works treatment problems. I produced audiovisual training courses, and lectured for the National Water Council, training division. I served on two national committees. One of these was the Department of the Environment Standing Committee of Analysts, developing methods for measuring respiration rates in water. The other was the National Council of the Institute of Water Pollution Control. However, by 1983, it was becoming clear that I had reached the point in the management structure, beyond which I would never progress. I was too intelligent, too capable and too articulate for the comfort of many of the people above me, and they made the appointments. I thought for myself and I said what I thought. I also had a strong sense of morality, of right and wrong. I did not subscribe to the new American management theories, which were very much the vogue in the Northumbrian Water Authority. It was evident to all that I was not a 'Company Man', someone who would fit in whatever the cost to my personal morality or other people.

Soon I was to move from a field where I was largely respected to one in which I have been always ignored, maligned and ridiculed. Some people in the water industry thought I was too sharp. Some people considered me arrogant, mistaking my certainty for arrogance. The chief scientist had even once told me that I would never get on, because I made it too obvious that I didn't suffer fools gladly. But, generally, what I said was recognised to be true. I was known to be scientifically very reliable, if politically unsound. One member of management called me a communist, another one called me a fascist. I suppose the average of these two views was a fairly close approximation to the truth. I was honest and in the middle, but I was outspoken and I could not be bought.

3. My Psychical Research

So, since 1984 I have been involved in psychical research. In one way it has been my salvation, and in another way, my destruction. It has given me a real purpose in my life. I no longer feel as I did the height of my success in the water industry that there was something missing in my life. But the results of my psychical research mean that my work will never be accepted by the people who matter in society. They have too much to lose. Although my psychical research has led to my gaining a deep understanding, it has not led to my gaining even a modest income. It is quite the reverse. Our research has cost us a small fortune. My wife and I have financed everything by our own unaided efforts. So, I have not been

successful at least in the way that it is measured by most people, for instance both my relatives and Jenny's relatives. For them, success means having lots of money, a large fancy house, boat, bach and expensive foreign holidays. The only reason I regret our lack of money, is that it makes it very difficult to promote our work.

So, since 1984, it would be safe to say that I've never succeeded in anything, at least in so far as conveying to the outside world, the reality, which my experiments show to be there, beyond the reach of any theories of space and time. It is not for want of evidence. It is for want of a platform to put across the evidence. It is for want of a vehicle to convey my results to world which prefers not to hear them, not to read them, not to think about them. It's not what any powerful establishment wants to hear; it's not what conventional science, wants to see or hear. It is certainly not what the priests want. They do not want a real God, who is not under their control, his interaction with mankind mediated only through them. Even worse, my results suggest that although I have accumulated powerful evidence for an external intelligence an external intelligence, which I believe is best termed God, it is a God who is not under their control, who does not give them power through the mass to forgive sins or anything else. And worst of all God is not their precious Jesus. And of course, the most vocal opponents are the skeptics who are convinced that there is nothing at all. Chance is the only goddess in their pantheon. And some of her devotees have even obtained substantial grants to further their university research on the subject of luck. In addition it should be remembered that the skeptics, are now the main power group in the Society for Psychical Research in England.

You may wonder how from my scientific research I can make definitive statements about religion. I can do this because of the information that has come through psychic means, which has then been authenticated time and time and time again through meaningful coincidence. God gives us minds to use. He gives us eyes to see and ears to hear. Unfortunately, a large proportion of mankind has given up using their minds, at least for the purposes of thinking. They use their minds, only to process the information that comes into them from the manifold sources of entertainment, the television programmes, DVDs, computer games, iPod's or anything else that the mass market can conjure up, with a view to large profits. In any case, what need have they of thought? The TV news and the newspapers, which purport to be the news are so often propaganda, even in the so-called 'free and uncensored' west. The situation is particularly bad in America. Freedom of thought there is very much frowned on, and freedom of expression in the mainstream media is almost non-existent, unless it suits the party in power. The war in Iraq is only unpopular, because they are losing. Americans are dying in significant numbers. There is no question of morality about the Iraq war. That was only ever a question in Europe.

This is why a source of truth, independent of the powers of this world is valuable indeed. I have seen the reliability of this source of information in connection with many world events over the past 21 years.

I became convinced of the reality of communication from external sources to spiritualist mediums during the last two months of 1984 and the first six months of 1985. I became convinced through a series of experiences. I moved to London in June 1985, for the job with my sister and brother-in-law, but that employment finished at the beginning of September. I was summarily dismissed, and they began court proceedings against me in the High Court in London. That was when I began to see, at first hand, the reality of man's system of justice. Those

proceedings, and the subsequent proceedings in the divorce courts with my ex-wife, over the custody care and control of my children showed me what a sham the British legal system really is. But it was all part of my education, no doubt. Until you have cause to cross swords with police, solicitors and judges, you fondly imagine that as long as you're honest, and you do what's right, the law is in your favour. How wrong can you be! Perhaps I had to see how inadequate are the legal processes of man, because a strong element which in time, emerged in my psychical research has been the theme of justice. That theme first emerged over the Lockerbie air disaster in 1988 at the start of the prophecy codes, but it is a theme which has since been repeated, again and again and again, in the Alpha and Omega codes. The ultimate source of intelligence appears to be very strongly concerned with justice and judgment. I have been left in no doubt that, whatever injustices we may suffer or be responsible for in this world, all that lies ahead, when we leave it is The Last Judgement for each and every one of us.

3.1 Life After Death.

But my spiritualist research continued, and early in 1986, I was led to meet my second wife through a highly precise train of events. And then through Jenny came powerful proof of the survival of death. For the first time in her life, she found herself acting as a trance medium. Through her came the life stories of two women from antiquity, Mary Magdalen and Ankhsoun pa Aten. That happened in April and June 1986. Both of these women were associated with very controversial men, Christ and Akhenaten respectively. Once again, it was the Victorian and Edwardians who were correct, not the modern Egyptologists, who have all the answers that modern technology can provide. Some of the earliest workers in this field, believed that Akhenaten was a forerunner of Christ. They were indeed correct. The modern view is rather that he was an obsessed, deformed religious crank.

3.2 Prophetic Meaningful Coincidence

The first disaster in which we were aware of the role of strange meaningful coincidences, was that of the Zeebrugge ferry disaster, in March 1987. But it was some 18 months later that there came a quantum leap in the level of our coincidence experiences, with the Lockerbie air disaster. Here was clear evidence of a prophetic knowledge of the future and of the precise orchestration of events in this world in order to convey information at the exact point in time. A train of events led to my being presented with a code. But we were able to break the code only after the disaster. A car chassis number had within it encoded, the full co-ordinates of the Lockerbie air disaster, both in space and time. That code predicted which plane would crash, where, when, why, 19 days before the event, barely 40 miles away from where we lived. The codes and coincidences have continued for the 19 years since. In recent weeks, I have been working on a web page, tracing the recurrence of code 557, which is derived from the Lockerbie latitude coordinate 55° 7"N, in our experiences over the past 20 years. The 20 plus examples provides powerful evidence both of coherent design and a destiny.

3.3 The Cross Correlation

The next quantum leap in our studies came in November 1989, when psychic communication was powerfully cross correlated with meaningful coincidence in real-time, in our world of space and time. The psychic message came on a Sunday night from the spirit of King Edward VIII, who became the Duke of Windsor in 1936, when he abdicated the British throne in order to marry an American divorcee, Wallis Simpson. Again, that communication was triggered by a train of events, something I read in the newspaper, the date it happened to be, and also

my old connections to Oxford. That psychic message was authenticated on the Monday by a series of things that happened to me in a town, just to the south of London. [4]

The skeptics may claim that the communication through Jenny in trance, was not the spirit of King Edward VIII, but merely words fabricated by her mind. Or perhaps it was another secondary personality disorder, to add to all the others. That explanation fails pitifully, when it is required to account for what happened to me the next morning. How could her secondary personality disorder cause worse to come into my mind, 15 miles away. The skeptics will have to fall back then on their beloved goddess of chance, or does my wife have a mind sufficiently powerful to be able to put thoughts into my mind, and create books in a bookshop 15 miles away and then have the owner turn them in the right orientation on the bookshelf ready for me to see them the next day. That really would be a brilliant example of ESP. But they don't believe in ESP anyway. But, how could she create a book about whose existence she was completely unaware. Ah, I forgot they will be able to fall back on Jung's wonderful theory of the universal consciousness. At least it allows the psychologists a partial escape from the concept of God. So no doubt her subconscious was busy communing with the universal consciousness, and between them, fabricating the right book in the right bookshop in the right town. So three different theories are needed, to make sense of just one experience. Such an explanation, causes at least as many problems with the laws of physics, as does mine. In contrast, I need only one theory. It is very much a case of Occam's razor. That combination explanation, using theories acceptable to psychologists, is even more far-fetched than the possibility of God and the reality of the survival of death by the spirit. That sequence of events during November 1989, is certainly one of the best examples of powerful circumstantial evidence coming directly to authenticate a psychic message. However, our next major experience of the spirit of the Duke of Windsor, during 1997 comes a close second .

3.4 More Cross-Correlations

The Duke of Windsor linked on this occasion into my mind, and asked me to send another letter. In 1989, via Jenny, he had asked me to write Prince Charles, Prince of Wales. Before becoming King Edward VIII, he had himself been Edward, Prince of Wales. Now, the second letter was to be a warning to Mohammed Fayed warning of the consequences for him if he proceeded with the sale of the Duke of Windsor's possessions. In the late 1970s, Fayed had acquired the Duke's former mansion from the city of Paris, acquired the contents from the charity to which they had been bequeathed and restored the house to exactly the condition in which the Windsors had it. In essence, he turned into a private museum. Then suddenly in 1997, Fayed announced that he had decided to sell off the entire contents, the belongings of the Duke and the Duchess, auctioning them to the highest bidders, so that the rich of America could pick like vultures at the treasures of an English king. By strange coincidence, the auction was set for another 911, also in New York. It was to be on 9-11-97 at Sotheby's. The letter which I was asked to send, warned Fayed that if he proceeded with the sale, he signed a death warrant for his son.

I sent the letter on 15th August, 1997. I explained the background to our research in a covering letter and included the letter from the spirit of the Duke of Windsor, the man whose belongings he was about rape and pillage. I warned him that he had to cancel the sale by 1st September. The last working day that Fayed could cancel the sale was 29th August. Within 36 hours of failure to cancel, his son was

dead, together with the Princess of Wales. Diana's last visit, on her last day in this world was to the very house, which had once been the home of the Duke of Windsor. It was Diana's plan, to live in the house, which had once been the court for another woman, who might have been Queen of England. She was setting the stage for the next act in the Opera. But unbeknown to her, others had already written a different ending. Was it really just all coincidence, bad luck?

As usual, the coincidence codes confirmed that I should send a letter to Fayed. The words that had come from the spirit of the Duke of Windsor were "Heed or perish". I had no sooner written down those words, and walked outside and I was confronted with the code numbers 5577, on an electrical power meter. Since 1994, cold 5577 had the precise meaning of 'Heed or perish'. Fayed failed to heed and his son perished. The spirit of the Duke of Windsor, also warned that if he failed to cancel the sale, Fayed would never know peace as long as he lived. And so it has proved to be. Fayed has spent the last decade trying to prove that his son was murdered. There is quite an element of truth in that. But his son was merely collateral damage. The target was the Princess of Wales. The coincidence codes had already given me two weeks before she died, that her assassination was imminent. Late on the night of 16th August, 1997, a Web of Destiny gave me 1st September. In the early hours of 17th August, the codes indicated, who would be responsible, and the voice left me in no doubt that she was about to be killed.

But the error in the date was mine, because I used the wrong time zone. Had I used GMT, the Web of Destiny would have given me 31st August, 1997 the precise date of their deaths. Some people may ask, if I was so sure that she was about to be killed, why did I not by inform the authorities? What possible point would there have been in that? They were the ones planning her murder. In any case who would believe me? The only likely outcome would be that I too would have an 'accident'. The most dangerous situation would have been if anybody had taken me seriously. So, we waited for the sale. The next week, came the sumptuously illustrated sale catalogue. I felt nothing but sadness, seeing Britain's Heritage, sold off to the highest bidder by a greedy Egyptian. Perhaps part of the sadness, I felt that of the spirit of the Duke of Windsor. But I also felt his anger. On the sum the afternoon 31st of August 1997, I was working in the garden trying to get the pump to work for the Crystal Fountain, as I call to work my little garden waterfall. I became aware spirit of the Duke of Windsor. He said only a few words. "Soon, everything will be crystal clear." It was a little while later the Jenny came dashing down the garden, quite breathless. "Diana and Dodi are dead," she blurted out "killed in a Paris car crash!" Jenny was upset but I lifted my eyes to heaven and gave thanks to God. The codes had been proved true. But then they should be for they come from God.

3.5 More Life after Death

Three weeks after her funeral, Jenny again had a trance experience. This time it was the spirit of Princess Diana. You may ask, as do the skeptics. "Why is it so often royalty? Why is it always important people? The answer to that lies in their importance in world events, and the purpose behind the psychic communication. What is the point of having a dustman contact us to tell us how difficult and dirty a job he had emptying dustbins? I suppose a postman could tell us quite a bit, or perhaps Ernie might return from the West and tell us what the milkmen really get up to. It's not as though it is contact from a 'loved one', which is the only reason a Spiritualist ever gives for communication from their so-called 'spirits of the dead'. Spiritualist theology has it that the purpose of psychic communication is to give proof of survival and comfort to the bereaved, in the knowledge that their nearest

and dearest are happy in the hereafter. It is as doubtful a theology, as that of the Christian who believes that his sins are washed away in the blood of Jesus. His salvation is thus guaranteed. The morality of that position counts for nothing to the steadfast Christian,

3.6 What Lies Behind It All?

As for the reason the Duke of Windsor and Princess Diana have been sent to speak to us, I can only partly answer that question. They are elements in a greater scheme of things. I am quite sure that was sent at the appropriate time by some higher source of intelligence, which I consider is best described as God. There appears to be a coherent external connection, and this is why the meaningful coincidence appears to corroborate the psychic information through orchestrated elements in our world of space and time. There are so many experiences I could talk about, but I do not have the time and this letter is already far too long. And I doubt you would read them anyway. We have now almost finished seven books covering various facets of our research. Three books are the stories of women from the past, the third of these being the communications from Princess Diana. Although that is really not so much her life story in detail as her *Experiences of living with the Windsors*. Then over the subsequent ten years since her death, book shows how events have caused so much pain to her spirit. Somehow, she is aware of the behaviour of her former husband and his mistress and most painful of all, the betrayal by her sons. Another book traces our development of the coincidence codes over nearly two decades. It provides evidence of continuous, powerful and precise interaction across time and space, further authenticating, in particular the first and most controversial of the psychic autobiographies, that of Mary Magdalen.

These various stories appear to be interlinked by some external source of intelligence. It is all intended to be part of the proof of the existence of God, and his relationship to the world in which we live, as the end inexorably draws nigh. It is intended to be the final warning for the godless age in which we live. The only God for the vast majority of people on this planet is the one that Hindus call Lakshmi, the goddess of wealth. Our research results constitute powerful evidence for the reality of some external intelligence which chooses to interact with man today. But this God is concerned not with wealth, at least in any positive sense, but only with justice, morality, right and wrong.

4. The Academic World and Parapsychology

It is no coincidence that psychologists are the most vocal in denying the reality of anything beyond either their control or of their own self-limited, personal experiences. They deny the possibility of any reality beyond space and time. Psychologists are the supposed experts in the study of the mind. They deny that there can be any absolute reality in psychic experience. Such a denial is essential to protect themselves, their professional standing and hence their incomes as well as their precious dogmas of belief. For make no mistake, theirs is a belief system as much as that of any priest. And they have just about as much evidence for their beliefs. But they have the great advantage that psychology is so much more acceptable in the Godless world of today. After all it gives the punters what they want. Perhaps that is why the psychologists occasionally ridicule, but largely ignore my work. But God has a sense of humour, with regards to psychologists, as was shown by an incident in June 2005 just before I went to England, when in a computer shop, in Auckland I encountered a psychology professor who had been quite sarcastic about a lecture given in 1995. God is anathema to them. It is all in

the mind or its malfunctions, or delusions. I have delusions about the voices that link in to my mind, some being the spirits of the dead and one which I have come to conclude must be the voice of God. We have so much evidence, a little of which is to be found on our various websites www.lux-aeterna.co.nz and www.voiceofgod.co.uk.

I applied for a fellowship in Cambridge in 2005, just as I had done in 1991. In 2005 I discovered the Guardian advertisement for the Perrott - Warrick Fellowship, by chance, on the Internet. It was an incredible web of coincidence, linking to my old college in Oxford, and a visit to New Zealand by the college fund raiser, the Director of Alumni relations. What a loathsome American term, but the British seem totally in thrall to Uncle Sam now. I wrote various articles in support of my application and sent a copy of an early booklet summarising some of my coincidence research. Even that summary should make any thinking person wonder whether chance is really an adequate model for the reality of human affairs. Is it not the reality of God's inspiration and coherent guidance a better explanation. I have worked on that hypothesis for 20 years, and the evidence has only become stronger, as if in response to my progress. That suggests to me that at least I am on the right lines. I cannot replicate my work in their precious parapsychology labs, but then I wouldn't want to either. God doesn't dance on the desires four whims of either psychologists or priests.

Over three weeks between my discovery of the advertisement for the post and the closing date, very many things happened. I wrote it all up, and it became another book, part three of the Enigmas of Easter, A Question of Survival. I didn't bother to send in the latest material because the coincidence signs had already shown me that the application was a waste of time, just as when I applied in 1991. It would be awarded to a sceptic, in complete breach of the terms of the bequest of the founders, Frank Perrott and Warwick, two fellows of Trinity College Cambridge. They left the money, to fund real open-minded scientific research, precisely such as that which I have conducted at great personal and financial cost for the past 23 years. These men left the money so that real scientists could carry out real psychical research. It was not intended to fund blinkered pseudo-scientists, determined to maintain the status quo at any cost to truth.

Parapsychology, is at best an offshoot of a pseudoscience. I came across an interesting reference only the other day whilst I was trying to find out some information about the Freiburg Institute of Paranormality. It was on Wikipedia. 55% of natural scientists concede there may be something in ESP, 66% of social scientists, 77% of arts and humanities people, but only 35% of psychologists. So what is the point of having psychical research, dressed up as parapsychology stuck amongst the worst non-believers, the ones with the most closed minds in the academic world, absolutely determined that there should be nothing beyond their own narrow dogmas and doctrines. It is too much of a correct to the position make claim In the academic world. They are worse than any priest. At least, the priest has a semblance of a need to benefit the world from his existence.

I can see little that psychology has done in the world to benefit mankind. It has enabled men to manipulate other men mercilessly, either through advertising, political campaigns, propaganda, the training of troops to be little more than murderous robots, who can kill with no qualms, to the torturing in prison camps that don't exist. As for helping people with mental problems, the medically qualified psychologists, the psychiatrists do little but stuff men and woman with drugs to take away real experiences which they cannot explain, whilst to drowning

them in jargon. Someone does not experience of voice from beyond the spirit of someone from beyond the grave. It is classified as a secondary personality this order. In other words, the experiences are abnormal. The reality is that it is the psychologist and the psychiatrist who are abnormal, devoid of intuition or inspiration with no awareness of anything beyond this world. So nor should anyone else. It is the way they want it to be. It is the only way they prop up their shallow, synthetic belief system.

Anyway I went to England in June 2005, partly in case I was asked to go for an interview for the fellowship than. But really, I had little hope of that. The main purpose of my going was to follow up the signs and coincidences, which always guide me. They had told me to go. They told me precisely when to go, and where to start. I arrived at precisely the time I was meant to on the day I was meant, in the place I was meant to. And even when I arrived in the several days later, the weather, precisely how it was meant to be. I saw something that the very first night on the BBC 2 Newsnight television programme. That item set the tone for the visit which turned out to be much more about Diana, Charles, Prince of Wales, and Princes of Wales back through time of the very founding of the order. The signs pointed to the future for the Prince of Wales. There were also to be powerful links to hurricane Katrina, then still two months off in the Atlantic. But I was only able to crack that code together afterwards. It was like a jigsaw puzzle of which I had been given a few pieces. But the pieces were not bits of sky or sea. They were brightly coloured pieces, each of which that could only fit in one particular place. In one particular of. And after Katrina came. I was able to see exactly where the pieces fitted. It is as though something was saying, "I have the full picture, I give you as much as you need to know. Take this as evidence that I know, what is to come "

Not long before I returned to New Zealand, my wife, Jenny, I received a letter from England telling me that my application had been unsuccessful. What a surprise! The reason given was that I did not have a PhD in parapsychology. But then neither did the person who was appointed, it turned out. However, they did not have decency to tell me who they had appointed. It was all rather shady kept very much in the dark. I suppose they make pretence of bringing light to the occult. It turned out that Rupert Sheldrake was the one who got the job, a pal of Nicholas Humphries, who had got the job in 1991. Humphries used that £50,000 pounds over two years to write his book Soul-Searching, although he didn't search very hard. In another book, an excerpt of which is available on the Internet, he admits that his appointment was a 'stich-up'. He had been invited to apply by someone on the appointments committee, because he was a known sceptic and wouldn't embarrass the college. That's what passes for honesty and integrity in Cambridge.

No, I had not spent three years playing around in a psychology laboratory, working with people who know there is nothing, to try to find evidence that there is something or nothing, depending on the attitude of the supervisor . Provided I had jumped through the appropriate hoops, I could get a doctorate in parapsychology, a worthless non-degree in a spoof science. No, I had spent 21 years as a real scientist working in psychical research and effluent treatment in the real world, whilst in the process proving that there is 'something' real beyond the material world.

But I was dangerous, someone committed to truth, not committed to a comfortable academic life, where the highest good, is publishing lots of safe mainstream

papers, papers which offend nobody, but in particular, do not embarrass the college by being controversial. Conform, conform, conform; that is the rule of the academic world. My results are highly controversial, particularly in terms of politics and religion. Our books will irritate most people, at some point or other, because they prick illusions. They dig at long held comforts, both material and spiritual, which are used to justify selfish lives. But most people will also find much to agree with also.

5. Applications in the Real World

Our books could help many ordinary, real people if not comfortable cloistered academics. Our books could help people who have real experiences of the paranormal, voices that come into their minds, strange coincidences that all, which they feel must have a meaning, an awareness perhaps of something beyond science, something beyond space and time. But what's the point of talking to scientists, unless you want to be ridiculed. And worse before it saying anything to psychologists. One good example is the man you spoke of in your recent radio programme in Germany. This was a man who believed himself to be a reincarnation of the girl, who drowned when the Titanic sank. I do not myself subscribe to the reincarnation hypothesis. I consider that such experiences to be evidence of the survival of the spirit of that girl, who somehow, for some reason, links into the mind of this man, But I do not doubt the reality of his experience. I merely put forward an alternative hypothesis to account for his experience. I do not deny the reality of it. I do not suggest that he's mad deluded or the arranged. I do not see it as a secondary personality disorder, which is put forward as a suppose explanation for such experiences. This is where I differ from the psychologists. They deny that the experience has any external reality. I too have been told stories by people which they said they had never told to anyone else for fear of ridicule. This speaks volumes for the real freedoms of the modern world.

The reality is that the academic and medical worlds sensor such experiences. Try talking about your psychic experiences to a GP. I've seen Jenny struggle, even with a doctor who seen more open-minded than most. She struggled to convince him of the reality of the spirit of the Egyptian princess, who links into her mind. Ankhsoun pa aten was the wife of Tutankhamen. She was also the daughter of Akhenaten, one of the most controversial men in history. In the end, this doctor stayed where he felt safe. Jenny was merely suffering from a secondary personality disorder. He then all about it in the books. The trouble was, he hadn't the faintest idea about the he was going on second-hand experience from third rate men. The psychiatrists know that everything can be cured by drugs or counselling. It isn't a problem that is meant to be cured. It is an experience that is meant to be acknowledged, to be accepted for what it is however difficult that is for the psychologists with their precious theories.

Also gives others guidance through meaningful coincidence.

[4] The details of this experience are described in our book, Predestination, abc or A-Z, A Train Spotter's Guide to Intelligent Design

16. The Frankfurt Book Fair and 2297

In October 2007, a strange coincidence relating to an item in our PO Box led me to the Frankfurt Bookfair. The item was a 'cheap' offer on a subscription to the Weekly Telegraph. I was a little puzzled as to why an English paper was being promoted from Frankfurt.

So I followed up this odd coincidence, coming as it did around the time when I thought the Frankfurt book fair must be on. An Internet search quickly told me that the Frankfurt book fair was due to begin six days later. This coincidence seemed to be suggesting to me that I should go to the Frankfurt book fair to try to promote our books. It was not something that I relished. Overseas travel from New Zealand in the cattle class accommodation which is now the norm on all the carriers out of Auckland was a prospect I dreaded. It's fine in cramped seats if you're short but I'm tall. And I couldn't give a monkeys about entertainment or computer games on the personal TV screen set in the back of the seat in front. I really didn't want yet another 30 hour trip back to Europe on what I thought would probably end up as another fruitless visit in terms of progress on our books. I knew however that if I was meant to go, it would yield valuable confirmative proof about the validity of our hypotheses. It turned out I was right on both counts.

I thought that, with luck I would be able to get neither a cheap fare nor a seat, clear evidence that I wasn't meant to go. When I inquired I was more than ambivalent about the result. That fare suggested that I was meant to go. The cheapest fare from Auckland to Frankfurt turned out to be \$2297.

One of the main foci of our work is that of the End Times in which we all now live. The specific code for the apocalypse is to 2297. To understand why, see The Seventh Sign. That film is a story of about the signs preceding the Apocalypse and it revolves around coincidence and the number 229. Then the code elaborated to 2297 over the video version of the film. Again, see The Seventh Sign. I paid for the air ticket the next day. Was it really just chance that it happened to be the eve of the day which was to 22.97 years from the start of my psychical research career. And remember that the original suggestion clue came from the Weekly Telegraph item in the Lux Aeterna PO Box 388. The factors of 388 are 2, 2, 97. Yes, the signs positively screamed I had to go to Frankfurt.

And that was just the beginning of many significant experiences first in Germany and then in England. As soon as I arrived, the coincidence codes found me a cheap hotel, for 50 euros, two minutes' walk from the main station in Frankfurt on the eve of the book fair. "That's impossible" one senior executive of Die Zeit told me when I recounted my experience to him on the Die Zeit stand at the Frankfurt Book fair. Yet it happened.

The codes are a reality. They are not a figment of my mind. But they really are fragments of an 'outer mind'. And that is the title of the series of books upon which I was working on when I went to Frankfurt. I took with me a dozen finished copies of the first book in that series, The Diagrams Of Truth.

Why was 2297 emphasised so strongly to me in October 2007? Perhaps it is because year 231 is particularly important in the Apocalypse sequences. It would seem that 2007-8 is just seven years off from the final sequences which bring the

End of the World. What is more seven years is 2557 days. And code 557 was the first part of our first detailed prophecy code, a code which gave a precise description of the Lockerbie air disaster then 19 days in the future. It seems that that disaster was just number one in the sequence of Apocalypse events.

Why should the World's End be in 2014 or 2015? The signs which suggested this to me are discussed in Grave Consequences, part 4 of Fragments of an Outer Mind and in part 5, The Crystal Spheres.

9.11.14 22nd May 2008

22/05/2008 11:11:49 a.m. Finished Dictation

Postscript

Both Jenny and Brian Cocksey have died and it was Brian's request that his books be published. Please excuse errors, I have tried to edit as little as possible because that is how Brian would have published the books.